



GRASPING EVIL

BOOK 02

I'm Ink

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Grasping Evil

(执魔)

by

I'm Ink

我是墨水

Synopsis

The Dao of the Heaven has three cycles and cultivation has three steps. Two words, truth and false, from the beginning to end.

First step, seven ranks of cultivation:

Vein Opening, Harmonious Spirit, Gold Core, Nascent Soul, Spirit Severing, Void Refinement, Void Fragmentation.

This story begins in a dreary world where power rules all meaning and hope is scarcely found.

Among this hopeless world Ning Fan is but a mortal with desires of becoming an ageless one, a being untouched by time and fate; with nothing but his unwavering morality and high hoped ambition will he be able to reach heights unknown to all that's known? Or fall in his travels, devoured by time and forgotten by all who follow?

Acknowledgement

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Chapter 95 - Under the Bright Moon, Near the Backyard Flowers

“Let’s make a few circles around the pond first, okay? I need some mental preparation.”

The request of Lan Mei made Ning Fan speechless. Subsequently, he accompanied this embarrassed girl in walking around the Bright Moon Pond.

Ning Fan was the only one who had the mood to admire the moon, the pond and the beauty, whereas Lan Mei was lowering her head, her face was covered with her hair and the only visible thing was her neck, blushing with shyness.

What should I do now...? Should I reveal my secret to him...?

But-but then, I ha-haven’t prepared for it yet...

Lan Mei was frowning and was unsettled. She had been looking forward to Ning Fan’s visit for a day and that day had finally come, but she now hoped for this guy to leave soon and wouldn’t treat her illness. However, she feel reluctant at the same time if Ning Fan truly left. She wasn’t willing to let go of the chance of curing this untreatable illness.

Women could be pretty contradictory sometimes.

After circling the pond for a few dozen of rounds, Ning Fan didn’t want to give this girl anymore time. He discovered that even if he gave this girl a hundred years of time, she would never stop tangling with him.

What a troublesome woman!

Ning Fan’s hint of smile vanished. With a bend of his arm, he pulled the fragrant and delicate body of Lan Mei into his arms. Unintentionally, his arms were touching Lan Mei’s soft chest.

“Ah! What are you doing...”

She wanted to scream when she was attacked by Ning Fan, but his mouth block her mouth, forcefully kissing her.

Her whole body was tensed, making her soft body as hard as a rock, her eyes were filled with a hint of fear. She gritted her teeth hard, but she could still feel Ning Fan's tongue colliding on her teeth.

Wu... Wu...

That was a coercive kiss!

She was an early Harmonious Spirit expert, but there was no way that she could break free from Ning Fan's arms.

The embrace was very warming. The aura of his manhood intoxicated her. Her body was no longer rigid as it gradually relaxed. Slowly, she stretched out her arms around Ning Fan's neck, lifted her feet a little and willingly offer her lips to Ning Fan.

This was her first kiss. Before this, she never had any physical contact with a male. Therefore, this first physical contact was truly an intense one.

It made her feel intoxicated, weak and flurried.

What should I do now? He is licking me...

She was clueless of what to do. She couldn't believe there was actually tongue kissing in the Heaven and Earth. Although it was merely a sensation, she felt ashamed when Ning Fan's tongue intruded in her mouth. She kept on clenching her teeth hard to avoid being taken advantage of Ning Fan, but the next thing that happened made her feel even more embarrassed.

On the bank of the Bright Moon Pond, a gentle slap was heard. The sound was even clearer than the cry of insects and more peaceful than the grass fragrance.

Pa!

Ning Fan's palm acted strangely by patting Lan Mei's buttocks

with a slight force.

Her body stiffened when her backside was touched by Ning Fan, but her jaw loosened. Ning Fan took the opportunity to lick her greasy tongue, tasting the scent of her tongue.

There was pain...

There was a burning sensation from her buttocks, but within the pain was a twist of pleasure. Then, a shameful and absurd thought was stirred inside of her – she hope that Ning Fan would continue beating her buttock.

As her fragrant tongue was being attacked by Ning Fan, she felt like she was going to melt in this man's embrace. Obediently, she stopped resisting, her body stuck to Ning Fan even more closely.

Moan... Moan...

The feeling of the first kiss was extremely wonderful and ethereal. Apart from feeling shocked and ashamed, she also felt intoxicated, like she had been electrocuted.

After a long time, Ning Fan stopped kissing and gently pushed Lan Mei away. She opened her bright limpid eyes that could charm and move people emotionally.

She slightly exhaled and stared at Ning Fan with infatuation. It seemed like she had already fallen in love with Ning Fan because her arms weren't letting go of Ning Fan's neck.

“I will treat your illness now, my wife, okay?”

Calling her his wife made her rest her head on Ning Fan's shoulder. Then, she replied with an 'en'.

After being caressed by Ning Fan, passion began to stir inside of her and the embarrassment she was feeling reduced to a miniscule amount. She even had the desire right now, the desire that Ning Fan would pry into her body, enjoy and please her as much as he could.

Looking at the girl who was obediently waiting for the man to pluck her, Ning Fan sighed slightly.

If he had known that kissing would solve the problem, he wouldn't have wasted time walking aimlessly for dozen of rounds with this girl.

If he didn't hurry up, the morning light would appear soon.

He carried Lan Mei to a secluded bush and placed her on the patch of soft pasture.

The coldness of the dew and the residual temperature of Ning Fan's palm made Lan Mei's mind go crazy. Because of the illness, her body was unusually sensitive. After being flirted by Ning Fan, her feelings for Ning Fan sank deeper.

"I'm taking off your clothes..."

As he was about to strip her naked, he saw Lan Mei shyly closing her eyes and said hesitantly, "Can you...be rough on me a little...?"

"Eh...how rough do you want it to be?" Ning Fan seemed speechless, thinking why it was so troublesome to treat Lan Mei's injury.

"Like, like how you hit my...um...there...using the same strength..." Lan Mei slightly exhaled. She wondered why that slap had so much magical strength.

"It turns out that you like roughness...then I will be rough to you..."

Ning Fan said with a sigh. He must have too much medical ethics to comply with a patient's request.

He withheld most of his strength and used only 5 percent of it. Then, a slap landed on Lan Mei's buttocks.

Apart from the pain, she felt numbness spread across her body, causing her to utter an irritating moan.

"Argh!"

“Should I continue...?” Ning Fan asked thoughtfully.

“Yes, continue to slap me...with more force this time...” Lan Mei said shyly.

But before her voice faded, Ning Fan’s palms clutched her bosoms all of a sudden.

“Painful, it’s really painful! I said there, why-why are you clutching my...here...but, it’s very comfortable...”

Lan Mei seemed to have some resentment, but also somewhat intoxicated which made Ning Fan understand something.

Everyone had their own fetishes. This Lan Mei seemed to be enjoying the feeling of being conquered. She had been used to the high and mighty status of being a young mistress, but she had also been made vulnerable due to the illness that she had. This conflicting psychology made her hope to have a powerful man who could dominate and protect her.

Instead of laughing at Lan Mei, he felt some pity and sympathized this girl.

However, he realized that the best way to take pity on her was to subdue her using the most brutal means.

He closed his eyes, lifting the tranquil heart of Yin Yang Transformation. When he opened his eyes, he looked like a hungry wolf.

A delicately charming and high status girl that could overthrow the city of men was asking for more in front of him. This kind of response was enough to drive any many crazy!

Ning Fan wasn’t a God. He was a human, a man. The reason he could stay composed in front of countless girls was because of the Yin Yang Transformation’s heart skill that restrained his sexual desire.

But currently, he was no longer restrained. He turned evil-

natured, like a wild wolf. His eyes made Lan Mei feel unfamiliar, fear, but more desirable!

“Hug me, tear me apart...”

“As you please!”

With a sneering smile, both of his hands violently grabbed Lan Mei’s bosom, allowing her to scream in pain freely. Later, he fiercely tore apart her precious and gorgeous blue clothes into pieces of cloth.

Under the moonlight, a naked beauty emerged while Ning Fan was completely immersed in libido for the first time!

Bite her, whack her and tear her!

He took off his clothes and pressed his body against hers, as if he had forgotten the original purpose of coming here – treating Lan Mei’s illness.

A hot stick was desperately searching for Lan Mei’s secret spot but failed to find the opening.

His eyes gradually became clearer when he understood that he couldn’t own Lan Mei yet, whereas Lan Mei was awakened by the uncured illness below her body.

Her eyes revealed a hint of self-depreciating smile. She wasn’t even considered a woman. She wasn’t qualified to enjoy the pleasure underneath her.

“I’m so tired. Can we do the treatment tomorrow?”

“No!”

Ning Fan was still holding Lan Mei in his arms and muttered. “I don’t mind.”

“I mind...” Lan Mei smiled sadly.

“Then, I should make you a woman first before treating your illness.” Ning Fan let go of his sexual thoughts and revealed an

inexplicable smile.

This woman was very troublesome, but he didn't mind it at all.

Lan Mei on the other hand didn't understand what Ning Fan meant.

Her sad smile hadn't faded away. She had no right to be a woman. She even started to doubt whether her illness was curable.

However, this sadness was quickly turned into traces of shame and shock, she felt the other secret opening of hers were being stabbed forcefully. She was in real pain!

"That was...that was..." She showed a shameful and unbelieving look. The pain was like a tearing pain that carried blood, but it made her feel extremely comfortable.

"But there, there isn't....this is so dirty...how can you...?"

"Why can't I...?"

Ning Fan muttered and casted the Enchanting Art to make her feel even more comfortable.

However, the current scene was too erotic, it was better to not say more than what was needed.

Every moan resounded with roughly ten years of yearning in the night.

...

After the activity, Lan Mei slept soundly like a baby, while Ning Fan was full of sweat all over this body. He put on his clothes and swiftly inserted the Flesh Regenerating Pill into her body.

It might hurt a little to operate on her body. He might as well finish the process while she was asleep.

Using the force of the Yin Plucking Finger, it made Lan Mei sleep more soundly. He spread open her legs and stared at the pitiful sight – the pink blocked opening.

“Don’t be afraid. From today onwards, you will become a complete woman. Said Ning Fan plainly.

Chapter 96 - An Obscure Person Was Training His State of Mind with Calligraphy!

Lan Mei had a very shameful dream.

In her dream, she was stark naked and was hugging Ning Fan while he was caressing her dirty anus.

The feeling was too stimulating for her. It was a million times stronger than masturbation.

Is this the pleasure of being a woman? That is so good...

...

Lan Mei was still unconscious as her legs were spread open by Ning Fan to cure her illness.

There were many kinds of stoned girl. In Lan Mei's case, she still had the monthly menstruation which indicated that her body was still quite normal. All she needed was just some poking or jabbing.

A cut with the sword produced blood, but under the nourishment of the Flesh Regenerating Pill, the wound healed very quickly.

The only imperfection was some scars left on the pink wound, which made this the only flaw in the apparently perfect thing.

Ning Fan took out a millennium-old spiritual ginseng, chewed it and smeared the juice on Lan Mei's genital spot with his tongue.

Having not experienced this kind of sensation before, she uttered moans from time to time despite having lost her consciousness.

Using his mouth? Ning Fan could only do this to his wife by lowering himself, and he had only provided such treatment to Zhihe. Lan Mei was the second one. In fact, Lan Mei had already become an indispensable person in his heart.

If you are buried underneath the Bright Moon Pond after your

death, I will... die along with you as well in this pond!

Lan Mei's words lingered in his head, causing him to release a sigh.

She was chosen by the Old Devil for Ning Fan to marry, but now, it had become Ning Fan's own choice.

Lan Mei was still in a daze when she woke up. She first saw Ning Fan's head, stretching towards her bottom part and was using his tongue skillfully.

For a moment, she felt too ashamed to open her eyes. She was a maiden who had never experienced this kind of thing, but this night, her purity had been snatched away by Ning Fan.

She checked the mark on her hands and found that it was still there, but her anus had already been attacked once. Also, her vaginal orifice would also be attacked by Ning Fan's tongue once it healed.

There was the sound of overflowing spring water. The bedding was wet and she could smell the fragrance of the room.

Only then did she realized that Ning Fan had brought her back to her bedroom while she was still unconscious.

But immediately, she discovered an extremely awful thing. While Ning Fan was licking her vaginal orifice, standing beside them was a young maidservant of twelve or thirteen years old with her hair combed in a bun and holding a basin of hot water. She was there to help clean the residual blood of Lan Mei.

That maidservant was no doubt the close servant of Lan Mei, Ke Er!

Stinky Ning Fan! Do you really know how to treat me? How can you let Ke Er watch us? Shameless!

She didn't dare open her eyes because she had no idea how to face Ke Er if she did so.

Her lower body had already been played by Ning Fan. Although Ning Fan was her fiancé, but... this was a matter between husband and wife, how could a maidservant be seeing this kind of stuff...?

The maidservant, was young and innocent to these kind of things. Though this was a process of Ning Fan treating her illness, it was still too erotic to a little girl like Ke Er.

Her small face was slightly blushed. Her big pair of eyes were staring at Lan Mei's lower body with curiosity. The rhythm of her breath was starting to get a little unnatural.

The good news was that Ning Fan didn't stay too long. After he finished smearing all the medicinal juice over her vaginal orifice, he left her legs and said to Ke Er, "Help your miss clean them up. When she wakes up, tell her not to get out of bed and get wet for half a month's time."

"Roger. Um, isn't Mister... staying back to accompany Miss?"

"No. It's not too good if this matter spreads out. Although I don't care about my reputation, but 'Little Lan' probably will mind it a lot."

Finished speaking, he pushed open the door and left, while Ke Er quickly began to scrub and clean Lan Mei's body.

Who permitted you to call me Little Lan?! Lan Mei felt a little ashamed in her heart. This was her infant name. No one else other than her mother dared to call her this name.

Then, she felt a cooling and refreshing sensation coming from below her body. It made her relax. She was surprised to discover that the meridians in her lower body was circulating smoothly, and she had broken through to the intermediate Harmonious Spirit realm!

If there was no Ning Fan, she might just be a lonely girl who always put up an arrogant facade in front of everyone. Ning Fan's appearance had not only given her warmth, but also the happiness

that a woman should have.

Thank you...

She smiled sweetly.

When Ke Er saw Lan Mei's face, she became more startled than seeing ghosts.

Eh! Miss smiled so sweetly for the first time!

...

The night had passed. Ning Fan returned to Dual Cultivation Palace and went immediately into seclusion. Lan Mei's illness had been treated. Another problem was resolved before his seclusion.

The Profound Yin Qi was located at the fifth level of Dark Sparrow's grave. Although Ning Fan had never been to that place before, he didn't think that he could find it when even Void Fragmentation old experts could not. In that case, he would just put that matter aside until it was the right time.

The pills had also been delivered to Ning City. During his seclusion, he expected that the Three Black Demon Guards would have significant improvements.

So there was only one more thing before he went into a long-period of seclusion.

"Bone Sovereign..."

Cold light and killing intent flickered in his eyes. He was waiting, waiting for Bone Sovereign to make a move, to leave Sinister Sparrow Sect and massacre the clans outside! At that time, he would follow the Bone Sovereign and kill him!

He waved, taking out an old and ancient book. It was no doubt the Characterless Heavenly Scripture.

Nothing was recorded inside this scripture as if it was functionless. The only valuable thing in this scripture was the four words on the cover.

DEATH FOR THE MONARCH!

The killing intent from these four words was more than ten million times greater than Ning Fan's and the handwriting was very mature.

When his eyes fell upon these four words, the killing intent inside of him found a way to use a catharsis that was beyond peace.

This Characterless Heavenly Scripture seemed functionless, but he had found some valuable thing inside this waste material.

That was Restrain Killing Intent!

He stood up, walked towards the windowsill, spread open the rice papers and wielded the ink brush, attempting to imitate the handwriting of the scripture.

The four words—Death for the Monarch—were askew and crooked like a reptile.

Ning Fan's handwriting wasn't good. He was very poor when he was young and it was considered rare that he knew a few words. After acquiring the Ancient Chaos' Memory, his knowledge had virtually reached a terrifying stage, but that didn't make his handwriting any better.

However, he wasn't concerned about how beautiful or ugly his handwriting was. What he cared about was the charm within those characters. The way he imitated the author's style of writing seemed as if he was also imitating the age of the words.

Lyre-playing, chess, calligraphy and painting could help enhance one's mental state. Ning Fan's mental condition was getting more peaceful while his mental state was being enhanced unnoticeably.

He seemed to understand something from the calligraphy.

He felt that killing intent might not be strong enough even if you display them openly. Sometimes, it would become much sharper if you concealed them.

An obscure person amazed the world with a single brilliant feat. A man who didn't fly, pierced through the heaven in the first attempt. A restrained aura could allow one to burst forth. A saved-up aura could allow one to enhance the aura!

The only regret was that no matter what, he couldn't imitate the four characters that had the trace of lasting and undiminished appeal.

But this didn't disrupt him from consolidating his mental state from calligraphy.

The first day, Wang Yao had yet to leave the Deacon Palace probably because he had expended substantial amount of his magical power.

On the second day, he left the Deacon Palace but only to meet a few elders, and then he returned to the palace.

On the third day, there was no movement about Wang Yao.

Ning Fan wasn't in a hurry. On the third day, as Wang Yao remained immobile, he would be immobile as well.

That proud woman, Bai Lu hadn't come to disturb him, perhaps it was because of that night. After learning Ning Fan's true cultivation base and the truth about the plucking, she had secluded herself in her room for several days, as if she was still in a bad mood. Not only her virginity had been snatched away by Ning Fan, she had also been deceived for a few times!

However, to Ning Fan's surprise, that woman didn't come yelling to murder him.

No one had come to interrupt him. In three days, he had written a thick pile of rice papers. He could now restrain his killing intent naturally. His mental state had improved compared to three days ago.

At the same time, the words he wrote were looking better. It looked more fluent and mature. There was a sharp light hidden in

between the strokes of those words.

He was sitting near the windowsill, closing his eyes, but his hands were casually writing the four words with the ink brush.

As the night fell, he stopped writing all of a sudden. A sharp light of killing intent flashed past his eyes!

At this moment, a grey-robed youth turned into light that was undetectable by people's eyes and ears, and rushed out of the grand formation of Sinister Sparrow Sect!

Wang Yao had moved!

“You will die tonight!”

Ning Fan's killing intent surged in his eyes; the rice papers on the table were blown away by the wind.

He rode on the moonlight and gently created a temporary opening on the formation of Sinister Sparrow Sect with a slash of his Separation Slayer. Then, he casted the Falsifying Art Chant to conceal himself and headed towards Wang Yao's direction stealthily.

The direction seemed to be leading to where Western Hu Clan was located. Perhaps this was the clan that Wang Yao targeted.

...

In the Dual Cultivation Palace, a woman in thin garment was looking out of her window with complicated eye expression and saw the departing Ning Fan under the moonlight.

She was Bai Lu.

She didn't shout to pluck Ning Fan or to kill him.

Originally, she hated Ning Fan very much, but after thinking that she could pluck Ning Fan and keep him as her cauldron, her hatred for him diminished.

By now, she knew that Ning Fan had cheated and taken

advantage of her which annoyed her very much.

Though she still hated him, there was some kind of complexity in her hatred.

Her mind was in a state of confusion right now.

“This stinky man, I wonder which clan of girls he’s going to harm tonight. Forget it. As long as he doesn’t do it on my sisters here, it has nothing to do with me. Humph! It’s even better if he dies out there.”

Bai Lu berated him, but couldn’t help leaving the room and head for Ning Fan’s courtyard.

In his room, rice papers scattered all over the floor. Most of the papers were written with ink brush. She bent over and picked up every piece of paper, arranged them in order and placed them on Ning Fan’s writing desk. Her countenance became more complicated when she saw those lofty handwriting.

“They are very nice words.”

...

The Western Hu Clan was located in the Cold Moon Mountain of the western region of Yue Country.

In this mountain, there was a pool of high quality spiritual spring named Cold Moon Spring. Not only could it be used for cultivation, it could also be used for crafting, concocting, planting and cooking.

If one used the spiritual spring to bath, then one’s life would lengthen. It could also be brewed into spiritual wine that could improve one’s cultivation base.

This mountain of spring had nourished the Western Hu Clan. It had supported up to a thousand people in this clan.

Numbering 500 persons, Hu Cavalry was ranked fifteenth in the war guards of Yue Country! Every single one of them was a Third Level Vein Opening expert with a Second Level Vein Opening

flying beast that could fly and attack Harmonious Spirit experts!

Their overall combat power perhaps wasn't very strong, but they were all riding strange beasts that could fly. Thus, not even Harmonious Spirit experts dare to offend them as they pleased.

In addition to the Hu Cavalry, there was a powerful group that included 11 Harmonious Spirit experts. The strongest one was the patriarch of Hu Clan—Hu Fengzi, a peak Harmonious Spirit expert.

Rumor had it that he was getting closer to breaking through to the Gold Core realm. Some said that he had even touched the bottleneck of Heart Devil.

During the night, a group of Hu Clan's cultivators were patrolling within the two hundred miles of the Cold Moon Mountain. Every one of them was strolling unconcernedly.

The so-called patrolling was merely getting rid of some 'little cats' and 'little dogs' who intended to steal the Cold Moon Spring Water.

Throughout Yue Country, there was basically no one that would come here and make trouble with the Hu Clan without giving it a second thought.

But tonight, they were destined to be frightened to death because a grey-robed youth with a gloomy smile appeared in the zone of Hu Clan in the dark clouds.

The patrol guards changed their expressions drastically. The intruder undoubtedly was a Harmonious Spirit expert as he could hover in the sky!

If the intruder was coming here with benign intention, he wouldn't choose to come in the middle of the night. Plus, this man's eyes were filled with killing intent. He must have come here to cause trouble for Hu Clan!

“Quickly! Release the Spirit Arrows!”

On the ground, among the patrols was a long-bearded man who seemed like the leader. His facial expression changed drastically when he found out that the intruder didn't bear any good intention.

Immediately, he ordered to release the spirit arrows and sent distress signals to the others.

A fat expert took out a purple jade spirit arrow and struck out a magical seal. The spirit arrow instantly burst into pieces of jade and turned into a purple light that shot straight towards the night sky and produced the sounds of night owls.

The grey-robed youth did not stop him from releasing the arrow. When the spirit arrow was released, all the buildings in the two hundred mile radius lit up! And immediately, three Harmonious Spirit old experts flew up to the sky holding their magical treasure.

Among the three of them, two were early Harmonious Spirit experts and one was an intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert. When the intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert saw that the intruder was merely a grey-robed youth, his expression turned into a sneer.

“Which clan's brat is this? What's your intention of coming to our Hu Clan in the middle of the night when you should have been sleeping soundly?”

There was no doubt that the grey-robed youth was a Harmonious Spirit expert as he could fly. But what difference did it make even if he was a Harmonious Spirit expert? Even early Gold Core experts wouldn't dare to simply break into Hu Clan.

Therefore, the elder didn't put the grey-robed youth in his heart and his tone was full of contempt.

However, the youth was still wearing his cold smirk. His white teeth that was visible in the moonlight frightened the people around. Suddenly, he glowed with tremendous white light,

turning into a 300 meter tall White Bone Giant!

A trace of an early Gold Core Qi was exuded from the giant's body along with a sneering laugh.

“Today, Western Hu Clan will become my food! Die!”

The giant roared so loud as if he was using some kind of sonic magical art. The three Harmonious Spirit experts and the patrols below were crushed instantly in the sonic waves, dying without a complete corpse!

“Gold-Gold Core expert! And...what's this magical art?!” On top of the mountain was where the patriarch of Hu Clan. Hu Fengzi was in peaceful seclusion, but when he swept across the White Bone Giant with his divine sense, he felt some tingles on his scalp.

With his hundred years of experience, he had never seen a cultivator that could transform into a giant!

The 300 meter tall giant showed a jeering smile as if he had sensed the divine sense of Hu Fengzi. Every step that the giant made caused a rumbling earthquake. He neared the foot of the Cold Moon Mountain, sent a punch with a force that could push the mountain into the sea. Instantly, the 3000 meters high Cold Moon Mountain was pulverized!

Hu Fengzi was badly injured by the impact; he was now in terror.

He felt that the intruder wasn't just a Gold Core old expert. This intruder's combat power was beyond the Gold Core realm, even much stronger than those late Gold Core old experts!

“How did my clan offended such a being? Where's the Hu Calvary?!”

“Grandchild's apology for arriving here late with the reinforcement!”

A black-clothed youth armed with a spear and riding a flying eagle beast with 500 experts riding the same flying eagles behind

him, soared up to the sky like five hundred rays of light.

Hu Clan was in chaos right now! Hu Cavalry pledged to fight to their death!

“Set the formation to execute this demon! We’ll never retreat if it’s still alive.”

The black-clothed youth gritted his teeth.

Chapter 97 - The Strength of the Giant Demon, the Light of the Sword

500 Hu Guards soared up to the sky in their flying demonic beasts, immediately forming a siege attack formation.

It was the Cloud Sieging Formation!

Such formation was very famous in the cultivation world. It was the most profound one. It converged all the attacks of the guards on the general.

When the formation was complete, streams of cloud light were radiating out from every Hu Guard's body into the general – the black clothed youth.

The general's Qi skyrocketed all of a sudden. Almost in a blink of an eye, his cultivation base shoot up from early Harmonious Spirit realm to the peak of Harmonious Spirit realm!

Of course, the breakthrough was only temporary. The body of the youth could never bear the vast magical power. Therefore, he had to strike with an all-out attack, using all of the magical power inside his body.

The lightning spear in his hand seemed to consist of thousands of kilograms. With a shout, the lightning spear turned into a streak of thunderbolt, like a thunder-like meteor in the sky.

Within the flash of lightning existed the blow of an early Gold Core expert.

“Even if you are an early Gold Core old expert, our Cloud Sieging Formation has never failed to defeat Gold Core experts! Die!”

In the night sky, each Hu Guard was riding on their demonic beast and was left with little magical power. All their magical power had been transferred to the black clothed youth to send out that Gold Core attack. Every one of them had a fiery red face. The

black-clothed youth was the general of the guards and had used this method to defeat one Gold Core old expert who had intruded the Hu Clan!

This giant White Skeleton wouldn't be able to withstand this strike of theirs for sure!

But they were doomed to receive disappointment, because this giant White Skeleton was staring at the majestic lightning with indifferent face and a cold sneer.

"It's weak, it's too weak!"

The 300 meter giant stretched its finger towards the lightning and crushed the Gold Core blow instantly.

At the same time, it seemed as if the giant had lost interest in toying with them. With a cold expression in its eyes, it roared angrily. A solid sonic wave spread out of its body, covering miles of the area.

It was a technique of the Dao of Bone – the Bone Demonic Sound!

Under the roar of the devil, every Hu guard burst into a mist of blood without warning and died before they could utter a wail.

Five hundred Hu guards turned into sounds of bursting. A light soared up to the sky towards the confident-looking black-clothed youth and pulled him out of the range of the sonic wave by the collar.

The black-clothed youth was a true descendant of Hu Clan and he was saved by Hu Ming, the Great Elder of Hu Clan, a thin old man in robe.

"This devil is too powerful. Ming Er, go quickly to the Purple Light Sect and ask for the help of an intermediate Gold Core old ancestor to save our clan!"

The robed elder was struck dumb by the slaughter of Hu guards while facing the lingering sonic wave. Now that his patriarch had

been injured heavily by the giant's punch, he had to take on the responsibility of guarding the Hu Clan.

His pair of straw shoes made a light step in the night sky, radiating traces of green light all of a sudden. Immediately, his speed reached an incredible speed that could travel miles in a second.

That was a very fast travelling speed. Even an early Gold Core old expert could only go as fast as that speed. As for this Great Elder, he was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert.

The pair of straw shoes was a Gold Rank Spirit Equipment with an ability of Divine Walk, it could increase the cultivator's movement speed by three times!

“You can't run away from me!”

The giant white skeleton made a stride forward, making the land it stepped sink 9 meters below. Although it was only a step, it had already reached an incredible distance, appearing behind the Great Elder and the black-clothed youth and clawed at them violently.

The Great Elder of Hu Clan was terrified, not believing that clumsy-looking giant white skeleton was actually this nimble!

Unhesitantly, he slapped the storage pouch to produce thirteen flaming flying swords. With a cast of a spell, the thirteen flying swords multiplied by ten, making a total of 130 flaming flying swords that blotted out the sky and whistled frenziedly as they were launched at the giant's palm.

That was a medium grade magical treasure, the Great Elder didn't hope that it could break the physical defence of the giant. What he hoped for was to stall the giant for a while so that they had time to escape.

However, the thing that shocked him the most was that his thirteen flying swords couldn't even stop the giant skeleton. Before it reached the giant's palm, a loud bang was heard as the flying

swords burst into flaming shards.

The giant claw continued to lunge forth, then it ruthlessly grabbed the Great Elder, crushing him into a lump of meat paste.

“Run, Ming Er! Go to the Purple Light Sect and never return!”

This was the last word from the Great Elder.

The cultivation world had always been cruel and selfish. Given the limited resources in the world, any cultivator needed to fight and kill their way out of it.

However, it wasn't entirely true that the cultivation world didn't have any warmth, but that sentimental word only came when the person was about to die.

This giant white skeleton on the other hand had an unshakable killing intent and a demonic heart of steel.

The scene caused a drastic change on those cultivators who were still alive. There were only a few of them, the Harmonious Spirit old experts who weren't as great as the Great Elder. Some still had an emotional attachment to Hu Clan, some were watching the scene at a far distance to protect themselves, while some of them had already fled, believing that Hu Clan would fall today.

As for the Patriarch of the Hu Clan, Hu Fengzi, a vengeful thought emerged in his heart when he saw the Hu guards eradicated and the Great Elder being killed tragically. He took out a rotting pill from his storage pouch.

Decaying Corpse Pill could temporarily enhance one's strength by one realm with the cost of the person's life.

He surely would die this time as he was merely a peak Harmonious Spirit expert, but if he exchanged his life for the power of a Gold Core realm, he might have a chance to fight against the giant skeleton.

His eyes turned ruthless. Then he swallowed the Decaying Corpse

Pill and began refining it.

“Give me some time, kids. Don’t die first, my disciples...” He spoke tearfully.

Without the Hu guards and the Harmonious Spirit experts, the white giant skeleton was able to trample forward unhindered. It used one step to crush the formation light and palms to perish every remaining expert.

Its eyes twitched and revealed a sneering expression when it saw a few Harmonious Spirit experts fleeing for their lives.

“Today, all of you will become the food of mine. None of you is allowed to escape! Do you know why some experts are called Void Fragmentation experts?”

The giant thrust its palm at the void ahead. Shortly after that, the void in the two hundred miles radius of the Hu Clan broke into pieces, forming a circle of dark shadows that surrounded the whole Clan.

A few of the Harmonious Spirit old experts couldn’t use their evading light and was sucked into the fissures of the dark void. Incessant wails were heard as soon as they were ripped to pieces by the Void Wing.

Those Harmonious Spirit old experts who were lucky enough to escape from the disaster were shocked. All of them, including those who were alive just now were in despair the instant they saw the cracking void.

Even Hu Fengzi who had taken the Decaying Corpse Pill was staring at the white giant skeleton, feeling powerless and helpless because the technique that the giant used just fragmented the void using its palm. That was a divine ability of a Void Fragmentation expert!

“This man is actually...a Void Fragmentation expert! Haha! When did the Hu Lan offended such a powerful being...? Haha!

When, when!”

That black-clothed youth named Hu Ming was touching his chest as he fell to the ground, spurting out blood continuously. He was badly injured by the void wind that was 300 meters away. His eyes were brimming with shock as this was his first time seeing the ability of a Void Fragmentation expert, however, the thing that awaited him after that wasn't joy but death.

Every single one of them was as fragile as an insect in the face of this Void Fragmentation expert. Who could stop this giant from its massacre? Hu Clan would surely fall today!

“Humph! It's good that you admit your fate!”

The giant white skeleton laughed coldly and approached Hu Clan. Every step it took shook the ground.

As it was chuckling gleefully, it also clawed randomly, killing a dozen of cultivators every time. The flesh and the bones of the cultivators were chewed and swallowed by the giant white skeleton. The whole scene turned bloody.

But then again, under the pressure and killing intent of the Void Fragmentation giant, all of the cultivators of the Hu Clan couldn't resist it.

“Don't, don't eat them, don't!”

The patriarch of Hu Clan, Hu Fengzi yelled with all his might. He hovered in the sky and lunged at the giant, betting his life on it.

There was nothing more painful and excruciating than watching your own descendants and disciples eaten by a devil!

“This old man is going all out this time!”

As he rushed forward, he sadly discovered that 30 meters away from the giant was the closest he could get. If he tried to get any closer, he would be deterred by the giant's killing intent.

“Humph! You aren't qualified to do so! Die now!”

The giant gave a cold smile. When the giant was about to send another attack with its finger, the old man felt that his body was melting on its own!

His eyes were now completely filled with despair. He finally had to die, but this was still better than being eaten.

But at this moment, a slim and graceful killing intent emerged all of a sudden, crumbling all the defensive killing intent that had surrounded the giant skeleton.

Then, a sword shadow that moved like a star light shot through the void into one of the giant's eyes, instantly causing permanent damage to the eye.

A second later, a cold voice of a youth was heard.

“He isn't qualified, but what about me?”

Within the immature voice was a trace of unresolved vicissitudes of life. It also had the same level of aura as the giant skeleton.

The sword shadow carried the soul burning divine ability. As it impaled itself into the eye socket, it channelled the scorching energy into it, severely burning a large portion of the soul that was hiding inside the bones.

The finger strike that the giant was about to send was interrupted.

Hu Fengzi was dumbfounded. Who has come to save him? No, he should ask who could save him. Could it also be a Void Fragmentation old expert? It had to be it!

He forced himself to stand up in the void. Currently, the youth had already lifted the Falsifying Art Chant, revealing his usual appearance – white clothes and black cloak.

At the time of his emergence, the surroundings were filled with innumerable illusions of White Bone. One of his hand was holding a starlight sword. On the tip of the sword was a trace of brilliant

bloodstring. In other words, this was the sword that could harm the giant!

The images of White Bones were all over the place, along with the red fog and strong gale.

However, the youth just stood still in the wind. His eyes had the calmness that was as still as lake water. His killing intent spiralled back into his body after the strike.

Hu Fengzi was disappointed when sensed the dissipating magical power from the youth, but there was something that baffled him.

No, he isn't a Void Fragmentation expert, he's merely a peak Harmonious Spirit youth!

But this youth was able to hurt the Void Fragmentation giant with one sword strike. How could that be possible!

This youth looked somewhat familiar. That was right, it was right. He was the outstanding disciple that was newly recruited by Sinister Sparrow Sect – Ning Fan!

...

After one of its eyes was damaged by Ning Fan, the giant screamed agonizingly. Its voice reverberated the void like thunder.

Its magical strength had been greatly consumed after fragmenting the void. Presently, it was severely injured by the soul burning attack. So it had to revert itself from its original form.

The giant burst into a black mist, then a grey-robed youth came out of it.

This youth was no doubt Wang Yao, but his hair had become white after its soul was badly burned in the process. His left eye was blazing red while his right eye was just an empty socket, oozing out a black-colored blood.

He made another step and clawed at Ning Fan. Immediately, an unexplainable and unimaginable tremendous magical force was

sent out.

However, before this magical power reached Ning Fan, it was crushed by the invisible sword sense into a benign and cooling breeze.

The giant turned angrier and roared.

“Ning Fan, Ning Fan, Ning Fan! I swear not to be a man if I don’t kill you!”

“You can’t do that.” Ning Fan said coldly. His eyes were brimming with composure of a very powerful expert.

Chapter 98 - Void Spirit Intent, the Absolute Realm!

One eye was destroyed by a single sword strike.

After that, Ning Fan quickly distanced himself away from Wang Yao and revealed his true self.

He had followed Wang Yao all the way here secretly, betting on Wang Yao's carelessness and waiting for his magical power to be fully expended before executing a deadly strike.

Ning Fan was sure that he didn't underestimate his opponent before this, but in reality, he knew that he had still underestimated Wang Yao.

His opponent possessed the divine ability of fragmenting the void, the unusual devil sonic wave and a 300 hundred meter skeletal form. If it wasn't for this sneak attack, the odds of defeating this opponent would be less than 30 percent.

Even if the sneak attack was successful, the odds of winning was just five out of ten.

Wang Yao was definitely very strong. He was the bearer of the Bone Sovereign's soul and this was very different from an incarnation, because this bearer could use all kinds of Void Fragmentation divine ability.

But since he had become Ning Fan's enemy, Ning Fan certainly wouldn't escape. If he didn't kill this enemy right now, it would be impossible for him to kill Wang Yao once his cultivation base improve further.

The combat intent in his eyes were soaring. He started to think that there was no danger in fighting this enemy.

However, he didn't notice that the bleeding in Wang Yao's right eye socket had stopped. Then, there was a wave of killing intent

that caused an endless spiral of ripples in the sky.

All of a sudden, a foot made a step in the void and thousands of thunderous snowy white lightning emerged.

“The Bone Devil Thunder of the Dao of Bone.”

Lightning was a Heavenly Might. Even the 500 Hu guards could only send out one lightning strike.

Wang Yao was the body that bore the Bone Sovereign. As such, there was no problem for him sending out thousands of lightning strikes. Each strike of lightning was enough to destroy a Harmonious Spirit expert.

The remaining cultivators of Hu Clan showed an expression of despair amidst the sparkling of lightning. This magical attack alone could annihilate the entire Hu Clan with ease.

Hu Fengzi let out a sigh and smiled wryly at Ning Fan. He didn't think that Ning Fan would be able to resist such a harsh spell that could end thousands of lives.

Although this kid is a genius in Sinister Sparrow Sect and a newly-promoted elder, he's just too young. In one way or another, he isn't a worthy opponent for a Void Fragmentation \expert'.

Hu Fengzi was petrified in his contemplation.

When Ning Fan saw the flashes of lightning, his face darkened. Unhesitantly, he slapped his storage pouch, producing five sharp sword light of gold, green, blue, red and yellow colour. Every sword light has a sword intent that was powerful enough to eliminate early Gold Core expert.

“This...these are...five peak high grade Magical Treasure? No! This is a set of magical treasure. The combined strength of these five is almost equivalent to a supreme rank magical treasure.”

Hu Fengzi had been in this world for hundreds of years. With his experienced eyesight, he was able to discern the power of the five

elemental flying words by just a glance, but the thing that he couldn't understand was how did a Harmonious Spirit youth obtain such a powerful magical treasure, not even a late Gold Core old expert had this kind of treasure. Besides, how could Ning Fan wield such a high grade magical treasure with his magical power? It needed at least a Gold Core realm magical power to wield it.

Hu Fengzi naturally didn't know that Ning Fan's divine sense had already reached the half-step Nascent Soul realm despite his Harmonious Spirit realm cultivation.

Due to the limitation of Ning Fan's realm, he could only exert one percent of the sword's might, but that kind of power was already enough to bring down a Gold Core opponent.

Even Wang Yao was slightly shocked by the five elemental sword light.

By casting another spell, each of the five sword light was multiplied by ten and then by a hundred. In an instant, thousands of sword shadows of different elements were produced, turning into a rain of swords. Under the powerful divine sense control of Ning Fan, the rain of sword impacted against every single lightning strike.

As the lightning clashed against the sword shadows, firework-like explosions filled the night sky. Vast amount of magical power was spread across the area, shoving Ning Fan and Wang Yao several meters backwards before they could regain their balance.

But Ning Fan now looked somewhat flustered and smelled like a burnt toast. Wang Yao on the other hand didn't seem to suffer any kind of injury, but his magical power had been expended after the casting the lightning strikes.

Hu Fengzi sucked in a breath of cold air, he couldn't believe that a youth was able to block such terrifying lightning strikes.

"Not bad, but you are still too weak." The disdain in Wang Yao's

eyes reduced. He was afraid that Ning Fan was the only one in this world that the Bone Sovereign attached so importance to.

“Oh? Is that so? You can still act so arrogantly even though all of your magical power have been expended.”

There was neither joy nor sorrow on his face. He didn't seem contented after successfully blocking the attack of Wang Yao.

On the contrary, although he didn't express any sign of weakness in his tone, the dread in his eyes was rising.

Suddenly, a red lightning flashed out of Wang Yao's left eye. The Qi of death surged in Ning Fan's body.

“Die!”

Wang Yao smiled sneeringly. The red flash zipped out as fast as lightning, and entered into Ning Fan's sea of consciousness.

Ning Fan's face paled. He was totally caught off guard. Then, a jade plate in his arms was crushed to pieces that was glowing with red illumination.

That was close!

Ning Fan was a little astounded. The broken jade plate was naturally the Death Replacement Order. If it wasn't for his meticulousness, he was afraid that he would be dead by now.

That bizarre skill was just like the sword sense. Both of them attacked people's sea of consciousness, but there were differences between the two. The sword sense was formed out of spirit sense and it was invisible, whereas the red flash was a visible lightning that seemed like a heavenly tribulation.

This kind of skill wasn't mentioned in Ancient Chaos' memory, but four words suddenly emerged in Ning Fan's head.

Void Spirit Intent!

This was most likely possessed by experts that has a cultivation above the Spirit Severing realm. Spirit intent was divided into

different conceptions. As for Wang Yao's spirit intent, there was only the word 'kill' in his conception. The massacre was so earth-shaking that the bones of the dead were piled into a mountain, the land was stained with blood and ghosts were crying and immortals were shocked.

However, there wasn't much time for Ning Fan to contemplate because the second red light was shot out from Wang Yao's left eye once again, rumbling like the thunder in the sky.

At this time, Ning Fan wouldn't conserve his strength anymore. Without hesitation, he activated the sea of swords and sent out the sword sense, colliding with the red bolt.

Hong!

Due to him having lost the only Death Replacement Order, he had to go all out. If that red lightning went into his body, he would die for sure despite all the techniques he possessed.

The sword sense contained a trace of Qi that could execute Immortals while the red flash carried the heavenly tribulation spirit intent. As both spirit sense met each other, a loud sound of impact resounded throughout the skies. If it wasn't for Wang Yao already sealing off the two hundred miles of the void, any expert who was within the thousand miles radius would surely be affected.

The remaining cultivators of the Hu Clan were gaping at the scene. Neither of them was capable enough to interfere in such a battle that was happening in the night sky. More importantly, they couldn't get close to it unless they wanted to seek their own death.

Ning Fan's face turned paler within the reverberation. His sword sense had been injured, but he was gazing at unscrupulous red flashes in Wang Yao's left eye ruthlessly.

What's the big deal if he's a Void Fragmentation expert, or the Bone Sovereign or had the Void Spirit Intent?!

Slash it!

He sent a punch on his chest, worsening his injuries. But after spurting out a mouthful of blood essence, the power of his sword sense made a tremendous leap in almost an instant.

The sword intent spread out, pulverizing the red lightning. Wang Yao spewed out blood and the red glow in his left eye faded. His expression changed dramatically.

“Impossible. My Absolute Realm is the Void Spirit Intent that I had acquired from the heavenly tribulation. Not even those who are on par with my realm are a match for me. How are you able to block my Absolute Realm?!”

The Absolute Realm was a well-known and horrifying means even in the ancient times!

Chapter 99 - Eradicate the True Soul and Earn the Enmity of Death!

The Void Spirit Intent and the Absolute realm!

Such spirit intent always originated from heavenly tribulation, which made it a very deadly attack. Whoever achieved this realm was regarded as invincible!

This was because this spirit intent imitated the heavenly tribulation. Naturally, its power would be as scary as the heavenly tribulation. Even the Gods and Buddha would be afraid of such skill.

However, Wang Yao failed to kill Ning Fan even after sending out the skill two times. This was totally beyond his expectation!

The first time, Ning Fan was saved by the Death Replacement Order. So, it wasn't something strange.

But the second time, Ning Fan was able to block the red lightning of Absolute realm with his mere sword sense!

Wang Yao wouldn't have thought that Ning Fan was able to modify this sea of consciousness to the ancient and rare sea of swords despite only having a Harmonious Spirit cultivation. Even with the sword sense, he didn't think that Ning Fan could handle his red lightning.

The Absolute realm was different from the other Void Spirit Intent. It couldn't penetrate the defensive barrier of a spiritual treasure, but was able to launch a deadly attack to the opponents' or opponents' sea of consciousness.

Back in the Seventh Region, Bone Sovereign had used this same red lightning to kill innumerable Void Fragmentation old ghosts and even defeat the small sable – Mei Chen.

But today, this red lightning was broken by Ning Fan even if that

lightning was unleashed by a mere Gold Core soul of Bone Sovereign.

Unexpectedly, in the last moment, Ning Fan ruthlessly landed a heavy punch on his chest to forcefully destroy the red lightning of Absolute realm.

For the first time, Wang Yao started to have fear for Ning Fan, because his most powerful magical technique was defeated by Ning Fan.

My magical strength has been expended and my Absolute realm has been destroyed. I'm no match for this kid for the time being. Today, I might as well flee away. If my true soul in this body is destroyed by this kid, my real body in Demon Sinister Forest would likely suffer heavy injuries or even drop in cultivation realm!

Wang Yao's face still looked shocked, but he had already decided to retreat inside his heart. However, he believed that it was impossible to run away without the help of a certain skill.

He stuck out one of his fingers, shooting out a finger bone. With a yell, the finger bone immediately turned into a white bone soldier that multiplied from 1 to two, two to four and four to eight, until it reached nearly a thousand . Then, all of them stepped into the void, holding spears and sabers and making ghostly howls. Every one of them was a Harmonious Spirit warrior!

By the order of Wang Yao, all of them lunged at Ning Fan, while Wang Yao himself retreated. He poked the fissure of the void with one finger. The black-colored fissure then began to dissipate along with him.

“Humph! Trying to run away?! You think this group of Harmonious Spirit ghosts can hold me?!”

Cold light glittered in Ning Fan's eyes. He would never let Bone Sovereign go no matter what, because if the real soul of Bone

Sovereign escaped today, he would surely face a greater problem in the future.

“Break!”

He stepped into the ice rainbow and chased after Bone Sovereign, at the same time, enshrouding the area under the heavens with his sword sense.

Nearly one thousand Harmonious Spirit ghosts burst into dissipating ashes as Ning Fan’s sword sense swept across, while Ning Fan spurted out another mouthful of blood. His injuries were worsened once more.

One skill to summon nearly a thousand Harmonious Spirit ghost soldiers and one skill to annihilate them all!

The cultivators of Hu Clan was frightened. What they saw tonight was going to be the most unforgettable event in their lives.

If Wang Yao and Ning Fan joined into a team, they were afraid that their strength was enough to eradicate all of the experts below the Gold Core realm.

When Wang Yao sensed that Ning Fan was catching up to him, his face looked shocked even more.

The ghost army that he had summoned were all Harmonious Spirit experts. Although they wouldn’t be enough to kill Ning Fan, they should be able to keep Ning Fan busy.

It was beyond his imagination that Ning Fan was able to annihilate all the ghost soldiers with just his sword sense.

It looks like the power of Ning Fan’s sword sense wasn’t any weaker than his Absolute realm intent.

“Impossible! Even if it is the sword sense from ancient times, it shouldn’t have such a power. What kind of sword intent is in this kid’s sword sense, how could it be so domineering?”

Wang Yao muttered, then Ning Fan replied in a cold tone as if he

could hear what Wang Yao had just said.

“It’s the Immortal Execution Sword Intent!”

“What? Impossible! The Immortal Execution Sword Intent was used by the Ancient Heavenly Court to execute Immortals. How did you acquire it?”

Ning Fan’s words had confused Wang Yao for the first time! It was Ning Fan’s bad intention to retort Wang Yao’s question. He wanted to use the name, Immortal Execution to startle Wang Yao’s mind.

Subsequently, he used his last trump card!

He patted his storage pouch and summoned the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron and smashed it against Wang Yao. When Wang Yao noticed that it was merely an early rank High Grade Magical Treasure, he naturally didn’t put it in his eyes.

However, a faint flicker of light was produced from the cauldron. Wang Yao’s face darkened because his body was frozen in place.

“That is the Body Locking Ability! This is despicable. I had never thought of encountering such a troublesome divine ability while retreating.”

The spirit augmentation of Dan Fragmentation Cauldron could freeze one’s body. Although it might not be able to smash Wang Yao to death, it was still able to lock Wang Yao’s movement temporarily.

Wang Yao believed that it wouldn’t be difficult to break this Body Locking technique, but as he was struggling to break free, Ning Fan’s icy light flashed and arrived 30 meters away from him.

At this moment, Ning Fan unleashed his concealed killing intent for the first time. It rushed directly to Wang Yao’s heart like angry waves.

“What realm is this killing intent?!”

His expression changed drastically, but another unexpected thing appeared once more.

He saw Ning Fan pat the top of his skull, then an illusion similar to Ning Fan shot out like a stream of black light.

The incarnation seemed cold and unstable, as if it would explode at any second. But the thing that sent chills down Wang Yao's spine the most was the trace of a half-step Nascent Soul Qi from the incarnation.

"A half-step Nascent Soul incarnation! How is this possible? Ah!"

While he was lost in his boundless doubts, he uttered a miserable cry. Ning Fan's soul incarnation had broken Wang Yao's unparalleled physical defense with a claw, crushing the immortal veins inside and destroying his cultivation base.

However, Ning Fan didn't seem relieved after destroying Wang Yao's physique. He spat out the Starlight Sword Shadow and slashed it at one side.

Although there was nothing in the direction where Ning Fan slashed, a mournful cry was heard immediately after that. A soul emerged and burning like an incandescent fire.

This was the true soul of Bone Sovereign that attempted to escape from Wang Yao's dying body, however, it still failed to escape Ning Fan's senses.

After losing the flesh puppet, a mere soul was as vulnerable as a lamb waiting to be slaughtered.

For the first time, the illusory Bone Sovereign showed a face of agony and begged for mercy

"Spare my true soul. Once I conquer the entire Yang World, I will divide the world equally with you!"

But what his pleading received was Ning Fan's cold smile.

"Do you think I will believe you?!"

Ning Fan raised his Separation Slayer and made another violent slash. This trace of soul died and disintegrated with soaring resentment.

After keeping his soul incarnation and Separation Slayer, he took a pill to regulate his internal injuries. Then, he immediately returned to the Cold Moon Mountain of Hu Clan without taking the time to rest.

From his pursuit of Bone Sovereign to killing the trace of Bone Sovereign's soul, it only took a dozen breaths of time. Presently, the void seal that was planted in Hu Clan by the Bone Sovereign hadn't dissipated yet. So, he needed to finish up some tasks before the seal fully faded.

After all, he had casted too many trump cards while dealing with the Bone Sovereign. If he ignored Hu Clan and went off, he would be bound to meet lots of troubles.

He could kill them or keep them. That would depend on what kind of person the old ancestor of Hu Clan was, and to see whether they were worth saving.

Not long after Ning Fan zipped back to the Cold Moon Mountain, a green-robed middle-aged man with extraordinary demeanor emerged from the darkness. His expression seemed bothered but at the same time there was also relief.

He was the sect master of Sinister Sparrow Sect, Sinister Sparrow!

"I initially thought of coming here to get rid of this 'Wang Yao' by myself, but it seemed like I was no match for him. I wouldn't be able to block that red lightning. I didn't expect this Ning Fan kid to have such a deep secret, but I wonder what's the background of that Void Fragmentation expert he killed was. It looked like a ghost or most likely an expert in the Demon Sinister Forest. Ai, what has this kid done back in the forest to attract the attention of a Void Fragmentation expert?"

From what he said, it showed that he had been tracking Wang Yao for quite some time now and had already decided to eliminate Wang Yao tonight.

Back in Demon Sinister Forest, Ning Fan and Wang Yao had the strangest scores. As the sect master, he was obliged to investigate it. As for Ning Fan, it was no doubt odd to have such a high score, but that didn't seem much of a concern as Ning Fan's master was the Old Devil, a ruthless man of true Immortal realm. Everyone in the Rain Immortal World knew about him. Also, the Old Devil was a good friend of Sinister Sparrow, so he naturally knew the potential of this kid.

Wang Yao on the other hand raised his doubts. He noticed that something wasn't right with this young disciple. He had paid a visit to Wang Clan and found out that Wang Yao was merely a normal kid with normal abilities.

After that, he spent nights following Wang Yao and witnessed Wang Yao annihilating the other clans in Yue Country. Then, he concluded that Wang Yao had been harboring evil intentions towards Sinister Sparrow Sect.

Originally, he intended to eliminate Wang Yao tonight, but after what he saw just now, he wouldn't stand a chance and would surely die under the attack of Wang Yao's red lightning.

Fortunately, Ning Fan intervened, otherwise, it was unimaginable what would happen.

"I was thinking if I should give him a hand to resolve the conflict between him and Revered White. It seems that it is no longer necessary! That old bastard is just trying to humiliate himself by picking a fight with this kid."

Sinister Sparrow smiled faintly and felt pleased to think that this monstrous talent was actually his son-in-law and a disciple of his sect.

“Old Man Han, you have made the right decision with your eyesight this time. Perhaps, this disciple of yours would be able to take your revenge on your enemy in the near future.”

...

In the Seventh Region of Demon Sinister Forest, the Bone Sovereign had gone into seclusion to recover the trace of his disintegrated true soul.

It was the hardest to recover from the injuries incurred in the soul. It was absolutely a huge loss, losing that trace of true soul.

His current cultivation was at the Fifth Level Void Fragmentation realm, but because of losing his true soul, it fell further.

However, that true soul was capable enough to kill that human brat and even reign supreme in the entire Yang World, he could even cultivate the flesh puppet of the true soul to Void Fragmentation realm.

Subsequently, the moment it returned to Demon Sinister Forest and integrate with Bone Sovereign's true self, he would be able to break through to the Sixth Level of Void Fragmentation realm.

Killing Ning Fan was his intention, but it wasn't his main purpose. He had wild ambition of wiping out the entire Yang World, but Ning Fan's emergence had turned around the situation.

When Bone Sovereign was in the midst of cultivation, his eyes opened abruptly and spurted out blood.

The instant his soul was badly injured, it caused his cultivation base to drop crazily.

It dropped from the Fifth Level to Fourth, to the Third and almost to the Second Level.

“Hateful! What happened to my true soul?”

He closed his eyes with fury. His mind was gradually retrieving the scenes of memory from the true soul. This was an ability which

that the incarnation didn't have.

Every scene in the memory stirred up the violent killing intent inside of him.

The one who killed his true soul was actually that human brat that he had never put in his eyes.

"Ning Fan, Ning Fan, Ning Fan! One day, when I leave Demon Sinister Forest, I will definitely shred you into a million pieces!"

He roared furiously. His massive magical power spread the voice to the Sixth, Fifth and Fourth Region of the forest.

Even the Third Region could sense the echo of his voice.

The small sable, Mei Chen who was trying to recover her original strength was lying indolently in the Purple Clan. The image of a person kept popping out in her mind at random times.

That person had teased and flirted her countless of times, but was no longer here.

"Bah! Why am I still thinking about him? That senseless bastard. Why didn't he express anything after all the things he had done to me?"

She swore indignantly inside her heart every time she thought about that human. But at this moment, the roar of the Bone Sovereign entered her ears.

Her face turned into a look of joy as she could sense the trace of instability in Bone Sovereign's voice.

The Bone Sovereign was badly injured and his cultivation base had fallen! If she had the spiritual herbs to regain her previous cultivation base at this time, she could probably defeat the Bone Sovereign and claimed hegemony in the Seventh Region.

"Humph! Bone Sovereign, you finally have your retribution! But it's hard to imagine that someone is powerful enough to injure you so badly."

Mei Chen smiled happily, but when she heard Ning Fan's name from Bone Sovereign's curses, she understood what had happened.

“Not possible! Could it be Ning Fan who injured the Bone Sovereign? How did he do that? And, what was his intention of doing so? Could it be...?”

Mixed feelings were stirred in her heart, but an even absurd idea emerged in her mind.

“Could that stinky man Ning Fan did this for me...? Pooh, pooh, pooh! Why would he take such a big risk for me, but what if...?”

Mei Chen was lost in her thought and was destined to lose her sleep tonight.

Chapter 100 - The Cultivation Pill

Ning Fan emerged on the summit of the Cold Moon Mountain before the seal of the void dissipated.

His face was filled with cold killing intent. Tonight, while eliminating Wang Yao, he had shown too much of his trump cards. In order to prevent any future troubles, it was best to get rid of all these eyewitnesses.

He spread out his spirit sense with killing intent across the two hundred miles of the mountain.

Every cultivator of Hu Clan was encompassed in the range of Ning Fan's spirit sense. With a single will from Ning Fan, all of the drifting spirit sense would turn into the deadly sword sense.

Under the pressure of this spirit sense, cultivators who were below the Harmonious Spirit realm have difficulties standing up. The few remaining Harmonious Spirit experts including the general of the Hu guards, Hu Ming, were staring at the youth in awe.

As for the old ancestor, Hu Fengzi, he had the deepest feeling about Ning Fan's aura. After taking the Decaying Corpse Pill, he had temporarily broken through the Gold Core realm, but his spirit sense realm was still below Ning Fan's, which meant that the fate of Hu Clan was no longer in his control.

This Ning Fan has the power to annihilate our clan just like that Void Fragmentation expert. Now he's back, but the Void Fragmentation expert is nowhere to be seen. It goes without saying that Ning Fan has already finished that monster!

Hiss! Killing a Void Fragmentation expert?!

This thought rose Hu Fengzi's fear for Ning Fan to an all-time high. Thinking back to the scene of Ning Fan's unusual means sent chills down his spine.

He was frightened to realize that Ning Fan had come here to annihilate every one of them, the entire Hu Clan.

He understood that Ning Fan had revealed a lot of his skills. Every one of those skill was enough to draw the covetousness of countless of old experts. If it was he himself, he would naturally do the same after exposing his trump cards.

While his life force was draining away, his mind was racing a hundred times faster, searching for a solution to the current crisis.

He glanced at the pool of cold spring water and to the despairing cultivators of his clan and made a decision.

Dragging his weak body, he ran straight to the Cold Moon Mountain like a ray of light. Despite the suffering in his body, he still had a calm expression. When he was three hundred meters away from the summit, he came to a halt and held his fists at Ning Fan.

“I’m the old ancestor of Hu Clan, Hu Fengzi, meet Elder Ning.”

“...”

Ning Fan remained silent with his eyes closed. His spirit sense had locked on Hu Fengzi. As long as this old man made a move, he would be killed instantly.

“Elder Ning, can you let my Hu Clan live?” Hu Fengzi said with a bitter smile.

“I’m not interested in the life or death of the Hu Clan, but I couldn’t leave the potential threat unsolved.”

“If our clan becomes your followers and allow you to plant your Restrictive Spell on them, can you spare them their lives? Our clan has the mountain of spiritual spring, magical treasures and innumerable pills, and all can be taken at elder’s will.” Hu Fengzi gritted his teeth. Given his arrogant personality, he absolutely wouldn’t let his clan become a follower of someone, but he was reluctant to watch his descendants and grandchildren die in vain.

Hu Fengzi could see that if Ning Fan really wanted to annihilate his clan, he would've done so the moment he emerged, but until now, he hadn't made a move yet. It somehow indicated that Ning Fan had the motive of subduing them.

As such, he had taken the initiative to surrender themselves to Ning Fan.

As for Ning Fan, his eyes were filled with appreciation, gazing at Hu Fengzi.

"You are a good thinker with a composed disposition, you are really qualified to be the patriarch of a clan. Don't worry. I just don't want the cultivators of Hu Clan to talk too much about today's incident. Go and gather your disciples here for me to plant my Restrictive Spell. After that, I'll forget about today's matter."

Ning Fan showed a faint smile and kept his spirit sense. All the experts in Hu Clan heaved a huge sigh of relief in their hearts.

To Ning Fan, it wasn't a big deal for him to annihilate the Hu Clan or not. After losing all the Hu guards and several Harmonious Spirit experts and the patriarch in no time, the current forces of Hu Clan weren't attractive to Ning Fan anymore.

As for the magical treasure and pills in Hu Clan, he didn't put them in his eyes at all except for the Cold Moon Spring.

Despite his cold tone, he had agreed to let the cultivators of Hu Clan live which pleased Hu Fengzi very much.

If one could stay alive, why should one choose the path to death? Even if they were planted with a Restrictive Spell, at least they still had a chance of living. If it wasn't for this young man, all of them would have ended up in Bone Sovereign's belly.

"All cultivators of Hu Clan, come and gather here at the foot of the Cold Moon Mountain and allow Senior Ning to plant his Restrictive Spell!"

As the patriarch of the clan, no one would dare to disobey his

direct order. But after learning that they would be planted with a Restrictive Spell, they were showing anxious and worried looks as if they were going to lose their freedom as well.

Ning Fan went down to the gathering area in his ice rainbow. Not long after that, Hu Fengzi led his remaining group of disciples to the foot of the mountain.

“Senior can plant the Restrictive Spell now!”

Hu Fengzi cupped his fists at Ning Fan respectfully, but the Qi of death exuded from his body intensified.

Because of the decaying effect of the Decaying Corpse Pill, there wasn't much time left before his life force withered away.

Ning Fan sighed slightly as he had a good impression of this old man. He was worthy to be the patriarch of his clan for many years. He was able to see the big picture and was willing to sacrifice himself for his entire clan. If he could still stay alive in Hu Clan, it would certainly be of great help.

Unfortunately, the Decaying Corpse Pill was a self-destructive pill. It required one to pay the price of one's life to obtain a temporary boost in strength. This was the law of the Heavens, not even Ning Fan had the ways to save Hu Fengzi now.

After that, he planted his Restrictive Spell in the sea of consciousness of every Hu cultivator. Those who had been planted with the spell were filled with disappointed sighs, went off to clean up the ruins and rebuild their clan.

The void seal had almost fully faded, so Ning Fan didn't intend to stay any longer.

Under the lead of Hu Fengzi, he arrived at the forbidden place of Hu Clan. With a flick of his Cauldron Ring, it absorbed the entire cold spiritual spring into its red misty space.

Seeing such unbelievable means made Hu Fengzi immediately realize that the Cauldron Ring was a legendary Grotto-Heaven

Magical Treasure. A spatial magical treasure could be used to store items, but a Grotto-Heaven Magical Treasure was able to store rivers and mountains!

The means that Ning Fan had was unimaginable. If Ning Fan could take care of Hu Clan, he could pass away without worrying for his descendants' future.

“Elder Ning, this old man has one more request.”

“If you are requesting for me to dispel the toxicity of the Decaying Corpse Pill, I’m afraid that I can’t fulfil your wish. This pill will give you the temporary boost of cultivation in exchange for your life. In other words, you have lost something the moment you gained something.”

Ning Fan’s tone sounded a little helpless because his brother Ning Gu also practiced a cultivation law, the malicious cultivation of Life Sealing Ruler, that drained his life force.

This kind of loss could never be compensated by any kind of pills as the Heavens forbid it.

A cultivator could use his knuckle to push a mountain and finger to fill an ocean, but there was no way that he could go against the Heavens Dao. This also made a lot of cultivators felt aggrieved.

“No, I know that I’m going to die soon, I’m not requesting for you to save my life. My one request is...after my passing, can Elder Ning look after my clan?”

Hu Fengzi asked with sincerity. He knew that Ning Fan had planted the Restrictive Spell on every one of them just to shut their mouths. Ning Fan didn’t have real interest in Hu Clan and would most likely wouldn’t provide aid to Han Clan even if they were in trouble.

However, he still hoped that Ning Fan could keep an eye on them because they had lost all of their guards. If he died today, the enemies of Hu Clan wouldn’t ignore Hu Clan’s existence anymore.

Even their closest ally, the Purple Light Sect would possibly come and oppress their remaining forces.

This was how cruel the real cultivation world was.

Ning Fan frowned slightly after listening to Hu Fengzi's request. Without waiting for Ning Fan to decline his request, he removed any hesitation in his mind and revealed a pleading face.

"Elder Ning, promise this old man to help Hu Clan three times and this old man would be willing to pay the price of not entering Samsara and use my entire cultivation to condense a Cultivation Pill for Elder Ning! I intended to give this to Hu Ming, but it seems like he is still too young to bear such a burden."

Cultivation Pill!

Ning Fan's eyes were filled with a slight shock, he stared at Hu Fengzi with sympathy.

"You have done too much for your clan."

"This old man will never regret! Elder Ning, tell me now, will you promise me or not?"

"Alright. If I can get the Cultivation Pill, I, Ning Fan, as long as I'm still alive, I will help Hu Clan three times."

"Thank you..."

Hu Fengzi gazed at those busying disciples from afar and revealed a smile of relief. Ning Fan on the other hand looked a little upset and closed his eyes.

The Cultivation Pill was akin to a Dao Fruit. After consuming it, the person's cultivation would be enhanced. Plus, there was nothing to worry about its side effects like those ordinary pills that would make one's magical strength shallow.

However, the difference between the two was, a Dao Fruit was condensed out of dead person's magical strength whereas the Cultivation Pill was condensed at the cost of one's life.

Human would die eventually, the same went to cultivators, but they desired to enter the Samsara and be reincarnated into a new human so that they could once again cultivate. But Hu Fengzi was willing to destroy his own soul to condense a Cultivation Pill for the safety of his clan.

Therefore, he was really qualified to be the patriarch of his clan.

And tonight, Ning Fan thought about a question – what was his purpose in cultivating?

Hu Fengzi's action could be regarded as foolish and worthless in the cultivation world's point of view, but Ning Fan had the feeling that he would do the same if he were Hu Fengzi.

The Heart Devil inside of him was getting more vigorous. With the Cultivation Pill that was on par with the Dao Fruit, he would finish off the Heart Devil and break through to the Gold Core realm if he enters seclusion. But what he lacked was time.

“Elder Ning, follow me to the Cold Moon Mountain, this old man wants to die there.” Hu Fengzi smiled bitterly.

“No problem, I'll accompany you to your death.”

Ning Fan's tone was plain, but in an instant, he vaguely felt that his present state of mind coincidentally fitted the true meaning of the words - Death for the Monarch.

Accompanying one to death was similar to sending the Monarch to death.

Chapter 101(1) -

“Did you know that the culprit responsible for the annihilation of dozens of clans had already been taken down? The culprit was eradicated by the old ancestor of Hu Clan who sacrificed his life after taking the Decaying Corpse Pill. However, Hu Clan suffered an irrecoverable loss, causing them to become a third-class major power and thus, cutting its relationship with Purple Light Sect.”

In the Dual Cultivation Palace of Sinister Sparrow Sect, several female disciples were discussing the stirring matter of Yue Country.

However, there was always a difference between the truth and a rumour, this rumour was naturally fabricated by Ning Fan.

Ten days had already passed since the battle on the Cold Moon Mountain, but the heat remained unabated. Moreover, another thing that caused a slight stir in Sinister Sparrow Sect was Wang Yao's disappearance.

He had left the sect and hadn't returned for a long time. Many elders had regarded him as a possible defector, but after the old ancestor of Wang Clan came personally to apologize for his descendant's irresponsible action, the matter gradually subsided.

Subsequently, something new came up and became the hot topic in the sect – Ning Fan's seclusion.

Everyone knew that Ning Fan had gone into seclusion to prepare for his battle against Revered White. The former was known as the number one expert amongst experts below the Gold Core realm, whereas the latter was an old monster who had gained high popularity over the years in Yue Country. The battle between these two had also attracted the attention of many across the entire Yue Country.

However, only a small number of people thought that Ning Fan

would win. Despite having a monstrous talent, he was just too young, moreover, he practiced Dual Cultivation Law which made his combat power slightly inferior to his peers. As for the Revered White, Bai Feiteng, some said that his Profound Ice Art had already reached the third level of the fourth realm and he had once engulfed a Third Grade Cold Qi by coincidence.

As for his combat power, he could find almost no adversaries among his peers. Last time, he fought against a late Gold Core old expert from the Great Void Sect, Elder Songfeng for days, but it ended in a draw. This showed how powerful the elder was.

When the few female disciples in the Dual Cultivation Palace gradually shifted the topic to Ning Fan, Bai Lu who was meditating on a hassock couldn't help but knit her brows, as if the name Ning Fan irritated her every time.

This feeling of irritation was immediately turned into seriousness when she sensed a girl coming to Dual Cultivation Palace.

She stood up, gently brushed off the dust on her clothes and brought her disciples along to welcome the visitor.

Ever since Ning Fan went into seclusion, there was a blue-clothed girl often visiting the palace. She would stand outside the seclusion room of Ning Fan for long hours.

She was Young Mistress Lan Mei that not even Bai Lu would dare to neglect.

"Greetings, Young Mistress." Bai Lu greeted with an unnatural smile.

"Why is he still in seclusion?" Lan Mei's voice was cold and filled with authority.

"Yes." Bai Lu was reluctant to talk much about Ning Fan.

"Bai Lu, come with me, I have things to ask you."

Lan Mei's eyes glittered as she said in a tone that allowed no refusal. So, Bai Lu could only lower her head and followed Lan Mei into the courtyard where Ning Fan lived.

But as soon as they entered the room, Lan Mei removed her cold and proud face and burst into a laughter.

Her mood had gotten better after her illness was cured and her smile was getting more beautiful.

"Sister Bai, there's no one here. So you don't have to feel so restrained. I want to learn more today, teach me..."

"It's not over yet? No!" Bai Lu no longer feigned her look of respect and expressed her discontentment.

"Just teach me some. You and Ning Fan have...uh...so many times..." Lan Mei was using a rare pleading tone.

"I have nothing to do with him. If you say this again, I swear, I won't ever teach you again!"

"Alright, alright, alright. Sister won't say it anymore. So can sister teach me now?"

Lan Mei's tone was soft as if she's conversing with a senior. She wanted to learn all kinds of techniques that could please Ning Fan from Bai Lu. That day, she had already become Ning Fan's woman and in the future, she would become his wife. There were some things that she had to master well. Because she didn't have her mother to pass down this kind of techniques to her, she needed to ask the help of the number one devilish girl in Dual Cultivation Palace, Bai Lu.

There were many techniques that Bai Lu could teach like the All Pleasurable Art, the Bed Art and etc. Moreover, since Bai Lu had lots of intimate encounters with Ning Fan, she wasn't actually an outsider to Lan Mei anymore.

As Lan Mei was after all still a Young Mistress, Bai Lu was afraid that her stubbornness would offend this Young Mistress, so she

could only provide what Lan Mei demanded reluctantly.

Without anyone knowing it, the proud daughter of Sinister Sparrow and the number one devilish girl, Bai Lu were discussing the [Spring Secret Art](#) openly.

...

Ning Fan didn't have a clue about anything that was going on outside. This half-a-year seclusion could be very long for ordinary people, but too short for cultivators to finish what they wanted to finish.

After sweeping away all the distracting thoughts inside his head while in the dark and quiet rocky room, an idea popped out in his head – I need to enhance my strength further!

After the battle with Wang Yao, he became more aware of his shortcomings. His attacks weren't strong enough and his defences were inadequate. Even though he had much battling experience than all of his peers, he was doomed the moment he confronted a true old expert.

He had also reached the same conclusion regarding his magical strength. During the battle with Wang Yao, he casted every one of his trump cards with his entire strength while Wang Yao used every magical art that could deal a massive damage casually.

One not only needed magical power to cast a magical art, but also the cultivation law that would be combined with this art. Although the Snow Treading Art of Ning Fan had already reached the second level, he had never thoroughly comprehended it. Therefore, he only acquired the Ice Rainbow Evading Art. There were still many other Ice Elemental Magical Arts which he had yet to acquire.

As for the Black Demon Art, he hadn't even cultivated a bit of it, but after swallowing the Black Demon Flame by chance, he would probably be able to use it now. However, because of the lack of proper magical art, he wouldn't be able to exert the true power of

the flame.

If he was really dying for trump cards, he would be left with only two sword Qi, the Fire Transformation Sword Strike and the White Bone Mountain. Moreover, he had only comprehended a part of these two sword Qi, which meant that he had still a long way to go before reaching their peak power.

The silver radiance in his physique made him stronger than peak Harmonious Spirit body cultivator, but the truth was, he hadn't once cultivated a body refining technique.

Cultivating using magical power was called magical art or technique whereas the cultivation of one's physique was called a body refining art or technique. Strictly speaking, the giant form of Wang Yao on that day was a body refining technique. Within the ancient Fiendgod's divine ability, there were numerous body refining technique that had powers even greater than magical art.

However, whether it was magical art or body refining art, Ning Fan had never really practiced any of it. In the memory of Ancient Chaos, the ancient Devil Dao – the Dual Cultivation Law – was acquired when one reached the realm where both magic and physique combined into one. Bone Sovereign had achieved such an extent in his body refining technique whereas Ning Fan made none of such achievements either in magical or physical aspect.

As for the Separation Slayer, it was equipped with the Soul Burning ability, but its grade was pitifully low. It was already astounding that it could advance from low grade early rank to low grade high rank, but because of Ning Fan's rapid progress, a Low Grade High Rank Magical Treasure was no longer useful to him anymore.

So the Separation Slayer had to be refined again. If the rib of the Bone Sovereign was fused into it, it would definitely increase the power of the Separation Slayer and may even acquire a more powerful divine ability.

Thus, the purpose of his seclusion was very clear.

First, he had to push the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art to the peak of second level and master the magical technique of ice and fire.

Second, he would have to cultivate a defensive kind of body refining art by maximizing the effect of his silver bone body refining realm.

Lastly, he would need to reforge the Separation Slayer with the rib bone of Bone Sovereign.

Spring – A common euphemism for sex.

Chapter 101(2) - Seclusion and Transformation!

Furthermore, there were still two magical arts he needed to cultivate properly – the Falsifying Art and Defence Art.

The three techniques of the Divine Art included concealment, defence and incarnation. The first technique called Falsifying Art required Spirit Refining Grass to cultivate. Coincidentally, he had plenty of them from Meng Chu's garden.

The second technique called the Defence Art required one to swallow a spirit of magical treasure which Ning Fan already had much in his possession.

There were too many things he needed to do and half-a-year was just too short, however, he believed that after immersing himself in seclusion for half-a-year to scrape off the weaknesses that he had would make him become a true expert.

Whether it was cultivation or the enhancement of magical art, they were all the preparations he needed before breaking through into the Gold Core realm.

Even with the inheritance of Ancient Chaos, it didn't raise the percentage of his success in breaking through to the Gold Core realm. According to his calculation, he would need at least ten years of seclusion to have a chance of breaking through the bottleneck before Gold Core realm.

But if he failed, the ten years of effort would be in vain!

Cultivators with inferior potential only had 10 percent success rate of breaking through the bottleneck of the Gold Core realm. As for those geniuses, their success rate wouldn't be more than 20 percent. Every Gold Core expert had tried many attempts to break through that bottleneck before becoming a real Gold Core expert. Anyone who could make a breakthrough on their first attempt

possessed a heaven defying luck.

Ning Fan was calculating his success rate in core formation. He might not have an excellent potential, but he wasn't inferior either. So, it was safe to say that he had 20 percent chance of success.

"If I pluck the two girls, Bing Ling and Yue Ling, the success rate will become 30 percent, but that will be at the expense of them."

Ning Fan's eyes were filled with mixed feelings. He glanced at the Cauldron Ring on his left wrist and hesitated for the first time whether to pluck the two girls or not. In the end, he decided not to do so because he couldn't convince himself to do such a thing to someone whom he was indebted to.

After letting out a sigh, he patted the top of his skull and a soul incarnation of half-step Nascent Soul realm exited his body. Due to the unstable condition of this incarnation, it wasn't able to deal much damage to opponents, but it was still quite useful for sneak-attacking.

"Because of the slashing of my soul, my success rate in core formation will be lowered by 50% compared to an average expert, but my powerful spirit sense could help me resist against the Heart Devil. Therefore, instead of reducing my success rate, it has increased by 40% instead"

Later, Ning Fan slapped his storage pouch and produced a blood-red pill the size of a fingernail. It contained a vast amount of magical power. If one listened closely, one could hear the sound of a heart beating inside of it.

When he saw the pill, a trace of disappointment was seen on his face. This was the Cultivation Pill produced by the old ancestor of Hu Clan using his soul. It was supposed to be given to Hu Ming, but Ning Fan's emergence had altered the old ancestor's original intention.

“Cultivation Pill...it was condensed using the magical power of early Gold Core realm after the old ancestor of Hu Clan took the Decaying Corpse Pill. Although it’s a little inferior compared to an early Gold Core Dao Fruit, the difference isn’t really significant. After consuming this pill, my success rate in core formation will be increased to 60 percent.”

Lastly, he took out a primitive scroll of medicine record that was gifted by Xue Qing.

There was a Third Revolution Pill named Golden Red Clouds Pill in the medicine record.

Even though this pill could only raise the success rate by 10 percent, this 10 percent might play a critical role as to whether Ning Fan would succeed in the core formation or not.

Additionally, after taking in this pill, even if he failed in core formation, it could still help him accumulate magical power inside his body, laying the foundation and shortening the time for the next breakthrough.

With this pill, Ning Fan’s success rate in core formation would be 70 percent!

If this success rate was spread out, he was afraid that each and every Gold Core expert will be gaping at Ning Fan. There had never been an expert with such a high success rate. Furthermore, those old experts would be more than willing to exchange for pills that could raise their cultivation after core formation instead of spending time, effort and resources to increase the percentage of success in core formation with their limited resources.

They weren’t short of time and they weren’t afraid of failures. Ning Fan however, lacked such luxury. Core formation itself was a time consuming process. If he failed this time, he wouldn’t dare imagine that kind of powerlessness he would be feeling while confronting the Mosha Emperor a hundred years later.

“70% chance of success isn’t low, but I still need to increase it higher! If I perform the Body and Essence Dual Cultivation, my success rate will increase by another 5 percent. If I advance the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art to the third level, it will increase by another 10 percent. In that case, my total success rate will become 85 percent. I have already reached my limit for this. So if I still fail after all of that, I can only accept the Heaven’s will.”

Ning Fan showed a helpless smile. There was no one who could defy the Heaven’s will.

The Old Devil had been embarrassed by Heaven’s will when his True Immortal realm fell drastically to the Harmonious Spirit realm, and even to the extent where he couldn’t become a cultivator anymore, like a crippled man. Anyone who violated the will of the Heavens would never end up well.

The word defying in heaven defying lied with endless difficulty.

If Ning Fan had a choice, he wouldn’t pick the path of defying the heavens as that was too difficult, painful and lonely.

If he still failed in the core formation process even with 85% chance of success, he would make sure to defy the heavens next time in order to succeed.

“Let’s start the seclusion! First off, I will have to comprehend two different types of cultivation law first. The more cultivation laws one can comprehend, the better it is. This is the right time to use the third technique of the Divine Art, Body Art and also known as the cloning technique.”

While Ning Fan gestured his fingers with incantations, an illusory clone of himself exited his body one after another. It had the same appearance as Ning Fan, but there was no cultivation base inside of it.

This type of cloning technique was akin to a fake clone of oneself. It was completely different from an incarnation. Using these

clones in battle would mean sending them to their end, but it could be quite useful when it came to collective comprehension.

In an instant, roughly a hundred clones were produced. This was the maximum limit of his half-step Nascent Soul realm spirit sense.

“All of you can only live for three days. So within these three days, I want you all to comprehend the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art together!”

“Roger!”

A hundred illusory Ning Fan replied in unison.

Using a hundred clones to comprehend was a hundred times faster than the comprehension speed of an ordinary person. Although this was a great burden to one's spirit sense, Ning Fan was determined to endure the pain.

Advancing these two cultivation laws to the peak of the second level wasn't a difficult task in half-a-year's time of seclusion.

In the first transformation, Ning Fan was transformed into a cultivator from a mortal human after obtaining the inheritance of an Immortal Emperor.

For the second transformation, Ning Fan desired to become a true and powerful expert.

While Ning Fan was still in his seclusion, some changes began to take place back in Ning City.

In the City Lord's room, inside the fragrant boudoir, Zhihe and Si Wuxie were sleeping on the bed with their usual clothes as if they had had a long chit-chat last night.

The innocent-natured Zhihe and Si Wuxie who had lost her memory seemed to be getting along very well.

As some of the morning light streamed in from the curtains, Zhihe lazily made a roll and continued with her sleep, while Si

Wuxie's whole body shook lightly as if she had been electrocuted.

Immediately, she opened her beautiful eyes and was awoken.

In fact, she wasn't really awake, she was sinking into the memory of her body.

"Ning Fan! My sect! I remember them now!"

Si Wuxie revealed an expression of indignation, but almost instantly, she felt a sudden pain and passed out.

After a long time, she reopened her eyes and returned to her pure girl style.

"It was strange. I had a very strange dream just now."

"Hmm? Sisi, what's wrong with you?" Zhihe rubbed her eyes and yawned.

"It's nothing. I just had a dream. I dreamt about my other self. It was strange." Si Wuxie was bewildered.

"You must be thinking too much about it. Oh, by the way, I'm going to break through to the Harmonious Spirit realm soon, I will collect the pills from Nan Gong and then go into seclusion later. Would you mind keeping a lookout for me?" Zhihe sounded pleadingly. When Si Wuxie heard that Zhihe was breaking through to Harmonious Spirit realm, her mouth couldn't close which made her seem cute.

You haven't cultivated once in your life, so how are you able to break through to the Harmonious Spirit realm?

Although she had lost her memory, she could vaguely remember that Harmonious Spirit realm was an extremely difficult level to break through.

Could the silly-looking Zhihe really had such a high talent for cultivation? No wonder master is so fond of her.

Speaking of her master, she was missing him very much.

Chapter 102(1) - Dragon Vortex Fire, Sword-Testing Rock!

With a hundred incarnations, Ning Fan's comprehension speed was a hundredfold the speed of ordinary people, but the fatigue he suffered would also be a hundred times more as well.

In the world of cultivation, every level consisted of nine miniature realms.

It would take years for an ordinary expert to advance one realm, but because of the hundred incarnations that Ning Fan had, his time was tremendously shortened.

In just a month, the Black Demon Art has already reached the first level, then it continued to break through the second level.

At the present moment, the fire elemental Black Demon Art was finally on par with the ice elemental Snow Treading Art, conforming to the principle of Yin Yang in unison. It was just that Ning Fan didn't seem relaxed yet because he wanted to push both of these cultivation laws to the peak of the second level, which was the ninth miniature realm!

When the cultivation law reached the second level, every increase of one small realm would increase the magical power by 10 percent. Cumulatively, a Harmonious Spirit expert who had advanced the cultivation law to the peak could cast out a magical spell that was twice as stronger as his peers.

In order to practice the cultivation laws, he spent a taxing amount of effort. He took out the Black Demon Flame and the White Bone Flame to study and improve his understanding about the fire elemental magic. Likewise, he also took out the Bone Prison Qi for his clones to further comprehend the ice elemental magic.

It wasn't easy to obtain the Heavenly Frosty Cold Qi and Earth

Vein Demonic Flame, but Ning Fan already had three of them.

As the second month passed, his cultivation laws had broken through to the sixth realm of the second level and in the third month, he had officially reached the peak of the second level.

He had been in seclusion for three months now. His magical power didn't seem to improve, but his Qi was getting so dense that it could suffocate anyone who was in here.

He summoned back all of his incarnations and spurted out a black fire dragon with his finger.

This was the Black Demon Flame. It was one of the nine dragon fire. When he was still a beginner, this flame was sufficient enough to hurt the early Harmonious Spirit Yu Chi.

With his peak Harmonious Spirit magical strength and peak second level cultivation law, one finger of dragon fire was enough to kill a peak Harmonious Spirit expert without casting any magical spells.

After a blink of any eye, he turned his palm and stuck out his finger again, casting out the first fire elemental magical spell of the Black Demon Art.

“Dragon Vortex!”

The black flames suddenly spread across the rocky seclusion cave, like a black tide towards a huge boulder 30 meters in size.

That rock was a Sword-Testing Rock. It was placed in the cave for cultivators to test their magical attack on. Despite it having no other use, it had one advantage, it was incomparably hard, however, it couldn't be used to craft magical treasure due to the lack of flexibility and ductility.

However, this was still a precious and rare rock. Lan Mei only obtained this by begging his father for it.

After the giant rock was wrapped by the flames, there wasn't a

speck left on the surface, like it was still as good as new. This only showed how hard it actually was.

In the aspect of defensive capability alone, this rock was even greater than a peak Harmonious Spirit expert.

However, Ning Fan changed the way he casted the spell, immediately turning the black flames into a whirlpool of fire, surrounding the huge rock in a fierce speed.

There was a vague dragon roar that echoed from the centre of the whirlpool, and immediately, the power of the flame was doubled.

It was the First Revolution of the Dragon Vortex.

Once the Dragon Vortex reached the First Revolution, it could incinerate even a False Core expert. Even though the huge rock only uttered a sizzling sound, it was melting down at an undetectable rate.

“The Second Revolution!”

With extra effort and exertion, Ning Fan managed to make another advancement.

After the second revolution, the burning whirlpool got even more intense. The power of the fire doubled once more, which could already injure an early Gold Core expert badly.

Under the attack of this fire, small debris began to flake off from the surface of the Sword-Testing Rock. Although it wasn't a lot, it still indicated that the magical art had successfully damaged the rock.

Subsequently, he kept the Dragon Vortex and slightly exhaled. His eyes were blazing with fire.

The Dragon Vortex consisted of nine revolutions. Every revolution could increase the magical power by a fold. In the second revolution, it could already wound an early Gold Core realm and in the third revolution, it would be able to injure Bai

Feiteng. If he was able to condense a fire dragon in the second revolution, he could even wound a late Gold Core expert.

“If this skill reaches the third revolution and condenses another fire dragon, I won’t have to deal with them using my trump cards anymore. There’s also no need to sacrifice my condition before attacking my enemy.”

Ning Fan smiled lightly, but suddenly, his expression turned grim as if he had thought of something. He lifted his finger, circulated the ice magical power and pointed at the huge rock.

Chapter 102(2) - Dragon Vortex Fire, Sword-Testing Rock!

This ice magical power wasn't coated with the Heavenly Frosty Earth Fire. Although the damage wouldn't be tremendous, but when the cold Qi enshrouded the scorching hot Sword-Testing Rock, it crumbled instantly. The same reaction applied to anything that was too hot and encountered something that was extremely cold.

The center of the rock didn't collapse but an inch of its surface was flaking off at crazy speed. This was the end result when an extremely hot item was warped in ice.

Ning Fan's heart shivered a little bit, even though this was a fact that every grandmaster refiner knew. It was forbidden to induce extreme coldness to an extremely hot item or vice versa as it would easily break the unfinished magical treasure.

He found out that this principle could also be used on actual battle. For example, if he encountered an enemy with a hard and solid defense like a turtle, he would first cast the Dragon Vortex Fire attack and end it with an ice elemental magical attack. He was afraid that even a harder surface would crumble under such a circumstance.

There were three types of magical arts in Snow Treading Art.

The first was the ice evading light which he had grown accustomed to.

The second was the ice armored body used to boost the defensive strength. This was a rare defensive magical art, so he surely wouldn't overlook this spell.

The third was the ten miles of snowstorm. It could turn ten miles of land into a snowstorm. It was a very profound skill as it could change the weather. It also explained why the Snow Treading Art

was remembered by the Ancient Chaos. Within the range which the battlefield had been turned into a snowfield, his ice elemental magical power would be inexhaustible and infinite for the time it took to burn an incense stick, as he could just replenish the energy from the snowstorm.

It was very difficult to cultivate this heaven defying art. More importantly, there wasn't a skill out of these three that was an attack skill. They were all just supporting skills.

Without any high-grade ice elemental magical arts to choose from, Ning Fan could only pick a lower level ice elemental skill to learn, the Ice Rain Technique.

The Ice Rain Technique was a Spirit Realm Magical Art. It turned magical power into an icy rain as sharp as thorns. It was suitable for dealing with a group of enemy. Casting a hundred drops of it is considered a small accomplishment, casting a thousand drops of it is regarded as a big accomplishment and casting nine thousand drops of it is considered perfection and casting any number above nine thousand drops of it is described as boundless and endless.

This art was a very common magical art in the world of cultivation. On Second thought, Ning Fan however felt that using a common ice elemental magical art would create better effects.

After being burnt by the Dragon Vortex, what would the enemy think if he saw Ning Fan casting a common ice elemental attack? the enemy would surely thought that Ning Fan had expended all of his magical power, and couldn't afford to cast a powerful ice elemental attack. Surely, the enemy would start being careless and neglectful, exposing more flaws to Ning Fan.

Therefore, the magical art that could make an enemy careless was far more important than a high-grade magical art.

There was an old saying in the cultivation world that those who swam well would drown and those who held an umbrella would get wet. Sometimes, using a high-grade magical attack would alert

the enemy whereas using a lowly spell attack could make the enemy fall for the trick and get injured.

Many experts who had been very cautious in their life died not because of the strength of their enemies but their carelessness.

After using the Dragon Vortex Fire, he would use the Ice Rain Technique to make the enemy lower their guards.

“In that case, I would have to practice this magical art diligently to advance it to a high level along with the Dragon Vortex spell.”

...

A month later, Ning Fan stood up all of a sudden. His left eye was icy cold while his right eye was blazing hot.

He pointed with his right finger. A whirlpool of black fire was formed around the sword-testing rock.

For the First Revolution, the body of the rock trembled slightly.

For the Second Revolution, crumbs on the rock's body began to peel off.

For the Third Revolution, the body of the rock shook violently and cracks became visible. As the rock was surrounded by the whirlpool of fire, a black fire dragon leaped forward and snapped on the rock, multiplying the cracks on the surface.

But, this wasn't the end yet. He changed the spell pattern. The dragon fire vanished and a thousand icy droplets rained in the rocky cave.

The thousand drops of icy rain turned into thousand of icy spikes. Although its power could injure intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert, it was nothing significant to Gold Core experts.

When the icy rain landed on the sword-testing rock, a kaboom was heard all of a sudden from the rock before it crumbled to pieces.

The sword-testing rock that could withstand even the attack of a

peak Gold Core expert was broken just like that.

The shockwave spread out from the rocky cave in Dual Cultivation Palace and towards the Dark Sparrow's Valley.

Every master was startled and left their houses to find out the source of the impact. After learning that it wasn't coming from an invasion, they heaved a sigh a relief, but their eyes were staring at the direction of Dual Cultivation Palace.

They were shocked to find out that the source of the impact was actually from the seclusion cave in Dual Cultivation Palace.

“What kind of magical art is Elder Ning experimenting inside the rocky cave? How could it be so powerful?”

In the white palace, Bai Feiteng who was condensing his cold Qi stood up abruptly and looked at the Dual Cultivation Palace in disbelief.

Others might not know what the source of the explosion was, but he knew really well about it.

“Not possible. Ning Fan has only gone into seclusion for four months. How could he destroy the sword-testing rock?”

Bai Feiteng's face darkened. He had crumbled the sword-testing rock once, but that was the result after ten years of seclusion. Ning Fan on the other hand only took four months, which meant that he shouldn't underestimate this youth anymore in their upcoming battle.

“Humph! No matter what, this old man will never lose to you, especially after I devour this fourth grade cold Qi.”

Bai Feiteng was staring at the chilling cauldron that was filled with purplish and warm cold Qi inside.

“This old man will never lose to the disciple of Han Yuanji! this old man will definitely win your supreme grade magical treasure.” Bai Feiteng revealed a ghastly smile.

Chapter 103(1) -

On the fourth month, his magical art skyrocketed and finally, it broke the sword-testing rock.

On the fifth month, the inside of the rocky chamber was filled with scorching heat and White Bone sword shadows.

On the sixth month, the rocky chamber was silent, but stamps of feet rumbled from time to time, along with the wails of a vessel spirit.

Half a year was only a brief period. Gradually, the atmosphere in the rocky chamber quieted down. What was left was the random sound of fire burning inside and a vague sign of a godly weapon being produced.

He had successfully learned a few magical arts, sharpened his skills and gained a deeper understanding of the two sword Qi. As for his Body Refining Technique, he had mastered the Eighteen-Meter Body. But, what delighted him most was that he had achieved a small accomplishment in both the Falsifying Art and Defense Art.

In the rocky chamber, one of his hands was placed behind his back while the other stretched out a finger. Immediately, a stream of sword light shot out from it, turning into fire.

He made a stamp with one foot and it caused the entire rocky chamber to shake. Countless images of White Bone emerged from the ground. In between the spaces of the images drifted a vague bloodstring that was condensed out of killing intent.

After summoning back the two sword Qi, he revealed a faint smile as he finally comprehended the small realm of both sword intents. At this point, he no longer needed a sword to send out a sword Qi. All he needed was a finger and a stamp.

He regained his composure, closed his eyes, and touched his

glabella. Immediately, silvery light enshrouded his body, and then gradually, his body grew to eighteen meters tall. He was now muscular, brawny and impressively big in size.

This was no doubt the Body Refining Technique that he had cultivated. Although this seemed insignificant compared to Mosha Emperor's thousand meter giant form, this was Ning Fan's first time cultivating a Body Refining Technique and the result was impressive. When he transformed into an eighteen meter giant, his physical defense was doubled and his strength was enhanced by thirty percent, which meant that he could easily kill any Harmonious Spirit opponent just by only using his brute force.

Once this technique was fully cultivated, it could be one of his trump cards when his magical strength was expended, because Body Refining Technique only consumed the strength of blood and Qi instead of magical strength.

He returned to his usual form and slowly let out a sigh. Shortly after he rested, his expression froze and his face started to morph at high speed.

Meng Chu, Xue Qing, Zhou Ming, Nanyang Zi, Yu Chi and Sinister Sparrow!

Anyone that Ning Fan had seen before, anyone who had a lower spirit sense realm than him had their faces being morphed on Ning Fan's face. The appearance looked similar to the original person and even their Qi was exactly the same.

This was the Falsifying Art. It allowed one to change their appearance or conceal oneself. No one except those who had a spirit sense realm higher than Ning Fan could see through his camouflage. Ning Fan's current spirit sense has already reached the half-step Nascent Soul realm. This meant that no one in Yue Country would be able to discern his disguise.

He morphed back to his original appearance and slowly closed his eyes. A surge of ethereal Qi gradually arose in his body.

Suddenly, he patted his storage pouch and took out a medium grade flying sword. He stretched out one finger and the flying sword shot outwards. After flying for nine meters, it changed direction all of a sudden, flying back towards Ning Fan's chest.

It was a medium grade flying sword! Ning Fan was going to be stabbed to death unless he activated the Eighteen Meter Body.

But the strange thing was that the sword stopped all of a sudden, as if it had hit an invisible barrier three feet away from Ning Fan.

In the void in front of him were ripples of wavy patterns that consisted of the Qi of spirit sense. Any expert who saw this would be shocked because the defense was made up entirely of spirit sense.

It is the Defense Art!

He kept his flying sword and smiled pleasantly. The biggest harvest in his seclusion was his accomplishment in these two divine arts.

Before his seclusion, he had never thought that the mystery of the Divine Art was beyond his expectation. To view it in the aspect of profundity, it might even be on par with the Yin Yang Transformation.

He had already cultivated the Falsifying Art after consuming the Spirit Refining Grass. At this point, any expert below the Nascent Soul realm wouldn't be able to see through his disguise and concealment.

As for the Defense Art, the prerequisite was to break five vessel spirit magical treasures. With this technique, he could defend himself against the deadly one-strike-kill of a Nascent Soul expert.

Of course, his cultivation in these two arts were still far from perfection. If he had completed the cultivation of the Falsifying Art, he would be able to conceal himself even from experts who had a higher spirit sense realm than him. Regarding the current

level of his Defense Art, he could only use it once per day. If he used it the second time, it would deal a great damage to his spirit sense and if he used it for a third time, it would crush his sea of consciousness.

For the Divine Art to reach a higher realm, more Spirit Refining Grass and Vessel Spirit Magical Treasure were needed. Vessel Spirit could be traced and found in the Rain Immortal World, but the Spirit Refining Grass... Ning Fan found it hard to imagine that there would be another weirdo like Meng Chu who accidentally planted such kind of grass.

The result of six months of seclusion was satisfactory. Although his magical strength didn't improve during this period of time, he had cultivated various means and techniques.

...

Chapter 103(2) - Separation Slayer, Giant Sword!

There seemed to be only one thing left to be done—refining the Separation Slayer.

He approached the furnace in the rocky chamber and drew out the earth fire. He spat out the Starlight Sword Shadow. It then turned into a bright crystal flying sword in his hand. He was studying it carefully as if he was trying to make a hard choice.

After a long period of time, he flicked the Cauldron Ring and retrieved a piece of jade-like rib bone.

Replacing the sword body wouldn't cause essential changes to the flying sword, but in order to prevent unexpected phenomenon from happening, he had spent certain amount of immortal jades to deploy a Core Realm Grand Formation to hide the scent of the treasure.

The current him was no longer a nestling cultivator. Thinking back how he spearheaded all those activities in Seven Apricot City, it reminded him how dangerous the situation was. Even though he had obtained the memory of an Immortal Emperor at that time, he was still a youth. He could only rely on Ancient Chaos' experience as his experience was limited.

Killings after killings had made him realize the truth of the cultivation world. He realized that it was neither as unpleasant as he imagined nor as perfect as the myth of the fictitious land of peace and happiness. This was where the complexity lay. The cultivation world consisted of love, conspiracy, hatred... which was no different than the mortal world. Any cultivator could be betrayed because of carelessness. So in order to avoid dying in vain, one had to be cautious at all times.

There was an old saying in the cultivation world: you never knew

where the enemies were hiding while they're stalking you!

Ning Fan's sword sense could kill all opponents who were below early Gold Core realm, but it was still inferior to Bone Sovereign's Absolute Realm Divine Intent.

Comparing Ning Fan's Ancient Chaos' inheritance, the demonic girl in the Godly Void Pavilion had an even nobler inheritance—the inheritance of Godly Void and even the inheritance of innumerable Immortal Emperors and Fiendgods.

That was why some said there were greater experts beyond experts and Heavens beyond Heavens, and Ning Fan understood this pretty well.

Therefore, one had to be as cautious as possible at all times in order to survive this chaotic world.

Hundreds of thoughts were racing in his head, which faintly enhanced his state of mind. Slowly, he exhaled and placed the Separation Slayer into the furnace.

“There is a treasure refinement technique named Thousand Refinements in Ancient Chaos' memory. When the raw material is refined a hundred times, it become steel. When it is refined a thousand times, it will turn into a treasure and when refined for ten thousand times, the treasure will be brought to life. So one has to at least refine it for a thousand times in order to create a magical treasure. To put a vessel spirit in a magical treasure, the treasure will need to be refined for at least ten thousand times... but in truth, a magical treasure with vessel spirit isn't a good item. There is nothing absolute in this world. For instance, magical treasures similar to flying swords will become a better weapon with the vessel spirit whereas it is best to have no vessel spirits in heavy-duty swords.”

Ning Fan murmured. Most of the cultivators would use flying swords as their weapon as they could just point their fingers to attack, but in ancient times, Fiendgods used their giant physiques

to fight.

When a cultivator had to hold the sword to hack and slash, it was categorized as a heavy-duty sword. The flying sword stressed on lightness whereas the heavy-duty sword emphasized on sweeping a thousand troops.

If the flying sword consisted of a soul, the cultivator could control it using their spirit sense with ease, making their strikes very accurate. However, when a heavy-duty sword was equipped with a soul, it would be hard for the cultivator to coordinate perfectly with the sword and no one could guarantee that there would be no rejection from the sword Qi during battle.

He had decided not to put a soul in the Separation Slayer as he was going to turn the sword into a heavy-duty sword.

But this didn't mean that the flying form of the Separation Slayer would be destroyed. Although there wasn't a significant feature in the Thousand Refinements, there was an astonishing mystery in this method—if the flying sword was reforged and smelted more than ten thousand times, it would be turned into a magical treasure with double purpose!

That was to say, Ning Fan could use the sword as a flying sword and a heavy-duty sword at his will.

Experts in Yue Country would be shocked when they heard about this, but in the Rain Immortal World, it was far from enough. The creation of a true magical treasure depended not only on its power, but also on its ability to transform.

It was said that the long-lost '36 changes of Heavenly Dipper' and '72 changes of Evil Spirits' in the ancient times of Fiendgods was a very profound transformation technique.

After removing all of his miscellaneous thoughts, Ning Fan began to control the earth fire to separate the steel body of the Separation Slayer. At the same time, by using his spirit sense, he used the fire

to smelt Bone Sovereign's rib.

The rib of Bone Sovereign was similar to the bone of a Void Fragmentation expert. It had traces of soul and pride, and it was reluctant to become a raw material for a magical treasure. Therefore, it couldn't be melted despite the heat of the earth fire.

It was because of this trace of soul that allowed Bone Sovereign to use the Bone Seeking Technique to search for the whereabouts of the bone and identify Ning Fan's identity.

Although the soul could never be extracted from the bone, it could be erased from it.

Ning Fan's eyes glowed with a cold light. He spread his spirit sense out into the rib bone. With a violent and forceful scrape, the trace of soul was forced out of the bone. A white strand of Qi exited the bone and dissipated within the flames.

In this way, Bone Sovereign could no longer detect his lost rib regardless of how heaven defying his ability was.

After three days of leaving the rib in the fire, it finally melted and turned into liquid. Without wasting any more time, Ning Fan quickly exerted the fire using his spirit sense, forcing out the steel body from the Separation Slayer.

The rank of the Separation Slayer fell dramatically after that, and immediately, Ning Fan infused the liquid into the sword's body. The originally light and resplendent Separation Slayer began to undergo changes.

Three feet of starlight grew into seven feet long and one feet in breadth. Its bony body was snowy white, but it was no longer shiny. Heavy and stifling killing intent was radiated from it without restraint.

This was a huge heavy-duty sword . Its rank had been increased by more than a great realm, to the peak of medium grade.

“The Separation Slayer has been successfully refined into a

heavy-duty sword!”

But this wasn't the end yet. While he was cooling off the body of the sword, Ning Fan flicked his sleeve to dry off the pond of water. Then, he patted his storage pouch and took out the Thunder Water he got from the Merit Hall.

It was the cold spring water used to refine immemorial Divine Weapons. Using this water would attach a trace of lightning into the weapon.

However, such water was extremely scarce. The ancient Fiendgods would always have a pond of Thunder Water before refining a Divine Weapon, but today, Ning Fan only had a bottle of it which was definitely not enough. As such, he had to increase the volume by diluting the Thunder Water.

With a flick of the Cauldron Ring, he poured the Cold Moon Spring he obtained from Hu Clan into the cooling pond, mixing with the Thunder Water.

The Cold Moon Spring was actually a famous cooling spring, but comparing it to the Thunder Water made it ordinary. As the cooling spring was ready, the last step would be to cool the sword's body.

With a pat on the furnace, the fire inside was extinguished and by using his spirit sense, the Separation Slayer was immediately drawn into the cooling pond, making the water boil.

As the Thunder Water continued to evaporate, traces of lightning separated from each other and entered into the large sword. Then, lines of obscure lighting began to emerge on the surface of the sword's body.

And now, the sword was done.

Ning Fan took the sword with one hand, but suddenly, his wrist was pulled downwards. The tip of the sword hit and entered three feet below the ground.

“It’s quite heavy! It has to be at least five thousand kilograms! The brute force of this sword alone is scary. If a Gold Core expert is careless, he will die under this sword.”

“Ha!”

Along with a loud shout, silvery light appeared around his body and his strength rose drastically. With a ‘ceng’ sound, the large sword was yanked out of the ground, and then it was swung violently at the ground.

After a sound of a ‘bang’, about three meters of the ground was removed and became as flat as a mirror. One should know that the ground was made of rock that could resist a full blow of an early Gold Core expert.

“A heavy-duty sword depends not on the sharpness of its edges but on the skill of the swordsman. But if the sword is also sharp, it will be matchless! This will be the closing ceremony of this seclusion... Time really flies. This has always been the life of a cultivator.”

By using his will, he turned the giant sword back into the Starlight Flying Sword and kept it into his body.

Then, he sat down cross-legged and adjusted the magical power in his body.

It seemed like he took more time than he expected. Anyway, it was only a few days of difference from the agreed day of bet and that shouldn’t be a problem to any cultivator.

Chapter 104(1) -

No one had any idea what Ning Fan was doing in the rocky chamber. As the date of the battle between Ning Fan and Bai Feiteng was approaching, many seniors began heading over to Sinister Sparrow Sect to watch such a rare match.

Thousands of feet in the air over the valley of Sinister Sparrow Sect was a suspended square purple-jade platform. Sinister Sparrow had spent a fortune building this platform for this coming duel.

It was similar to the purple-jade platform floating above the Heaven Separation Sect which reminded him of the day of Heaven Separation Sect's annihilation and Sinister Sparrow Sect becoming the number one evil sect in Yue Country.

With the Revered Bai and a powerful young Ning Fan in the sect, Sinister Sparrow Sect was at the height of its fame.

Streams of light penetrated the clouds and sky. There were the Harmonious Spirit old experts. Some of them who had richer resources went to Sinister Sparrow Sect by using immortal clouds. As for all the famous Gold Core old experts, they travelled with their magnificent voyage ship.

The experts who were responsible for the security of Sinister Sparrow Sect and welcoming the guests were the five hundred Hawk Guards. Each Hawk Guard was above the Sixth Level Vein Opening realm and had an indifferent face. By using their flying hawk demonic beast, they brought the Vein Opening guests to the Purple-Jade Sky Platform, one after another.

The commander of Hawk Guards was Hawk Yang. He was the one responsible for welcoming the guest with status.

Hawk Yang was a middle-aged man with a scarred face in black armor, riding on a 9 meter long silver divine hawk in the sky.

He would welcome any expert who flew their way to the sky platform, but the way he greeted them would largely depend on the guest's cultivation base.

As a late Harmonious Spirit elder in Sinister Sparrow Sect and the commander of the Hawk Guards, he naturally had his own pride and dignity.

When he greeted Harmonious Spirit experts, he would only exchange a few pleasantries with them. He would smile if he was greeting Gold Core experts. As for those top ten figures in Yue Country and some very honorable figures with old ancestor level, he would show extra respect to them.

“Commander Hawk Yang, nice to meet you. I’m an elder of the Purple Light Sect, Song Xing.”

“Ah, nice to meet you too, Elder Song Xing...” Hawk Yang’s facial expression remained indifferent because Song Xing was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit elder.

“This old man’s name is Qing Chengzi, a rogue cultivator. Greet Commander Hawk Yang.”

“Ah! It’s fellow Qing Cheng. Come, follow me!” Hawk Yang’s tone had become soothing. Despite the fact that Qing Cheng was only a rogue cultivator, he was an early Gold Core old expert that Hawk Yang couldn’t help but respect.

“I’m Lady Yun Hua. I have come here to attend the grand ceremony of Sinister Sparrow Sect.”

“Ahem, I had never expected that Lady would come to watch the battle too. Forgive me for not knowing who you are!” Hawk Yang’s eyes perked up and scanned Lady Yun Hua’s body from top to bottom before gulping a mouthful of saliva.

Lady Yun Hua was known as the most beautiful woman in Yue Country. Although she was only a late Harmonious Spirit expert, there were only very few male cultivators who could stay as

apathetic as a stone in front of her. Her husband was the well-known old ancestor of Fire Cloud Sect in Yue Country. It was common tradition in the cultivation world that an old ancestor would have a beautiful match.

The only thing that puzzled Hawk Yang was that why did the highly respected Lady Yun Hua would make the trip to a place like Sinister Sparrow Sect. Anyone knew that Fire Cloud Ancestor was a very narrow-minded man. He would never allow any men to even peep at his wife, let alone letting her leave Fire Cloud Sect.

Now that Lady Yun Hua had come, it had to be the order of Fire Cloud Ancestor. He must have given her an important task for her to accomplish, a task that not even the higher ups of Fire Cloud Sect knew.

Bah! Why do I care so much about other people's business? If I get involved in any unnecessary trouble, the repercussion will be unimaginable.

When Hawk Yang thought of Fire Cloud Ancestor's scariness, his body shivered and he immediately shifted his gaze off Lady Yun Hua.

The agreed battle was delayed by half a month, but the guests were happy to wait as 15 days didn't mean much to them. It wasn't even enough for any of them to have a short seclusion.

Naturally, the old experts wouldn't forget exchanging their views on cultivation. Perhaps, this was the simple reason that so many old experts had come to this grand ceremony.

"But this time, the number of experts are unusually plenty."

Hawk Yang shook his head and sighed. Immediately after that, an ethereal silhouette emerged in the sky and spoke indifferently.

"That is of course! Naturally, these experts have come to support me!"

The voice sounded out of nowhere, sending chills down Hawk

Yang's back. Quickly, he spun. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the man. In the world of cultivation, it was extremely dangerous to be attacked from behind, even if one was in his own territory.

“Hawk Yang greets Revered Bai!”

Hawk Yang's eyes revealed a trace of fire as he looked at Bai Feiteng. Revered Bai had advanced again, but he couldn't detect what level it was. He was afraid that Revered Bai had already reached the bottleneck of the late Gold Core realm.

“No formalities are needed...Has Ning Fan already arrived?” Bai Feiteng squinted his eyes and spoke in an elderly tone.

“No, Elder Ning isn't...he's still in seclusion...”

“Humph! How disrespectful! How could he let a senior wait for him?”

Bai Feiteng frowned with discontentment.

He deliberately delayed coming out of his seclusion by half-a-month so that Ning Fan would have to wait for him. This could also help Ning Fan mold his patience, but unexpectedly, Ning Fan was even more late than him.

“Yes-yes-yes. That Elder Ning sure is rude for letting Revered Bai wait.” Hawk Yang replied hastily with a smile.

Naturally, he had to say whatever the situation required him to say, but as soon as these words were heard, he could feel a sense of danger even stronger than Revered Bai coming from behind.

For an instant, not only Hawk Yang, but Bai Feiteng too showed a pair of astonished eyes, because not even Bai Feiteng had sensed the movement of this man. They were totally clueless how and when this man emerged!

Chapter 104(2) - Purple-Jade Sky Platform, Treasure Amassing Vase!

“Oh? It seems like the commander of the Hawk Guards has lots to complain about Ning Fan...”

A youth in white clothing and a black cloak appeared behind Hawk Yang without warning.

Even though there was a vague smile on his face, his eyes made Hawk Yang’s mind shiver, as though he would kill Hawk Yang straightaway if he detected any more negative thoughts in Hawk Yang’s mind.

“Elder... Elder Ning, it’s Hawk Yang’s fault! Hawk Yang begs for forgiveness!”

Hawk Yang was scared, he was truly scared. This was his first time getting this close to Ning Fan. He now only realized how terrifying Ning Fan was.

He began to understand that Ning Fan’s reputation wasn’t groundless. It was established by his true strength and power.

“Hehe, the blame is not on you, Commander Hawk Yang. So, you don’t have to panic... Senior ‘White’, judging from your condition, it seems like you have just come out from seclusion as well and your magical strength hasn’t recovered to its peak yet. You may need a few more days to adjust your Qi. Anyway, this junior will head over to the Purple-Jade Sky Platform first. I will await for your arrival. Also, I like your name ‘Revered’ very much.”

Ning Fan slightly cupped his fists and flew away from the scene. Bai Feiteng’s facial expression darkened right away.

There was no way that he couldn’t detect the sarcasm in Ning Fan’s words. Sarcastically, Ning Fan implied that Bai Feiteng was being disrespectful by badmouthing Ning Fan behind his back.

“Humph! You only have this time to show your arrogance. During the battle, this old man will make you understand the repercussion of offending me!” said Bai Feiteng with hate.

As Ning Fan emerged on the entrance, the indolent Lady Yun Hua who was conversing with someone else suddenly twitched her eyebrow and was slightly astonished.

This kid isn’t exactly as what husband had said. Despite that, I will still have to complete my task.

...

“The bet is on, the bet is on, place your bet now.”

On the Purple-Jade Sky Platform was a beggar-like youth announcing the starting of the bet openly.

On the boundary of the platform, plenty of cultivators had set up stalls as they had nothing to do, to exchange magical treasures and pills that they didn’t need for other cultivator’s items.

Therefore, this beggar’s gambling stall was the first to emerge.

The young beggar had a head of messy hair, like weeds. His clothes were ragged and dirty, but he had a good-looking face with untidy beard and good masculinity.

When the word ‘bet’ was heard, numerous bored cultivators gathered around, curious to find out what the beggar was offering.

“The bet is on, the bet is on. My fellow friends, quickly take out your immortal jade and place your bet, it might be able to bring you unimaginable fortune.” The beggar raised his voice as if he feared that some might not hear it. Immediately, a few old experts revealed a look of unpleasantness.

“What’s this kid’s cultivation base? How dare he gain his fame by shouting out exaggerated statements?” A late Harmonious Spirit old expert snapped.

“Early Harmonious Spirit expert? Should I finish him off

straightaway?” Another intermediate Harmonious Spirit devil cultivator suggested.

“Forget it, this is the territory of Sinister Sparrow. There’s no need to stir up trouble.”

The young beggar didn’t seem to care and know how much trouble his loud voice had created.

Because of this, it had stirred up plenty of cultivators’ gambling appetite. This had also given them the chance to experience the entertainment that only existed in the Mortal World.

“Hehe, this fellow friend, since you have opened a stall for gambling, I wonder what the things we can bet on are and how do we do that?” Numerous old experts asked with a smile.

“Oh, haha! I have forgotten about that...today, I, ‘Shu Buyun’, have opened a gambling stall to gamble on the hottest incident. We’ll gamble on the battle between Revered...En...Revered Bai and Ning Fan, what do you say!”

Hiss!

Every old expert’s facial expression changed. They couldn’t believe how this early Harmonious Spirit beggar that came from nowhere got the nerve to gamble on the battle between Ning Fan and Revered Bai.

Putting aside the odds of the bets, gambling on either of these two would probably offend some experts.

Anyway, they would like to hear about the odds first.

Each and every old expert stretched their head to listen to what the beggar had to say, but after the last sentence he spoke, he kept his silence and started humming.

“*cough* *cough* *cough*, fellow friend, you haven’t told us about the odds and how we can place our bets yet.” One of the old experts reminded.

“Oh! I forgot again...my apologies. I don't have a very good memory. By the way, what are we betting on? I can't remember it...”

“Didn't you say that we will gamble on the battle between Revered Bai and Elder Ning?” An old expert said with annoyance.”

“Ah! So that's what it is. Apologize for that...how about this, I will write the gambling options and odds on a board so that I won't forget it again.”

The beggar patted his storage pouch and took out an old wooden cardboard. On top of the cardboard was filled with various wagers, as though he had opened the gambling stall in other places as well.

With magical force, two of his fingers scraped away the words written on the surface like a blade. Then, he took out an ink brush, slightly drenched it with his saliva and started writing on the wooden cardboard.

“*Hiss!* This wooden cardboard, is...is the Ten-Thousand-Years-Heavenly Nan Wood!”

“What! It is the God Wielding Brush that can write even without dipping it in ink. Rumor has it that only those in the Rain Palace possess this kind of tool. Who is this beggar? Could he be one of the Divine Guards of Rain Palace?”

As the beggar moved the God Wielding Brush, a crooked handwriting started appearing on the board.

Ning Fan wins, odds of one to one,

Ning Fan draws, odds of one to a hundred,

Ning Fan loses, odds of one to a thousand.

After writing down a few lines of words, the beggar nodded, seemingly very satisfied with it, leaving the other old experts on their own.

So he forgot once more, forgetting that he was setting the

gambling odds and instructions.

The old experts however sucked in a breath of cold air when they saw the betting odds.

Hiss!

If this stall owner wasn't a madman, why would he set such betting odds?

If they bet on Ning Fan to win the match, they would only get one immortal jade if they bet a single immortal jade.

If they bet on Ning Fan to draw in the match, one immortal jade would give them a hundred immortal jade.

If they bet on Ning Fan to lose the battle, one immortal jade would reward them a thousand immortal jade.

Clearly, this wasn't a gamble, this was giving away fortune to the public! After all, everyone was convinced that Ning Fan would be defeated and only a tiny possibility that Ning Fan would draw. In any case, Bai Feiteng was one of the old experts that could shake the entire Yue Country. There was no way that he would lose to a youth unless he had grown tired of living!

As such, if they bet on Ning Fan to lose on the match, they would only gain profits!

If they gambled on Ning Fan drawing in the match, even if the result didn't turn out as expected, they would only lose one immortal jade at most. However, if Ning Fan's abilities were overly heaven defying and was able to reach a draw, or if Revered Bai cared too much about his identity and was reluctant to win the match, allowing Ning Fan to reach a draw, they would still be able to earn a handsome amount of profit.

As for the last betting option – gambling on Ning Fan to win the match...none of the old experts thought that this was possible. Furthermore, even if this happened, one immortal jade could only be exchanged for one immortal jade. If the result wasn't as what

they gambled on, they would lose everything. This was the bet with the lowest chance of winning. Only brainless people would waste their fortune betting on Ning Fan to win.

“This old man will bet that Ning Fan would lose on this match – one thousand immortal jades! But this old man has a question...if this old man wins, this old man is going to get a million immortal jades, the question is do you have it?!”

The old expert sounded very plain, but his question had aroused every other experts' notice.

Whether the bet would offend someone or not, the burden would be put on the owner of the gambling stall. Since there was a chance for them to gain more profits, they naturally wouldn't let it slip away.

This was virtually a 100% return bet and they could gain a thousand times of their original capital. No old expert would ever miss such a good opportunity. Some of them who was unhappy with the beggar changed their mind and wanted to place their bets as well.

But the thing was that, the odds was a thousand times of the capital. How could this beggar possibly had this much immortal jades?

When the beggar heard the question, he stopped admiring his own handwriting and turned to them with an astonished look.

“Ai ya! I forgot that I was opening a gambling stall, my apologies...you asked me if I have enough fortune to repay you all? This must be a joke. Take a good look at my attire! Do I look like a person without fortune?!”

He raised his voice drastically, which made it somewhat unpleasant to hear, while each and every old expert revealed disdainful looks.

Judging from how the beggar was dressed up, he obviously didn't

have this much fortune.

If it wasn't because of the beggar's Ten-Thousand-Years-Heavenly Nan Wood and God Wielding Brush, neither of the old experts would waste time with this beggar.

The beggar seemed extremely discontented upon seeing everyone's disdainful look. He frowned, patted his storage pouch and took out a shabby tile vase in which there were ten pieces of immortal jades.

"This is the fortune that I have. So, do you think it's still not enough to open a gambling stall! I will use all these immortal jades to place my bets!"

"Ten immortal jades? Are you toying with us?!" Every old expert showed an unpleasant face. There was no way that he could gamble with only ten immortal jades.

"Are you all blind? These are ten pieces of immortal jades!" The beggar revealed a frustrated expression.

"Yes, there are only ten pieces of immortal jades, there is no more than ten pieces of them!"

"Bah! Bullshit! No matter how poor I am, I won't have only ten pieces of immortal jades! Treasure Amassing Vase, pour them out!"

The beggar's face changed to anger. With a touch of his finger on the vase, the vase was overturned. Within the ten immortal jades was another ten immortal jades...another ten and another ten...In an instant, the ground was piled up with immortal jades. There were now a thousand of them!

"Who said that I don't have the fortune to open a gambling stall? I can crush you to death with just my fortune!" The beggar shouted, astounding every old expert on the scene.

"The Treasure Amassing Vase was an Immortal Treasure of Rain Palace! Who is this man? How did he get such an item?!"

Chapter 105(1) -

According to the legend, the Treasure Amassing Vase was in the possession of the god sovereign in Rain Immortal World. It was also known as the wealth of the world. They were afraid that this vase was the legendary Treasure Amassing Vase... No, it had to be the real Treasure Amassing Vase! It would pour out ten immortal jades forever. If the possessor had leisure time, he could let the vase continue pouring immortal jades for years until it reached millions of immortal jades.

So obviously, this person wasn't a beggar, but a tycoon and also a highly revered figure in Rain Palace. Despite all that, he had a very low cultivation and poor memory.

“Very well, since fellow Shu Buyun possesses the Treasure Amassing Vase, it's sufficient for him to open a gambling stall. This old man will gamble one thousand immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated! And another hundred immortal jades on draw.”

“This old man will gamble 3000 immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated and 1000 on draw!”

“Old man will gamble 5000 immortal jades on Ning Fan being defeated and 1000 on draw!”

Each old expert placed two bets – one was betting on Ning Fan to lose the match and the other was to draw. Naturally, this was a prudent step on their part although none of them thought that Ning Fan would have the strength to draw with Revered Bai.

This was because no one could really tell about the ‘result’. What if Revered Bai was kind enough to end the match with a draw? In that case, even if they lost, they would still gain from the other bet, which meant that they would make profits no matter what!

This beggar named Shu Buyun must have too much money and

wanted to give them away to people. Ai, he was truly a good man. Anyway, with the Treasure Amassing Vase, his fortune was limitless. Perhaps by giving away some of his fortune allowed him to achieve enlightenment and break through to the intermediate Harmonious Spirit realm.

This man must have a very solid background. Even though he has a low cultivation base, he could never be offended because the Void Fragmentation experts in Rain Palace could raze Yue Country to the ground at any time.

.....

No one gambled on Ning Fan to win. Even those who repeatedly declared that they would support Ning Fan were tempted to bet that Ning Fan would lose.

The gambling stall of the beggar spread instantaneously throughout Sinister Sparrow Sect. No one would refuse when there was a chance of making profits.

After hearing that the beggar was a Divine Guard of Rain Palace, every one of them gave up the intention of murdering this beggar and steal away his fortune, even though the beggar was merely a Harmonious Spirit expert.

The only thing that annoyed them was the beggar's poor memory. Whenever they placed a bet, they had to get a receipt to avoid the beggar denying their claims later on.

Furthermore, there were ten old experts who were taking turns to watch the beggar, in case he ran away with all the immortal jades. Although the beggar was a member of Rain Palace, the bottom line was that he shouldn't refuse to pay when others won in their bets.

When the word was spread to Bai Feiteng's ears, his facial expression seemed conceited.

Innumerable old experts had bet Ning Fan to lose and none of

them bet that Ning Fan would win. Undeniably, this was something good!

“This old man will gamble 10000 immortal jades on me winning the match!” He would be a fool if he failed to see the benefits behind this. He took out all of his fortune and placed a huge bet, ignoring the odds of a match resulting in a draw. This was his confidence in himself. He was confident that he would win.

If he won, he would be paid 10 million immortal jades! Such tremendous amount of fortune could shake even the composure of a Void Fragmentation expert.

That would certainly be a windfall of profits, but he didn't expect the beggar to pour out 10 million immortal jades, because no one knew how many years it would take for the beggar's vase to amass 10 million as the vase could only produce 10 immortal jades every time. He had already decided to only ask for 100 000 immortal jades from the beggar after the match. He would consider this as an act of kindness to Rain Palace. Besides, if he got too many immortal jades, he would be targeted by Nascent Soul experts of the other counties, bringing disaster upon himself. It wasn't worth to bear such a risk just to get the 10 million worth of fortune.

As a matter of fact, most of the old experts had the same thinking as Bai Feiteng. This had always been their approach in life – never be too ruthless in someone else's businesses.

Gradually, almost all of the cultivators on the jade platform had either bet on Ning Fan to lose or a draw. The beggar's eyes were full of boredom and disdain as he looked at those gamblers.

Thanks to Ning Fan, I'm going to profit from this.

He couldn't help but feel delighted for discovering a way to make tons of profits.

Everyone in the world was conceited and foolish, but he was able to tell how Ning Fan had concealed his abilities at the first glance.

He liked this kind of gambling. There was a huge disparity between the two combatants and this would become his best chance to earn a profit. Also, this was a chance for him to observe Ning Fan.

“Could this man be the one that Big Brother has been looking for?” There was a flash of brilliance in his eyes.

Just as this moment, a girl in blue walked forth to place her bet. Immediately, the beggar turned back with a face of a rascal man.

“What are you betting on?”

...

Chapter 105(2) - My Bet Is...Ning Fan Wins

“10 000 immortal jades that Ning Fan wins!” The blue-clad girl said resolutely.

The beggar studied the girl and found out that she was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert. She shouldn't be able to see through the abilities of Ning Fan. Perhaps, she had placed this bet because of another reason – wanting to regain Ning Fan's reputation despite knowing that she would lose the gamble.

It was after all unpleasant to hear when everyone gambled on Ning Fan to lose.

“Do you have 10 000 immortal jades?” The beggar chuckled.

“Of course I have! Dad, lend me your storage pouch for a second!”

The blue-clad girl pulled Sinister Sparrow to the front of the stall by his sleeve. While Sinister Sparrow was forcing a bitter smile, his treasured 10 000 immortal jades were taken away.

“Mei Er, although daddy is the sect master of Sinister Sparrow Sect, daddy shouldn't waste fortune in such a way.”

“Dad! How could you watch every one of them betting on Ning Fan to lose? How could you!” Lan Mei stared at the beggar with hatred.

The beggar was hateful. She couldn't accept how he humiliated her hubby. If it wasn't because of his relationship with the Rain Palace, she would've taught him some good lesson.

“Very well, place the bet then.”

Sinister Sparrow decided as he recalled the day when Ning Fan killed Wang Yao.

Although Bai Feiteng had already devoured the fourth grade Cold Qi, that didn't mean Ning Fan didn't have a chance of winning.

“You're so kind dad!” As Lan Mei was placing her bet, another

delicate and slightly angry voice sounded next to her.

“I-I-I, I will bet on Brother Fang winning this match! I-I’ll bet 100 000 immortal jades. Sisi, take out the money!”

Zhihe glared at the beggar like she was glaring at her sworn-enemy.

Lan Mei immediately turned and a trace of sourness flashed in her eyes. Naturally, she knew who this girl was.

She found it hard to believe when she noticed that Zhi He’s cultivation base was already at the early Harmonious Spirit realm.

Secretly, she had investigated the exact details of Seven Apricot City, and she later found out that Zhihe had cultivated for less than a year or had never even really cultivated before. Although she didn’t have any evil intention towards Zhihe now, her heart was full of sourness.

Then, she saw another lady in white standing beside Zhihe. This lady’s cultivation base was undetectable and her looks surely wasn’t any less beautiful than Lan Mei.

Sisi...This lady should also be one of Ning Fan’s cauldrons.

Zhihe has already reached the Harmonious Spirit realm...Sisi is already a Gold Core expert... Ning Fan does have a very good eyesight...but, they have placed 100 000 immortal jades! I can’t lose to them! I have to increase my stake!

“Dad, I also want to place 100 000 immortal jades!” said Lan Mei firmly.

“*cough* *cough* *cough* Dad doesn’t have any more money.”

“Give me, give me everything you got!”

While Sinister Sparrow was showing an expression of helplessness, his daughter took all of his storage pouches.

This time, it was the beggar who was showing an expression of awkwardness.

Will I lose my profits this time...? Ning Fan will definitely win. But if these girls won 200 000 immortal jades from my hands, I can only profit a hundred thousand plus. Ai, I'm always known as the person who never loses. Could it be that I'm going to lose the gamble in Sinister Sparrow Sect? No-no-no, I will not be this unlucky. I, Yun Bushu, will never lose!

In his eyes was a trace of heroic spirit that disdained the whole world. He would never admit defeat even if he was confronting Moksha Emperor. While he was still lost in his contemplation, a cold voice flowed into his ears, giving him the impulse to cough up blood.

“Disciple of Sinister Sparrow Sect, Bai Lu will gamble on Ning Fan winning the match. 10 000 immortal jades will be my stake.”

Bai Lu had been hesitating for a while before deciding to come here.

“You have some, Sister Bai Lu. So it's true that you and Ning Fan.....” Lan Mei smiled deeply.

“Bah! There's nothing between me and him. It's just that, since he will win the match, why not I use him to gain some profits for myself? Besides, this pool of money is from all of the sisters in Dual Cultivation Palace. Who doesn't want to win if there's a good chance of winning it?”

Bai Lu's expression was cold and plain, but her eyes were filled with a strand of worry, as if she didn't think that Ning Fan would win, but there was a dilemma here – she was clueless about whether she was worrying for her money or Ning Fan.

Lan Mei still wasn't done with Bai Lu yet, but the next moment, another soft and delicate voice was heard. It made the beggar wanted to cry.

“I'm Lady Yun Hua. I'm betting on fellow Ning Fan winning with 100 000 stake!”

When this remark was heard, it caused a commotion in the sky platform. All four of them, Zhihe, Lan Mei, Si Wuxie and Bai Lu's eyes turned hostile, glaring at the buxom woman.

What relationship does this lady had with Ning Fan? Could it be, could it be...?

The other old experts seemed puzzled.

Could it be that the Fire Cloud Sect was more willing to befriend Ning Fan than Revered Bai? Could the reason be Ning Fan was related to the Black Devil Ning of Ning City? Was this a way for him to please Black Devil Ning?

Or was it because the Fire Cloud Sect was the first one who got the Nascent Forming Pill from Black Devil Ning, so Fire Cloud Sect was trying to show their appreciation?

Chapter 106(1) -

Lady Yun Hua wore a skirt and was standing in a curvy posture. She smiled gently when she saw Lan Mei's hostile eyes, because she had seen through the meaning behind it. After showing a friendly salute, she left the scene. Immediately, Sinister Sparrow left Lan Mei under the pretence of entertaining the important guest Lady Yun Hua.

The impression left by Lady Yun Hua was indescribably beautiful.

Ning Fan swept through the area from afar with his spirit sense and understood what was going on.

Whether it was Zhi He and Lan Mei placing thousands of immortal jades betting on his victory or Bai Lu's constant denial, what they did warmed his heart. It didn't concern him that everyone else was betting on his defeat, because after the match all of them would have their jaws drop.

However, there were two people that caught his attention – Lady Yun Hua and the beggar.

He gazed at Lady Yun Hua from behind with a strange look as he had never met her before. Being a dignified wife of Fire Cloud old ancestor, she wouldn't come here just to start a love affair with him.

It had to be the ancestor's order that she's so nice to him, but it made him wonder why the highly respected Fire Cloud old ancestor would be so kind to a puny Harmonious Spirit expert.

Could it be to make friends with the great grandson of Black Devil Ning? If they were doing this just for one Nascent Pill, the price that they paid was too much. In other countries, 100 000 immortal jades were enough to buy two Nascent Pills.

Naturally, Fire Cloud Sect is showing their kindness, but why to

me?

This matter made him fall into contemplation, but he shuddered when his gaze was fell to the beggar. He had seen this man before!

During the battle with Moksha Emperor in Seven Apricot City, this was one of the three great Void Fragmentation experts who had forced Moksha Emperor back into his world.

His eyes turned stern, wondering the purpose of this man coming to the Sinister Sparrow Sect. Could it be something related to him, or he had just come here to cheat people's fortune.

Secretly, he scanned the beggar using his spirit sense and found out that this man's cultivation base was beyond his ability to read. In addition, he could sense a vague aura running around his body – it was the Void Spirit Intent!

When the Void Spirit Intent slightly touched Ning Fan's spirit sense, immediately, Ning Fan felt himself being petrified, his sea of consciousness started to crumble. Then, the scenes of memory in his mind began to reverse and fade.

Sure enough, this is that Void Fragmentation old expert that I saw that day. I'm afraid his Void Spirit Intent is related to erasing memories!

A dim silver light appeared in his body. After a moment of violent struggle, he escaped from its grip and withdrew his spirit sense. He let out a sigh, and with a flash, he emerged in front of the stall.

As a dignified Void Fragmentation old expert, this man was truly eccentric to come to a Gold Core evil sect to gamble. Ning Fan had a somewhat good impression of him because that day before this man left Seven Apricot City, he had treated the wounds of some evil cultivators using his magical strength.

But despite Ning Fan's pleasant impression of him, he had exploited Ning Fan for his business, so that he could cheat the

money of the other old experts. Ning Fan couldn't turn a blind eye to this and there was no harm on betting on his own victory.

"I bet on Ning Fan's victory, 500 000 immortal jades."

Ning Fan patted his storage pouch and took out a bulk of immortal jades. For a moment, the beggar felt like weeping but had no tears. Adding Ning Fan's betting amount, he would never earn a single dime. He was afraid that all the 300 000 immortal jades he earned would all have to be used to pay Ning Fan and the girls.

As for the four girls, when they heard Ning Fan's voice, they hastily turned around with varied facial expressions.

"Brother Fan! I miss you very much..."

"Ning Fan, you have come out from seclusion..."

"Master..."

"Humph!"

The soft humph was naturally made by Bai Lu. It eased her heart when she saw Ning Fan's presence, but very quickly, her face darkened and she walked away.

Ning Fan's face and eyes were filled with complex expression, but instantly, his arms were enshrouded by a familiar fragrance.

Zhi He... this girl had started to grow after half a year. He couldn't believe that this silly girl was able to break through to the Harmonious Spirit realm. Her inborn obsequious physique surely was monstrous.

"Brother Fan, this stinking beggar has bet on your defeat. It infuriates me very much..." Zhi He pointed to the beggar and complained. It made Ning Fan wonder whether he should laugh or cry.

"No need to be angry. He's going to give us the money anyway. This place isn't suitable for talking. Sisi, let's go and find a seat."

Ning Fan sounded relaxed, totally ignoring the fact that the beggar was a Void Fragmentation old expert. He pulled Lan Mei, Zhi He and Si Wuxie along with him.

After a while, the beggar's gaze changed, revealing a hint of doubt, but immediately, he shook his head, looking at Ning Fan disappointingly.

“He looks very alike... but the Clan's Jade didn't show any response. This kid doesn't have the Rain Jades. He isn't the man Big Brother is looking for. I suppose the clue to Haining Ning Family has ended here...”

He waved his palm and took out a blue jade the shape of a raindrop. Then, disappointment filled his face, and promptly after that, his eyes turned blank as if he had forgotten everything.

“Uh? What happened to me just now? Eh? Why are there so many immortal jades here? Haha! It must be those idiotic trashes giving away their money to me, but I wonder if they are betting to Ning Fan's defeat or to a draw. Let me check... Lan Mei of Sinister Sparrow, 100 000 immortal jades on Ning Fan's victory! Zhi He and Sisi of Ning City, 100 000 immortal jades on Ning Fan's victory! Bai Lu of Sinister Sparrow Sect, 100 000 immortal jades on Ning Fan's victory! Yun Hua of Fire Cloud Sect, 100 000 immortal jades on Ning Fan's victory, and... and Ning Fan, 500 000 immortal jades on Ning Fan's victory! Ah, how could this happen? Why have so many people betted on Ning Fan's victory? Dear me! I won't be making any big profits this time! And instead I'm going to lose a lot!”

His eyes darted a glance at Ning Fan and the other girl and murmured: “Very alike. The sight of his back was very alike to Big Brother Yun Tianjue. Could it be him? But we have just met. Damn this memory! I have forgotten to predict the result. Did the Rain Jade shine just now...? I don't think so... Well, this is hard. Eight hundred cultivation countries are looking for the same person, but when will he be found...?”

Chapter 106(2) - You Can Lose Now!

Ning Fan still didn't have a clue about the beggar's intention, although he had heard before about the Rain Palace asking the help of eight hundred countries of cultivators to seek for one person. He didn't know that this matter was actually related to him.

After taking Zhi He and the other girls back to their seats, his relaxed expression suddenly turned serious.

He felt a tremendous suppressing sensation coming from the young beggar. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to feel this pressure as they couldn't even sense the Void Spirit Intent from the beggar. However, Ning Fan was able to sense it due to the Sword Consciousness, a consciousness that was on par with Void Fragmentation realm.

This young-looking beggar with Void Fragmentation cultivation definitely was scary. Unless he reached the sixth stage in the cultivation realm of the Void Refinement realm, otherwise he should forget about confronting a Void Fragmentation expert.

"Brother Fan, why didn't you teach that beggar a lesson?" Zhi He flung her head up, seeming indignant.

"Silly girl...okay. Stay here with Sisi obediently and wait for me." There were some things which he couldn't explain to Zhi He because knowing more wasn't necessarily a good thing.

He shifted his gaze to the centre of the Purple-Jade Sky Platform. It was an empty battlefield with a range of 3 kilometres specially designed for the two main combatants today, Ning Fan and Revered Bai.

Ning Fan, what are the odds of you winning...? If you don't wish to battle, I can ask my dad for help... Lan Mei bit her lips and said. What she said might be unpleasant to hear to a man who was prideful and arrogant. She was afraid that Ning Fan would blame

her if she told him this, but at the same time, she was worried that Ning Fan would be bullied and insulted by Revered Bai.

There are no need for worries. I will win in this battle!

Ning Fan's eyes turned grim. The eye-catching icy light shot past the group of people and stopped at the middle of the battlefield.

Immediately, the entrance stirred up the emotions of the whole crowd.

“Ning Fan has appeared! Next, we only have to wait for Revered Bai before our gamble begins.”

“This is...peak Harmonious Spirit cultivation! *Hiss!* During the examination in the Demon Sinister Forest, I remembered that this youth was merely a late Harmonious Spirit expert. In just half a year of time, he has already broken through a small realm!”

“Not only that, this kid's magical strength can obviously be noticed. He must have brought it to a very high realm. Then again, it was only half a year of time. I have to say that this youth has undergone an extraordinary transformation!”

“Unfortunately, his opponent is Revered Bai. Ai, he is still young after all. It's a good thing for him if he encounters defeat. That way, he can sharpen and mould himself even better.”

Words of either surprise, doubt, praise and derogation coming from the audience had fallen into Ning Fan's ears, but none of these words could shake his mental state.

“To mould myself to become better...? If I had that kind of mindset, how will I able to destroy Mosha Emperor a hundred years later? Perhaps, it's better for me to hide myself all the time. If I couldn't win over Bai Feiteng in this battle, I won't be able to achieve anything a hundred years later.”

He closed both of his eyes with his hands behind his back, feeling the various mentality from countless of experts, which was like a phenomenon of going on across the world.

Three days had already passed, but Ning Fan was still standing motionlessly at the centre of the Jade Platform, recalling the restraining murderous Qi of the four words' Death for the Monarch. Despite his gradually diminishing Qi, it had stirred up many people's soul because it was as stable as a mountain, as deep as the ocean, as concealing as a thread, as sharp as a sword and as stunning as a rainbow.

The absence of Bai Feiteng for three days had given plenty of young experts the urge to mount a challenge at Ning Fan.

They are Hong Qi who was ranked number seven in the Young Devil Talent, Wu Ya who was ranked number fifteenth in the Young Devil Talent and Bai Bi who was ranked forty-seventh in the Young Devil Talent.

There was one more, an expert named Zhong Mie who was ranked number two in the Young Devil Talent and from the Corpse Seizing Sect. He was a peak Harmonious Spirit expert!

Young Devil Talent was the list of outstanding youths amongst the devil cultivators in Yue Country. These youths were vibrant and vigorous. They were goaded by Bai Bi to challenge Ning Fan.

Bai Bi might have inherited Revered Bai's mind set because he too couldn't stand watching Ning Fan being in the limelight.

"Ning Fan, do you dare to have a match with me? You claimed yourself as the number one person under Gold Core realm, but I don't believe it!" Zhong Mie revealed a smirk when he heard Bai Bi's provoking words, and took out his magical treasure, seemingly ready to attack at any second.

"Get lost!"

Ning Fan's eyes were still close while facing his provokers. Both of his legs stepped on the ground. Immediately, countless of white bone sword shadow shot out from the ground with a sword light the shape of a bloodline drifting through illusions.

A stream of sword Qi slashed at the young experts including Zhong Mie. Bai Bi was fazed, the ends of his robe was truncated by the Qi.

It was the White Bone Mountain Sword Qi! Ning Fan was able to arouse it with his finger and legs and not everyone below the Gold Core realm could handle this sword Qi.

Ning Fan was lenient in his attack, otherwise, these few youths would all be killed by this slash.

It was only a single sword strike but it had defeated all the young talents in Yue Country! The so-called Young Devil Talent was never a match for Ning Fan.

Instead of showing a contented look, he seemed as if he had expected such a result! Up until now, he had yet to open his eyes, but the trace of killing intent exuded from his body shook everyone's heart and soul!

Therefore, the only opponent that could allow him to use his true strength was those old monsters!

“Bai Feiteng! How long do you want to hide?”

“Hide? Why does this old man need to hide?”

A ray of icy light descended from the sky before Revered Bai emerged. He then darted an unkind glare at the disgraceful Bai Bi.

If it wasn't because of Bai Bi ruining his reputation, he would be absent for a few more days to make Ning Fan wait. He deeply believed that he could never lose a match against the disciple of Han Yuanji, but naturally it would be better if he really won the match.

Facing Ning Fan a hundred steps away from him, he spoke coldly.

“Elder Ning, if you admit your defeat at this moment and hand over the Supreme Rank Spiritual Treasure, you can avoid making a fool of yourself.”

Bai Feiteng spoke firmly. The purple Qi that flashed in his eyes made numerous old experts' heart shiver.

That gaze is absolutely chilling. Could this be the power of the fourth grade cold Qi? Hmm...only a Nascent Soul expert is eligible to devour such a cold Qi, but Bai Feiteng was able to consume it when he is only an intermediate Gold Core expert, which means he can now fight a late Gold Core expert!

“Humph...! This old man is still as meddlesome for engaging a fight with a junior...” There was a late Gold Core elder named Elder Song Feng sitting on the seat of the Great Void Sect, staring Bai Feiteng with dread.

Neither victory nor defeat could be determined from the both of them, but after witnessing the fourth grade cold Qi of Bai Feiteng, he doubted if his current strength was on par with Bai Feiteng's.

Every one of them who knew Revered Bai's reputation was filled with eager anticipation, wanting to see Revered Bai's true means.

“Bai Old Man, show some mercy to the junior...”

Yan Bai, also known as Revered Black, the master of Yan Zhuiyun and the old swordsman in black, spoke in a clear voice.

As a late Gold Core elder of Sinister Sparrow Sect, he naturally didn't wish to see Bai Feiteng and Ning Fan fight to their death, even though he also didn't like Ning Fan's master very much.

“Don't worry! He won't die! this old man will let him attack three times first!” Bai Feiteng's tone was extremely proud. With his current strength, he could even fight a late Gold Core expert. If he was still afraid of a Harmonious Spirit Ning Fan, his life would've probably been wasted.

However, just as his arrogant words faded, Ning Fan opened his pair of eyes for the first time.

A sharp and suppressive killing intent flashed past his eyes. It was so strong it made the old experts on the scene suck in a breath

of cold air and disturbed the calmness in their minds. As Bai Feiteng was the closest to Ning Fan, he was forced 10 steps back because of this gaze, seemingly flustered!

Bai Feiteng was astonished to find that instead of his morale being reduced after three days of senseless waiting, Ning Fan's fighting spirit was pumped up instead.

With a sudden wave of his right hand, a 2.3 m long and 0.3 m wide huge White Bone Sword materialized on his palm. Then, a bang was heard when one foot of the Purple Jade Platform was smashed by the sword.

"I have waited for you for three days...today, you are going to lose."

His Qi had already reached its peak. Such a Qi could certainly draw the fear even from the illusory clouds in the sky. At this moment, Bai Feiteng wasn't the only one who was shocked, even the beggar youth clasped his thigh and stood up in shock!

"Is this the aura of an Immortal Sovereign?! No...it isn't...I have sensed it wrongly..."

The beggar youth showed a regrettable look. He sighed deeply after knowing that Ning Fan wasn't the person he was looking for.

The clash between a Harmonious Spirit expert and a Gold Core expert wasn't supposed to astonish him, but just now, he had been astounded by Ning Fan for a few times. From Ning Fan's means, it indicated Ning Fan's extraordinary origin.

"If I had known about this, I would've gamble how many strikes Ning Fan needed to win the match! I would've gambled that he only needed three strikes!" The beggar's eyes sparkled, seeming serious for the first time.

It was also the first time that something had developed beyond his expectation, because Ning Fan hadn't used any magical technique but a body refining technique.

“Eighteen-Meter Body!” Ning Fan’s body glittered with silver light, then started growing muscular and taller.

Chapter 107(1) -

Ning Fan's five-meter tall body with his two-meter sword and the silvery light his body emitted made countless of old experts suck in a breath of cold air.

A five meter tall body was considered an extremely common body refining technique in Yue Country, but the silvery light radiating from his body gave the old experts a sense of threat down their spines.

"This-this is, the Silver Bone realm!" Some of the old experts immediately exclaimed! They were very astounded, because if this was really the Silver Bone realm, Ning Fan's physical strength alone was already enough to fight a Nascent Soul cultivator, and it would make him the number one person in Yue Country.

But immediately, a meticulous old expert discovered that although the silvery light radiating from Ning Fan's body was powerful, it still lacked something from the rumored 'silvery light converging into the bones'.

"It turns out that it isn't the true Silver Bone realm... almost scared this old man to death..."

The old ancestor of Great Demon Sect, Ju Bo, a late Gold Core body refining cultivator that came from Wu Country, wiped off the beads of cold sweat from his forehead. He heard that some kind of grand event was going on as he passed by Yue Country, but he had never thought that he would see such a shocking scene.

One should know that there was an ancient body refining technique named Great Demon Technique, a demon technique that originated from the Endless Sea in Rain Immortal World. He was only able to reach the stage of silver transparent body after five hundred years of drudgery training. That was already strong enough for him to kill Gold Core cultivators, but it still seemed slightly weaker than Ning Fan's silvery light.

He heaved a sigh of relief after realizing that Ning Fan wasn't possessing the true Silver Bone, but a trace of admiration started to grow in his eyes for the first time.

As for those non-body refining cultivators, despite knowing that it wasn't the true Silvery Bone, they were still not able to determine the true physical strength of Ning Fan. In other words, only Ju Bo knew that Ning Fan had the strength of punching Gold Core experts to death.

"The number one person amongst cultivators under the Gold Core realm... *cough* *cough* *cough*, the people of Yue Country have underestimated this kid. In this old man's point of view, there are only very few early Gold Core experts who can defeat this kid."

Ju Bo made the evaluation based on Ning Fan's body refining technique. If he knew that Ning Fan had other trump cards, he would never make such an easy conclusion.

As for Bai Feiteng, he apparently still didn't know Ning Fan's ability.

Even though he could see the power of Ning Fan's physical cultivation technique, he still failed to see the extraordinariness of the silver light. So, he concluded that he would be able to withstand Ning Fan's attacks. Even if it was too much for him to handle, his speed would certainly surpass Ning Fan's. That was why a body refining technique had to be accompanied by a movement technique, otherwise no matter how powerful a person was, if he can't catch up to his opponent, his power would only be useless.

Regardless of how powerful Ning Fan's physique was, he was doomed to be defeated if his speed couldn't catch up to his opponent.

"This kid is after all still too young..." Bai Feiteng smiled coldly. Before him, the giant Ning Fan lifted the huge sword and charged

forward like a frenzied devil. As he stepped on the ice rainbow, his speed was already fast enough to pursue any early Gold Core cultivator, but such speed was still not enough to match Bai Feiteng's!

Moreover, in order to assure his own safety, Bai Feiteng had other hidden means. He stepped on the ground creating a 300 hundred meter icy light that condensed into an icy light immortal cloud that had four Cloud Marks inscribed on it.

“*Hiss!* Four Marks Immortal Cloud! This Bai Feiteng actually has such means. Does this mean that not even an early Nascent Soul expert could overtake this man if the latter isn't using Instant Movement?”

“Not only that, this immortal cloud is a Natal Immortal Cloud!” Elder Song Feng of Great Void Sect's eyes turned grim as he spoke solemnly.

Natal Immortal Cloud!

When these words were spread out, it instantly caused a commotion from the crowd of cultivators. Only an immortal cloud of supreme rank had a chance to be refined into a Natal Immortal Cloud that could be kept inside one's body and had the spirit augmentation divine ability. If the level of Cloud Marks were upgraded, it could even increase the level of the Natal Immortal Cloud.

In short, this was an immortal cloud that could still be enhanced!

Elder Song Feng was staring at Bei Feiteng with uncontrollable fear. Ten years ago, he and Bai Feiteng had a match that lasted several days and nights, but no victor was determined, however, Bai Feiteng didn't use the Natal Immortal Cloud during their battle, this only meant that he was holding back his ability. Now, it seemed like even Song Feng, also known as the rival of Bai Feiteng, had underestimated his opponent.

Once the Natal Immortal Cloud was summoned, Bai Feiteng moved in lightning speed. He retreated 300 meters back almost immediately, pulling himself further away from Ning Fan.

At the same time, he patted his storage pouch and summoned an astounding icy light flying sword. Every cultivator who knew this sword sat upright and revealed a fiery gaze from their eyes.

It was no ordinary sword! Its body was like an icy rainbow, it could move as fast as lightning and a vague dragon's roar could be heard from it as it flew.

“Hornless Ice Dragon Sword! This is one of Revered Bai's finest magical treasures, however, he already summoned it at the beginning of their battle!”

“*Tsk* *Tsk* *Tsk*, look at Bai Feiteng's flying sword technique. It's the imperial swordsman law named Seven Sword Art that came from the wind sword pavilion of Chu Country – a mid-ranked cultivation country. According to rumors, there are only a few of them who know such a difficult swordsman law, but he was able to cultivate it. He deserves to be called Revered Bai.”

The sound of tongues clicking and praises could be heard without end and when these words fell on Bai Feiteng's ears, he felt particularly delighted.

The reason he summoned the Natal Immortal Cloud and Hornless Ice Dragon Sword was because Ning Fan's Qi was overwhelming and his silvery light was too strange.

Despite his arrogance, Bai Feiteng was still a cautious man. It was just that when he saw Ning Fan couldn't catch up to him this whole time, he started to reveal a trace of pride and the dread inside of him turned into a cold sneer.

“How can a dignified cultivator learn something so burly, something that only uses a massive force to swing and slash? And that huge sword of yours seems funny and clumsy. How could it

possibly catch up to agile cultivators? In that case, let this old man teach you what a sword really is. Flying Sword! Go!”

This time, Bai Feiteng no longer held back. He kept the immortal cloud. A chilling intent was emitted from his eyes. With a sudden switch of spell, the flying Hornless Ice Dragon Sword immediately let out a howl; then spiraled along with cold Qi towards Ning Fan’s direction.

For an instant, Ning Fan’s body was enshrouded by the cold Qi, he could vaguely feel his magical power turning sluggish. 70% of his magical power had been restricted by the Qi.

“This is a Spirit Augmentation Divine Ability, Ice Lock!”

Ning Fan’s eyes twitched, and immediately, he saw through the technique of the cold Qi.

The Hornless Ice Dragon Sword! This is a high-grade-early-rank magical treasure and one of the finest magical treasures of Revered Bai. The Ice Lock divine ability was attached to it and its cold Qi could envelop the surrounding area, causing the enemy’s magical strength to be suppressed. For Harmonious Spirit cultivators, at least 30% of their magical power would be frozen!

Such Spirit Augmentation Divine Ability seemed to be a Nascent realm ability, he hadn’t expected that Bai Feiteng had acquired such an ability.

Immediately after Ning Fan’s magical power was frozen, a flash of light shot out from the Hornless Ice Dragon Sword towards Ning Fan’s chest.

Sure enough, Bai Feiteng’s imperial swordsman law was a unique technique, freezing the opponent’s cultivation, then suddenly sending a lethal strike. If Bai Feiteng hadn’t shifted his aim an inch away from Ning Fan’s vital point, it was afraid that Ning Fan would already be dead on the spot, however, even if the attack only penetrated through Ning Fan’s chest without hitting his vital

point, Ning Fan would still be severely injured.

A cold light glittered in Ning Fan's eyes. He had nothing to fear even though his enemy was using an extraordinary technique!

A trace of black fire flashed in his eyes, and almost instantly, the cold Qi that was freezing his magical power was incinerated to nothingness.

The recovered Ning Fan stared at the oncoming sword. His eyes sparkled as he swung the huge sword and created a gale, slashing at the tip of the icy sword.

When Bai Feiteng saw Ning Fan's reaction from a distance, he uttered a cold sneer. "Ignorance! Your sword has no magical power and its grade and rank is evidently not as good as mine. As such, your sword would surely be crushed by rashly colliding your sword with mine."

But in the next moment, his sneer turned to astonishment.

Chapter 107(2) - The Might of the Great Sword; It Was No Longer What It Was

It was broken! But it wasn't Ning Fan's huge sword that was broken, it was his Hornless Dragon Ice Sword!

When the power of Ning Fan's huge sword was unleashed, Bai Feiteng only found out that the bulky-looking and ridiculous sword was actually a peak-medium-grade magical treasure!

Furthermore, there was a vague rumble of lightning when the two metals collided.

It wasn't the huge body of the sword that crushed Revered Bai's sword, it was the lightning intent in the sword, but it wasn't a Spirit Augmentation Divine Ability! So what was it?!

“This was the heavenly tribulation lightning-string of lightning water! Although it's extremely indistinct, there is no mistake about it... This kid does have a great luck to forge a divine weapon with lightning water.” The beggar's eyes sparkled while staring at Ning Fan.

The force of the strike was 5000 kilograms! When the huge sword slashed on the Hornless Dragon Ice Sword, it created a thunderous sound, and immediately, cracks appeared on the ice sword. The brightness of the sword grew dim. Then, it spiraled backwards to its wielder.

Bai Feiteng revealed a glum expression and held the Hornless Dragon Ice Sword. Given how serious the sword had been damaged, it would be difficult to restore it to its peak state!

“Ning Fan, this old man has been lenient to you, so why did you damage my magical treasure?!” Revered Bai bellowed.

“Excuse me? Inflicting me a serious injury is considered ‘lenient’? Very well, today, I won't kill you, I'll just injure you so severely that'll be ‘lenient’ to you!”

Spirit sense flashed past Ning Fan's eyes; in the next moment, he vanished without a trace!

It's not just Bai Feiteng who felt a shiver run down his spine, but also all the peak Golden Immortal experts and even Sinister Sparrow, none of them could sense Ning Fan's location or where he would send his next attack!

"What level of Body Concealing Art is this?!" Bai Feiteng's facial expression darkened as he couldn't see Ning Fan's route of attack. Because he couldn't decide where he should move with the immortal cloud, he simply distanced himself away from the scene.

Ning Fan's silhouette emerged behind him while he was still slightly hesitating. His hair stood on end. Then, instantly, he flew backwards using the immortal cloud at maximum speed!

"You can't escape from me!"

Ning Fan's eyes turned cold. He swung the huge sword violently, creating a flash of lightning that brought the accelerating immortal cloud to a halt!

This wasn't body lock, but the heavenly tribulation lock!

"This-this is... not possible!"

After breaking through to the late Gold Core realm, a cultivator would confront the heavenly tribulations one after another. The power of the heavenly tribulation varied according to the lightning, fire and wind element, and its intensity, but there was one thing in common amongst all the tribulations. There was absolutely no way for one to avoid them.

This was because the heavenly tribulation was the Heaven's might and will. No matter how smart a person was, how could he ever hide himself from the Heavens? Either it was the Immortal Cloud Escaping Technique or the Nascent Instant Movement or Spirit Severing Big Teleportation Technique, none of them could help a person to slip past Heavens will. Once the person was locked

by the Heavens will, that person had already fallen into a frozen mode. Even though he could still move his body, he wouldn't be able to use any escaping technique!

The heavenly tribulation lock wasn't the only thing that shocked Bai Feiteng, but also Ning Fan's sword, Bai Feiteng could feel the Heaven's might from the metal. Apart from Revered Bai, most of the old experts were also intrigued by Ning Fan's sword.

However, Bai Feiteng didn't have the time to stay in shock because Ning Fan's sword was already right above his head.

As he didn't cultivate Body Refining Technique, it made it impossible for him to escape from Ning Fan's sword light. In that case, he could only face it head-on! In such a close distance, he wasn't able to send out the flying sword to wound his enemy. As his reputation as the Revered Bai was at stake here, even if he had no way to run, he had to confront it with everything he got! This was the ruthlessness that had kept him alive until today.

Mercilessness glinted in his eyes. He lifted the Hornless Dragon Ice Sword, welcoming Ning Fan's huge sword. In his opinion, no matter how physically strong Ning Fan was, Ning Fan's magical power was a few realms lower than his. Plus, with the suppression he inflicted on Ning Fan's magical power, it wouldn't be hard for him to win the battle!

However, he underestimated Ning Fan's physical strength too much!

The Ancient Beast Protecting Wristband on Ning Fan's right wrist emitted a faint glow and a rush of demon Qi was channeled into his body, boosting his physical strength by 30 percent!

This strike would be as heavy as 6500 kilograms!

When both metals collided, Bai Feiteng felt a violent shake from his mouth before his mouth was torn open and blood flowed out. The massive force of his opponent's sword was spread from his

sword to his arm and chest, causing his blood and Qi to boil, and immediately, he spurted out a mouthful of blood and his sword slipped away from his grip. However, he still managed block Ning Fan's sword strike!

However, Ning Fan was far from stopping. Another slash was made right after that!

The power of the second strike was even stronger, it initiated the might of lightning! Fear started to grow in Bai Feiteng's heart, but he had no choice other than blocking this second slash. This time, he used the unfamiliar Gold Core sword intent named Heavenly Devil Sword. He burned his blood essence and sent out a defensive attack forcefully.

In spite of that, Bai Feiteng's blood and Qi went chaotic under the great shock, and he spurted another mouthful of blood out. His face began to pale. Apparently, the injuries he suffered weren't light.

Nervousness overtook his composure. He bit the tip of his tongue with his teeth, preparing to utilize the blood escaping technique to escape from the heavenly tribulation lock, but Ning Fan's sword was faster!

The bulky and huge sword was supposed to be heavy and slow, but when Ning Fan held it in his hands, it could move so free and fast, like it was made out of feather.

For the third strike, Ning Fan activated the sword intent named White Bone Mountain!

Countless of White Bone Sword Shadow emerged within three hundred meters range. Above the sword light of the huge sword, all the killing intent had converge to form a blood-red line.

That line seemed unreal and illusory, but when it was captured by Bai Feiteng's eyes, his expression changed to fright.

“Line... that's the Line of Law! What sword intent is this?”

On the third strike, the Hornless Dragon Sword Ice was broken! Ning Fan's sword intent swept across Bai Feiteng, causing him to spew out blood like crazy!

If it wasn't for the blood escaping technique, he would have been injured badly by this strike!

His heart was filled with amazement. Quickly, he moved to a far distance away from Ning Fan, took out a purplish-red bead and crushed it.

Immediately, both of his eyes changed, his left eye turned purple and his right eye turned red, giving birth to an ability that could see through any concealing techniques. This made Ning Fan's expression change slightly.

“Breaking Illusion Bead! It allows one to see through a Nascent cultivator's concealing techniques and eradicate all illusions of Nascent realm formations. Its value is immeasurable... I had never thought that you would use such an item in a mere gambling match”

Ning Fan had yet to use his most powerful trump card, but Bai Feiteng had already been forced to a dead end.

It was true that he had become stronger, but it wouldn't be easy to win this match by just using his physical strength.

Bai Feiteng was an opponent that couldn't be underestimated. He was a man who had experienced numerous battles and seen countless deaths. He was able to block the previous three strikes that should have defeated him.

However, Ning Fan believed that if he persisted in the struggle, he would win as he believed that he had such capability!

Each and every cultivator on the Purple-Jade Sky Platform couldn't help but be shocked upon seeing that Bai Feiteng used the Breaking Illusion Bead.

Initially, all of them were very optimistic about Revered Bai

defeating Ning Fan.

But the reality showed the opposite: Ning Fan was the one who suppressed Revered Bai instead! Currently, Ning Fan wasn't short of breath or anything, but Bai Feiteng had already suffered heavy injuries.

“This is...impossible!”

Bai Bi couldn't believe what he saw. He understood that he lost to Ning Fan because of their gap in strength, but how could his father, a well-known person and had a cultivation higher than Ning Fan, be forced to such a state?!

The pride in his heart was crushed for the first time and turned into a trace of misery.

Not possible...Bai Bi gritted his teeth, but there was no way that he could change the fact.

Zhi He's delicate mouth went wide while looking at the fight. She had never thought that her Brother Fan would be so powerful. Although Brother Fan had always been all-powerful in her heart, this was her first time seeing Ning Fan's ruthlessness.

As for Lan Mei, she revealed a look of pride, as if she wanted to tell everyone that the heroic figure on the stage was her husband.

Si Wuxie, on the other hand, was the only one who had the opposite expression. Her eyes seemed gloomy from time to time, as if she was having some kind of conflicting thoughts. She shook her head wearily to brush off the thoughts, but there was no laughter that they usually had between her and Zhi He after that.

The beggar gazed at Ning Fan's heroic huge sword with solemn eyes.

“Giant Sword... Ancient Fiendgod...is this kid trying to cultivate the Body and Essence Dual Cultivation...? This kid possess the Immemorial Evil Vein, but which is better, my Rain Sovereign Divine Vein or his Immemorial Evil Vein, I'm not sure...Ai! He's

just a junior after all. If I compare myself to him, I'm going to downgrade myself drastically..."

Compared to Bai Feiteng, this beggar obviously looked more heroic and carefree.

But when he thought about Ning Fan and Ning Fan's wives who were going to win all his earnings away, he felt a pang of pain.

His Treasure Amassing Vase was a fake. It was used for cheating other people's immortal jades and he had set up a gambling stall with much difficulty. Could it be that he had to give away all this fortune to Ning Fan and his girls?

Despite all that, he still had to cheer for Ning fan in his heart, hoping that Ning Fan would win.

If Ning Fan won, his earnings would offset the money he paid out to the winners, reaching a break-even.

But if Ning Fan lost or the outcome was a draw, he would have to pay a hundred or even a thousand times of the earnings he got. That would make him lose everything and become a real beggar.

"If I knew about this, I wouldn't have come to Sinister Sparrow Sect to conduct my search... See, I'm losing all the fortune this time...En? What did I say just now?" The beggar forgot what he said once more.

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“Body refining techniques sure are powerful...if my escaping light was faster and my body refining technique was stronger, it wouldn’t be hard for me to get rid of Bai Feiteng in one strike... This is how the ancient Fiendgods fought in battle!”

Fervent emotion flashed past Ning Fan’s eyes as there were numerous thousands-meters-size Fiendgods that could destroy the Immortal Cave Star with just a single punch in Ancient Chaos’ memory!

He retracted his magical body and gently let out a mouthful of breath. Then, he put away the huge sword and spat out the starlight Separation Flying Sword.

He stared at Revered Bai indifferently. It drew fear out of Revered Bai’s grim face and caused him to move half a step backwards.

That was fright. The previous collisions between their swords, physical power and magical strength terrified Bai Feiteng!

He made a chant in his heart to brush off the fear and recover his cold and proud expression.

I still have the Myriad Soul Streamer and Purple Loathe Ice Frost. Besides, I have already used the Breaking Illusion Bead. He won’t be able to get near me with that concealing technique anymore. As such, I WONT LOSE!

Pride and self-confidence once again surfaced on Revered Bai’s face. Although it wasn’t as strong and firm as before, it had won Ning Fan’s respect for the first time.

Regardless of what cultivation this man had, he was an old expert who had lived hundreds of years; his mental state was extremely calm. If there was one thing that made Ning Fan inferior to Bai Feiteng, it would be Ning Fan’s mental state. Because Ning Fan had

yet to eliminate his own Heart's Devil and form the Gold Core, his mental state would never be as firm as Revered Bai.

However, while in battle, one shouldn't focus on weakness but strength! One would only need to use his strongest skill to determine the result. As for those foolish mortals, even though they learned everything about Poetry, Documents, Rites and Changes, they weren't proficient in any of those studies, which one would doubt if any of those knowledge could be put to use.

Ning Fan removed all the worries about incompetence, and indistinctly, this enhanced his mental state once more.

I'd be regarded as strong if I can defeat my enemy! Even if my mental state, cultivation law and experience isn't as great and powerful as his!

Ning Fan's expression changed dramatically. Those Harmonious Spirit cultivators might not know that Ning Fan's mental state had already improved, but for the Gold Core experts, each and every one of them knew that this was the sign of a mental state breakthrough.

This kid must have monstrous talent to be able to achieve a breakthrough in battle!

Except for Bai Feiteng whose eyelids twitched, seeming as if he had returned to his usual temperament, couldn't accept the fact that Ning Fan alone was receiving all the praises.

Just a deliberate attempt to mystify all the people! This time, this old man will never give you the chance to use your body refining technique. This old man will let you know the scariness of my Myriad Soul Streamer!

His face darkened. He patted his storage pouch and took out a blood-red soul streamer. It glittered with brilliance and its rolling Evil Qi rushed forward. Within it was the sound of the gloomy cries of ghosts and this made people wonder how many lives

Revered White had killed and what was the total number of souls in the soul streamer.

As the soul streamer was summoned out, astonishment glinted in the old experts' eyes. They couldn't believe that Revered White used his most powerful magical treasure, the Myriad Soul Streamer, on the second round of battle! How could a Harmonious Spirit junior force him to such an extent?!

A moment later, after a slight hesitation, Bai Feiteng immediately took out a black heavy armour and draped it over his shoulder.

"This is... the Profound Heavy Amor, a Peak Gold Rank Spirit Equipment! It can block the full-fledged attack of an intermediate Gold Core expert."

Those old experts, one after another, narrowed their eyes into a slit, especially the old enemy of Revered Bai – Elder Song Feng.

"Old man Bai, I didn't expect you to have such spirit equipments. If you had these items back in our battle, I would have been defeated by you. Truly, you are a person who keeps your own counsel..."

Bai Feiteng's heart settled down after summoning the Myriad Soul Streamer and Profound Heavy Armour. It was insulting enough for him to use these two trump cards, if he still couldn't defeat Ning Fan after this, he should just get a beancurd and knocked his head to death!

He stared sneeringly at Ning Fan, however, he couldn't detect any sign of fear in Ning Fan's eyes.

Ning Fang glanced at the two magical treasures of Revered Bai disdainfully.

Myriad Soul Streamer... it was created out of tens of thousands of souls and blood. Once it is casted out, even a late Gold Core cultivator would find it hard to deal with it... however, it isn't difficult for me to break it! That Profound Heavy Armour is just

like a turtle shell. Although there's only a minor difference between his Peak Gold Rank Spirit Equipment and the Profound Jade, unfortunately, it would be just a piece of cake to break it as well!

No boiling combat intent or nervousness could be found in Ning Fan's eyes, except composure. Wang Yao was able to send a sense of danger and crisis down Ning Fan's spine, but apparently, Revered Bai was still far from creating such an impact.

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Chapter 108(2) - The Broken Soul Streamer, A Girl's Entreaty!

“With your current state, you can still go if you choose to give up now...”

Ning Fan's tone was flat, but this undoubtedly made Revered Bai the laughing stock of others.

“My current state? I have already summoned my trump cards. You must be joking! You are nothing without your body refining technique!”

Bai Feiteng swung the soul streamer. Innumerable wailing ghosts with empty eye sockets and bloody teeth drifted towards Ning Fan like a bank of dark cloud.

The strength of each of these souls was only at the Seventh Level Vein Opening. To Harmonious Spirit and Gold Core experts, killing these ghosts would be a piece of cake, however, the distinguishing feature of this streamer was that the ghosts inside was limitless and inexhaustible!

Ten thousand ants could bite an elephant to death and ten thousand ghosts could devour an immortal Buddha completely! If Ning Fan couldn't break the master soul, he would fall into a dangerous situation.

The master soul had the ability to control all the other souls. Any soul streamer that had a master soul was considered an excellent grade soul streamer. Lu Ziqiao's Soul Tempering Streamer had numerous souls but because it lacked the mighty master soul, the power of his steamer was not on par with Bai Feiteng's.

As long as the master soul remained, the number of souls would never decrease. This was what made the soul streamer hard to deal with. The unceasing production of souls was enough to drain a person's energy to nothing.

Furthermore, the moment those thousands of souls charged out, it would be hard to find the master soul within a short period of time, as it could also possibly be hiding in the streamer.

Each and every old expert felt a tingling sensation running through their scalp as they watched and heard the wailing ghosts. Soul Tempering cultivators were the hardest to deal with while Corpse Seizing cultivators were the most difficult to kill. The longer the Soul Tempering cultivator entangled its opponent in battle, the more powerful the Soul Tempering cultivator would become. The number of souls could grow to a hundred thousand, a million, ten million or even one billion!

The more souls there were, the greater the variation and power, but its number would be too much in the end.

“There’s nothing more to watch about this kid...” Elder Song Feng closed his eyes and knitted his brows. He had once suffered a great loss under Revered Bai’s soul streamer. So naturally, he wouldn’t expect Ning Fan to have a better outcome.

“He’s worthy of being called Revered Bai. With this soul streamer, no intermediate Gold Core expert would be a match for him!” The deacon disciple, Lu Ziqiao, revealed a face of excitement. Despite his superciliousness, he had great admiration for Revered Bai.

But immediately, agonizing wails of ghosts were heard, prompting Elder Song Feng to open his eyes and stare at the battlefield unblinkingly!

He saw that Ning Fan had discerned the master soul without attempting to dodge the souls.

With just a flick of his finger, the Separation Slayer turned into boundless starlight and shot ahead. One by one, the ghosts began to burn.

In an instant, half of the thousands of souls were incinerated.

Ordinary souls were ignorant about the flames except for the red-clothed child among them, it revealed an astonished eyes and headed back to the Myriad Soul Streamer.

This child was the master soul as it was the only one that had intelligence!

“Extinguish!”

Ning Fan was quick to respond. He flicked his finger and the flying sword jabbed itself into the child’s body, causing the master soul to disintegrate.

Along with the fall of the master soul, a miserable cry was heard from Revered Bai’s Myriad Soul Streamer. Countless fractures appeared in the streamer. Every soul exploded and turned into soul energy and returned to the soul streamer.

Similarly, the Myriad Soul Streamer was damaged greatly!

“No, no! This old man’s Myriad Soul Streamer! Ning Fan, you have gone too far! The Fall of Ice Sun!”

Bai Feiteng kept his Myriad Soul Streamer furiously; purple light glowed intensely in his eyes!

Both of his hands performed incantation gestures. High above in the sky, the cold Qi churned and converged and formed into a 300 meter sun!

The sun was completely composed of cold Qi, the purple colored cold Qi.

“The Fall of Ice Sun – a core intermediate grade magical technique. Isn’t this the special technique of Yang Qing Old Monster? Rumor has it that Yang Qing was killed a hundred years ago and the existence of this technique had remained a mystery. Unexpectedly, the one who killed the old monster was Revered Bai!”

“This purple Qi is... a fourth grade cold Qi! The Purple Loathe Ice

Frost!”

For the first time, a feeling of oppression was stirred inside Ning Fan, even though it was just a small trace.

His eyes turned grim, knowing that to break this ice sun, he would have to use the Black Demon Flame.

“It won’t be hard to break this ice sun using the second revolution Dragon Vortex Fire...”

Ning Fan’s eyes twitched. Just as he was about to cast the spell, he heard a surprised voice coming from the Yin Yang Locket inside his dantian. It was the voice of the mysterious girl who was supposed to be in deep slumber.

“This is... the Purple Loathe Ice Frost! Ning Fan, seize it as it has a great use to this sister!”

“Seize it? I may have a high chance of breaking it, but seizing it... you think I’m a Nascent Soul cultivator? How could I possibly seize it away from Bai Feiteng?” Ning Fan smiled bitterly in his heart.

“I beg you... this item is extremely important to sister...” The mysterious girl, despite being a figure of veneration, pleaded to Ning Fan for the first time.

“Uh... fine. I will do you this favour, but how can I seize it...?” Ning Fan’s heart softened. This girl had already saved him several times in times of crisis. How could he refuse her request? If the mysterious girl really had no way of seizing it herself, she could only rely on Ning Fan to do so. It didn’t matter even if this would expose his trump card. Once he used his trump card, it would only be a piece of cake to seize the ice frost!

“There’s no need to be this troublesome... sister has a way. Suck away the ice frost and break the magical spell. All you have to do is to race into the ice sun.”

Racing into the ice sun!

Ning Fan's eyelids twitched. This was a core intermediate grade magical technique and was casted using the fourth grade cold Qi, which was fairly similar to the Heavenly Frost Cold Qi.

Should he trust this girl and risk his life...?

"I beg you..."

"Only once!"

Ning Fan's eyes turned resolute. If something went wrong the moment he entered the ice sun, he would have to cast the Sense Defence Art.

Although he would be badly injured, he wouldn't die... Despite that, he would trust this girl this time and return her a favour!

...

Chapter 109(1) -

The moment the Ice Sun emerged, the whole platform, an area of thousands of meters, was covered with snowflakes.

To Revered Bai, it was extremely difficult to cast this skill, however, its power was spectacular. The trace of Heavenly Might from it suffocated everyone.

The Sun, Moon and Stars were the supreme things of Heaven and Earth. The power of any magical skill that involved these three things would surely be formidable. For instance, although the Ice Sun was a Core Realm Intermediate Grade Magical Skill, it carried a trace of Heavenly Might of sunset. Besides, this was casted by Revered Bai, which meant that there were only a few late Gold Core experts that could withstand this skill!

“If you’re could block this magical attack... this old man will admit defeat... however, you won’t!” Revered Bai’s eyes glinted with an icy light. At this moment, there was no desire, intention and thoughts of victory or defeat, only the calmness of glacier in his heart.

However, the serenity was majorly disrupted when he saw Ning Fan leaped into the Ice Sun.

It wasn’t just Bai Feiteng who was astonished, every expert on the audience and the beggar haven’t thought that Ning Fan would dare to use his own flesh to go against the Heavenly Might of sunset!

“This... this isn’t possible... This is a skill of Heavenly Might... how could he fight it using his physique?!” Bai Feiteng couldn’t help but be astonished.

In response to the mysterious girl’s request, Ning Fan’s eyes turned resolute. He rushed into the Ice Sun with a flash of Icy Light.

The moment he got in contact with the cold sunlight, his entire body began to freeze at rapid speed, as if he was going to be turned into an ice sculpture the next second. He didn't even have the chance to use the Sense Defense Art.

Despite that, he still discovered that he had underestimated the might of the Ice Sun. The frightening thing about the Ice Sun wasn't the ice but the sun!

When the Sun rose and the Moon fell, it was the Heavenly Might. It was a domain where cultivators couldn't lay a finger on. According to legend, the Sun was defined as a Saint, Moon was defined as an Emperor and Stars were defined as Fiendgod.

In the Ice Sun, Ning Fan wasn't flustered. Even if he cast the Sense Defense Art now, he still wouldn't be able to defend against the Ice Sun, but he still had one way – summoning the half-step Nascent Soul Soul Incarnation to break the sun!

However, before doing so, perhaps the mysterious girl would suck away the Purple Loathe Ice Frost, destroying 90% of the might of the Ice Sun.

“If you don't absorb the frosty cold Qi, I'm going to destroy the sun.” Ning Fan said flatly.

“En... I will impart a chant to you. By using this chant, you can defend against the power of the True Sun. Treat this as a reward for helping sister... but, don't you pass this chant to someone else...or else...” The mysterious girl sounded hesitant.

“I won't.” Ning Fan's tone was indifferent, but there was a slight urgency in it.

The longer he stayed in the frost, the more his body would be corroded by the magical power of the Ice Sun. And even if he used the Soul Incarnation, he might not be able to destroy the Ice Sun entirely.

“En... Listen closely!: ‘There's a fish in the Northern Sea named

[Yue Kun](#). There's a Saint in the Northern Sea named [Hun Kun](#). There's a sun in the Northern Sea named Yin Rong and there's a thunder in the Northern Sea named Lei Tong...'”

The girl suddenly stopped as she didn't know the rest of the chant. This was a chant that she had only gotten by accident.

After listening to this chant, Ning Fan's facial expression changed a little. His heart started to recite the chant. Although it only had four sentences, the irresistible corroding force of the Ice Sun turned into a gentle and harmless breeze. And slowly, it was being devoured by Ning Fan.

That trace of corroding force was named as the power of the True Sun. It was a forbidden force that Ning Fan or even the Divine Sovereign of Rain Immortal World couldn't touch.

Because Ning Fan's realm was still sufficiently strong, the strand of insignificant force left without a trace. Despite that, it had left behind a mark in Ning Fan's mental state, enlightening him a little more about the sunset, but he still couldn't see through what was behind it.

What surprised Ning Fan the most was that the silent Eastern Ocean Bell in his storage pouch gave out a sound. A clear sound of bell reverberated back and forth in Ning Fan's mind!

“Eastern Ocean... Northern Ocean... this bell probably has some relation with the Northern Sea said in the chant...” Ning Fan was guessing in his heart, but he knew that this wasn't something a Harmonious Spirit could solve.

After realizing the abstruse mystery of the chant and the profound principle of the Eastern Ocean Bell, he couldn't help admitting for the first time that the Eastern Ocean Bell was exceptional!

For no reason, his mind was thinking about the half-black and half-white enormous sun that emerged in the Profound Yin World

of Yin Yang Locket.

The power of the Ice Sun couldn't hurt Ning Fan anymore. The female inside the Locket took the chance to cast some kind of magical technique, and began to devour the fourth grade cold Qi of the Ice Sun – the Purple Loathe Ice Frost – into the locket. Using such a technique would surely consume a tremendous amount of her energy, but it seemed like the Purple Loathe Ice Frost was more important than that.

Ning Fan, on the other hand wasn't just standing idly in the Ice Sun. He closed his eyes and started to have an understanding in his heart.

The understanding was about his Heart's Devil. As he was enshrouded by Heavenly Might, the Heart's Devil inside of him became particularly obvious. He vaguely saw an extremely cold and gloomy corner in the depths of his heart. From there, he could see his sufferings during childhood, the helplessness, despair and hatred when he was imprisoned in All Pleasures Sect, and the madness when he was overturning the Heaven Separation Sect.

All his negative emotions had collected in that corner and formed the Heart's Devil, however, he knew his true Heart's Devil was more than this. Compared to all the negative emotions, the scariest of all was sentiment.

To be a Gold Core cultivator, one needed to eliminate sentiment. Which was why many crafty old experts would never find a Daoist Partner and fall in love before reaching the Gold Core realm. In this way, their hearts wouldn't have a trace of sentiment, making them solely focus on dealing with their negative emotions when they were slashing their Heart's Devil.

As their hearts lacked struggles, slashing their Heart's Devil didn't create much impact on them. But because they lacked sentiment, their advancement in Gold Core realm became extremely difficult.

However, if there were options, Ning Fan would choose not knowing Zhi He and the others girls before he hit the Gold Core realm. He would choose not to have a true and sincere feelings inside of him. Although his breakthrough in later stages would be slow, it was still better than slashing away the affection and sentiment he had for Zhi He and the other girls.

Unfortunately, he had no other choice. In order to break the Gold Core, he had to cut off all of his past with the girls.

“Can I do it...?”

At this point, Ning Fan opened his eyes abruptly and saw the imaginary Ice Sun struggling.

If he didn't break the Gold Core, he would die the moment Moksha Emperor returned a hundred years later.

Slashing the Heart's Devil would mean forgetting Zhi He and the other girls. In other words, all these girls whom he claimed to love would all become his cauldrons. Then, what was the warmth that Ning Fan was so eager to protect from Moksha Sovereign...?

His heart was struggling. The harder the struggle, the greater the Gold Core Heart's Devil that he was going to confront!

While he was lost in his struggle, a very vast Qi soared from his body towards the sky and formed a tribulation cloud. No doubt, this was the omen of initiating heavenly tribulation and breaking through to the Gold Core realm!

In a flash, the blankness on Ning Fan's face was swept away, restoring to his usual calmness. He was shocked. He almost initiated the tribulation and slashed his Heart's Devil and break the Gold Core at this time!

Putting its success rate aside, even if he was in seclusion, he would need at least a decade of comprehension. Originally, he planned to go to the Lost World Palace to cultivate, because that place could slow down time, shortening the ten years of time to

only a few.

His forehead was beaded with cold sweat. After brushing off everything about the Heart's Devil, the tribulation cloud in the sky disappeared.

It was just that Ning Fan didn't know that the scene of tribulation cloud triggered by his Heart's Devil had turned the whole scene silent!

Ning Fan was still alive even after thrusting into the Ice Sun! And he had used some unknown skill to initiate the Gold Core heavenly tribulation while still being inside the Ice Sun!

However, he was wise to disperse the heavenly tribulation in time. After all, the Purple Jade Sky Platform had very little spiritual Qi, making it extremely difficult to cultivate here.

Yue Kun – A legendary giant fish.

Hun Kun – Also known as Master Hun Kun. He was a pioneer in Daoism.

Chapter 109(2) - Revered Ning!

The reason the old experts were shocked wasn't because of Ning Fan's ability to initiate the heavenly tribulation, but his speed of cultivation. It was too fast!

Before entering the sect, he was merely an intermediate Harmonious Spirit expert. After being in Demon Sinister Forest for a month, he broke through to the late Harmonious Spirit realm, and half a year later, he advanced to the peak of Harmonious Spirit realm. Moreover, he had found his Heart's Devil during battle and could overcome the tribulation at any time and form his gold core!

This speed was way too fast... A middle-aged Gold Core expert would be born in Yue Country?! This... this was undeniably monstrous!

All the old monsters with profound cultivation base like Gui Qiaozi (Sinister Sparrow), Elder Song Feng and the beggar could vaguely discern the struggle in Ning Fan's heart as it swayed away. Gui Qiaozi, the one who had a deep understanding of Ning Fan, let out a gentle sigh.

He understood why Ning Fan struggled. It was because this kid had too many beauty fetters. Would he choose to forget all of them...?

Because of this struggle, he would become a matchless expert after he broke through to the Golden Core realm and his cultivation would advance at a tremendous pace... but what would he choose? Would he choose to form the core?

A hint of shame was plastered on Gui Qiaozi's face, because not even him had any emotional debt before his core formation. He only started to have feelings for Lan Mei's mother after his core was formed. He wouldn't dare scrape away his sentiments.

Bai Feiteng's face turned gloomy once more and within the

gloominess, there was fear.

The fall of the Ice Sun didn't cause any harm to Ning Fan. Conversely, it had expedited the process of Ning Fan's core formation, making him understand his Heart's Devil entirely.

A while later, Bai Feiteng's gaze trembled. He discovered that the Ice Sun was turning illusory and even disintegrating!

"How could this be...? The Ice Sun is a heavenly might!"

Bai Feiteng retreated two steps and regained his balance. He then launched several magical seals into the Ice Sun, attempting to stabilize it, however, his eyes immediately narrowed in horror.

A small cloud of black fire began to spread in the Ice Sun, incinerating the cold Qi in all directions.

"Break!"

A youth's voice sounded from the Ice Sun, and immediately, the whole huge and shocking sun disintegrated. A youth inside was holding a black fire of dragon. His eyes and body were covered with frost. With a point of his finger, the Ice Sun was destroyed.

"It's finished..."

The youth spoke flatly. A black light flashed past his eyes. With another point of his finger, the rolling black fire in his hand turned into a sea of fire that spread across, immediately turning into a black whirlpool and caught Revered Bai!

"Black... Black Demon Flame! Earth Vein Demonic Fire! Fifth Grade Spiritual Fire!"

Countless of old monsters rose upright from their seats, staring at the black flames in disbelief.

According to their knowledge, this flame belonged to Revered Alchemist Han. Even if he was only at the Harmonious Spirit realm, this flame made him one of the top ten figures of Yue Country!

Even though everyone knew that Ning Fan was Old Monster Han's disciple, no one knew that the old monster imparted this flame to Ning Fan!

"Earth Vein Demonic Fire... When this fire is used, not even a fourth grade cold Qi is a match for it. There is no more suspense in this battle..." Elder Song Feng's eyes revealed astonishment. He could not believe that he was watching an old opponent of his being defeated by a youth, but this was the fact.

This youth is too powerful. It would be absurd if he couldn't win against Revered Bai!

"No, I won't lose! I still have the Profound Heavy Armor..." Bai Feiteng's eyes were brimming with madness. All of his magical strength had been channeled into the armor to defend against Ning Fan's black flames.

A sizzling sound was heard from the armor as though it was having difficulty in resisting the power of the black flames, but eventually, the flames were blocked.

But at this moment, Ning Fan casted a spell and shouted!

"Dragon Vortex Fire, First Revolution!"

In an instant, the whirlpool of flames revolved fiercely, causing the armor to produce a sizzling sound once more. Lines of fractures began to form in it.

"You can't break!" Bai Feiteng fished out more than a dozen Core Level (Realm) talisman and plastered them violently on the Profound Heavy Armor. Screens of light were created in the sea of fire, turning into lines of defense.

In this way, the Profound Heavy Armor was able to hold the might of the first revolution of the Dragon Vortex Fire, but almost instantly, the second revolution had been struck out!

"Dragon Vortex Fire, Second Revolution!"

The color of the flames became darker. Bai Feiteng's beard and hair began to burn.

The cracks in the armor spread once more. It wasn't far away from breaking apart.

"This old man has already said it, you can't break this!" Revered Bai went insane. He patted his storage pouch and took out a secret bottle of pills that could enhance one's magical strength.

He started to feel the distending pain in his meridians, and his magical power was once again boosted. He then channeled the magical power into the heavy armor to strengthen its defense and to block Ning Fan's Second Revolution of Dragon Fire.

If it was an early Gold Core cultivator who confronted the Second Revolution of Dragon Fire, he would just be wounded severely, but when the dragon fire was assisted by the Black Demon Flame, its power became more incredible!

All the coldness on the scene had been swept away and was replaced by a scorching heat. Each and every old monster were fixing their eyes at the dragon fire technique. Their facial expressions displayed astonishment.

Plenty of them had admitted that they wouldn't be able to withstand such a fire, however, despite Bai Feiteng's severe injuries, he was still able to defend himself and this complicated the situation.

"The Second Revolution isn't enough... unless this kid can cast the Third Revolution... but not even the tyrannical Old Monster Han could cast such a fire..." The head of the Flying Swallow Sect, Xu Fei, a Gold Core old expert who had been bullied by the Old Monster, sighed deeply.

He wouldn't be able to cast out the Third Revolution fire.

Xu Fei's remark put many old monsters in contemplation. Ning Fan had expended a lot of his magical strength. If he couldn't break

Revered Bai's lines of defense, this match would be a draw.

"A tie... if this is the case, lesser money will be won. Forget it...as long as Revered Bai doesn't lose this match, all of my fortune won't be wasted."

Some of the old experts were thinking about their bets. Everyone had already eliminated the possibility that Revered Bai would win. What they anticipated was for Revered Bai to tie with Ning Fan in this match.

However, these people were destined to be disappointed, Ning Fan had altered his spell once more!

"Dragon Vortex Fire, Third Revolution! Snap him, Black Dragon!"

Coldness glowed in Ning Fan's eyes. The swirl of flames surged. In the innermost of the whirlpool, the flames condensed and formed a humongous head of a dragon and bit on Revered Bai's shoulder, ripping away a big chunk of the heavy armour along with a piece of flesh!

"Argh!"

Revered Bai wailed, but the pain in his shoulder aroused his ruthlessness.

He fished out pieces of magical treasures, more than a dozen of them. Each of them were Intermediate Grade and extremely precious.

But at this moment, he had already completely forgotten about victory or defeat, gamble, everything. The only thought left in his mind was to block Ning Fan's attack so that he could protect his own face!

"Break! Break! Break!"

Each magical treasure was detonated frantically by Revered Bai. The power of the explosion had created an opening in the heavy

sea of fire. Revered Bai covered his injured shoulder, took advantage of the situation and rushed out of the flaming whirlpool. All of his hair and beard were seared off. His Profound Heavy Armor was full of cracks. He was totally in a state of discomfiture.

At least, he had survived Ning Fan's Third Revolution Dragon Fire!

"Finally... finally it's a draw... in this way, I won't lose my face..." He no longer had the thought of victory in his mind as he was no match for Ning Fan.

The persistence of Revered Bai made Ning Fan understand that this old expert wasn't as vulnerable as Sister Bing Ling and Yue Ling, but was molded and shaped out of the sea of blood. There were innumerable old experts like him and Ning Fan definitely couldn't underestimate them!

"Ice Rain Technique!"

Ning Fan's magical strength was almost depleted. With a bend of his finger, he casted his last skill – the First Grade Ice Rain Technique.

Numerous old monsters treated this as an insignificant technique, and Revered Bai wasn't exception. He panted, gazed at the icy spikes and smiled coldly.

"The match is tied... this ice rain won't harm me..."

Every spike of the ice stabbed on the metal armor. With the Profound Heavy Armor, none of the icy spikes could get through the iron shell.

But due to the cold Qi in the spikes, frost was spread all over the armor and it broke apart without a warning!

The remaining ice spikes stabbed into Revered Bai's vulnerable body, causing his body to be badly mutilated. Of course, Ning Fan avoided the vital spots.

He had already said that he wouldn't kill Revered Bai, but only to injure him severely!

“What-what?! Revered Bai could even withstood the Third Revolution Dragon Fire, but why was he defeated by this Ice Rain Technique? This-this!” Each and every old monster was gaping at the scene with shock. They were shocked as to why an Immortal Vein was able to cast out two different attributes of magical techniques.

To cast the Dragon Vortex Fire, Ning Fan must have at least a Fire Vein.

As for the Ice Rain Technique, although it was merely low grade, Ning Fan would need an Ice Vein to launch this strike.

A Double Spirit Cultivator!

those who figured this out was gazing at Ning Fan in disbelief. It seemed like they had already found the answer as to why Ning Fan could cultivate so quickly.

A Double Spirit Cultivator with monstrous talent!

“You...you...” Revered Bai's tone was very soft. He wanted very badly to die right now. Staying alive after this defeat means that he would be sneered by countless experts, which to him, was worse than death, he was a man of dignity.

“You lost because you have underestimated me... the name Revered Bai made you become used to the sense of superiority, forgetting that there are people even stronger than you outside. The cultivation world is very huge. You and I aren't the strongest, not even those high and mighty Void Fragmentation old monsters.”

While he was speaking, he darted a glance at the beggar unnoticeably.

“Don't provoke me again, or else...”

Without a second word, he turned and headed to the center of the platform. His eyes swept through all the guests indifferently. Under his stifling gaze, not even the Gold Core old experts dared to sound a word.

This kid isn't just the number one expert below Gold Core realm... Even among the Gold Core experts, there were only few who could defeat him!

“From today onwards, there would be no more Revered Bai in Sinister Sparrow Sect, but only me, Revered Ning!”

The youngest revered devil in the history of Sinister Sparrow Sect, Revered Ning was born today! He would enjoy the sect-master-level of treatment from now on!

Chapter 110(1) -

Bai Feiteng was not the only one who'd lost, but also all the old experts.

Half a month had already passed. Every old monster who came to Sinister Sparrow Sect had a look of misery, like their dad had just passed away.

All their Immortal Jades were gone. Those who gambled on Ning Fan losing or to a tie just lost their fortune.

Just like the other old monsters, the beggar also looked glum.

Little Zhi He and Sisi had taken away 200 000 Immortal Jades from him, and at this moment, Zhi He was smiling very sweetly, thinking that she was indeed very smart and ruthless for gambling such a huge amount of jades in her first bet.

On the other hand, when Lan Mei returned and placed the enormous fortune, 100 000 Immortal Jades, in front of Gui Qiaozi , Gui Qiaozi couldn't help being startled despite his composure as a sect master!

Also, Bai Lu got 10 000 Immortal Jades as reward. She then returned to Dual Cultivation Palace and divided the fortune amongst her sisters. As for the lady of Fire Cloud Ancestor, Yun Hua, her lips couldn't close due to shock. She was at a loss of what to do with the 100 000 Immortal Jades.

Betting 100 000 Immortal Jades was the order from the old ancestor. This was to create a favorable impression of himself which would aid him later. In Yun Hua's heart, she knew that she wasn't a person who would give away wealth so extravagantly, but she hadn't imagined that such fortune-throwing act had brought her such a huge return.

"Husband... you sure have a sharp eyesight..." Yun Hua praised silently, and immediately, a proud voice echoed in her head.

“Of course, this husband is the Grand Fire Cloud Ancestor.”

Strangely, no one knew what kind of means the Fire Cloud Old Ancestor used to store a trace of his spirit sense in Yun Hua's body. It was no wonder that he let his wife come out on her own, the ancestor turned out to be watching his wife at every moment.

Not only did the beggar not earn a fortune, but he also couldn't find the person he was looking for in Sinister Sparrow Sect, which meant that his trip here had been in vain.

He was in a bad mood. He ignored those old monsters who came up to him, attempting to build a rapport with him. He wanted to leave Sinister Sparrow Sect at once to avoid seeing these bothersome flies and bees, however, Ning Fan had yet to go to his stall to claim his 50 000 Immortal Jades winnings.

However, after Ning Fan won the title 'Revered', he immediately went into seclusion!

His mental state was now in chaos because he had touched the Heart's Devil. So, it was necessary for him to suppress his internal demons once more, this place and time wasn't suitable for him to form his core!

Before he found where the Lost World Palace was at, he should never form his core, or else tremendous time would be wasted.

Ning Fan didn't show up, and that also meant that the beggar couldn't leave. Although he was a Second Stage Void Fragmentation old expert and a dignified son of Divine Sovereign, he couldn't took away the 50 000 Immortal Jades of a junior. He wasn't that short of money, even if he was a beggar!

The rocky cave in Dual Cultivation Palace was destroyed by Ning Fan during his last seclusion. So this time, he selected the seclusion cave in Dan Palace.

His disciple, Xue Qing, was guarding outside the cave and this startled plenty of old experts—the sharp-eyed Third Revolution

Pill Master was paying homage to a junior.

Xue Qing would never give them any explanation as this was an order from Ning Fan. He wasn't allowed to disclose Ning Fan's identity as a Fourth Revolution Pill Master.

Presently, Xue Qing's blazing eyes were staring at the cave. He had chosen to pay homage to Ning Fan because he valued Ning Fan's concoction technique. But after Ning Fan's battle with Revered Bai, he was completely astounded by Ning Fan's combat strength. Although Revered Bai wasn't considered as an ancestor-level expert and included in the top ten of Yue Country, he should be at least ranked within the first twenty experts in Yue Country.

In spite of that, he was defeated by a juvenile expert. Before the battle, no one had ever expected Ning Fan to win, now all of them were regretting for betting in the wrong person.

At the age of 17, Ning Fan had begun his devil path, and at the age of 18, he was ranked as one of the best experts in Yue Country and gained the title of Revered Ning in Sinister Sparrow Sect!

The only thing that made Xue Qing a little concerned was that his master, Ning Fan, has too many wives.

He forced a smile while looking at each and every anxious-looking girl.

Zhi He, who was naturally elegant and charismatic.

Bai Lu, the number one female devil in Sinister Sparrow Sect.

Lan Mei, the young mistress of Sinister Sparrow Sect.

Sisi... this girl gave Xue Qing the creeps, it's like confronting this female was more dangerous than facing Gui Qiaozi (Sinister Sparrow).

"These are all master's wives. I can't show any neglect to them."

He forced another smile while greeting the girls. The simple-minded Zhi He instantly got a good impression of this respectful

old man. As for Si Wuxie, she only nodded slightly. She would only put away her coldness and turn into a pure-hearted girl when she is in front of Ning Fan, but this pureness was reducing over time.

Lan Mei and Bai Lu found it difficult to accept Xue Qing's smile. Being the Young Mistress of the sect, although Xue Qing used to smile at her in the past, he had never been so respectful. Xue Qing had the pride of an alchemist master. He wouldn't lower himself even if he was facing experts who were on par with her father.

Today, Xue Qing was being so reverent. The way he treated Lan Mei was just like she was his senior and this made her feel a little uncomfortable. Indistinctly, she could already imagine that these were all related to Ning Fan.

The one who felt the most uncomfortable was Bai Lu. Being the substitute elder of Dual Cultivation Palace, she often came to Pill Palace to collect pills needed in cultivation by the other female disciples. Xue Qing had never glanced at her once and he had even disdained her.

But today, Xue Qing was extremely respectful to Bai Lu, he had heard that this girl before his eyes had already been subdued by Ning Fan.

"This-this is also a mistress. I can't neglect her..."

Xue Qing's face was brimming with a smile, but his heart was full of bitterness. An expression like this was too awkward and hard for him.

However, he discovered that when he replaced his pride with the mental state of a junior, his stagnated cultivation began to loosen a little.

In the rocky cave, Ning Fan was clueless about the situation outside. Ever since the Purple Loathe Ice Frost was obtained, the mysterious girl fell into a deep sleep once more. Ning Fan could vaguely feel that some kind of changes were happening in the

mysterious girl, but he was unable to find out what it was.

He had yet to come out of the cave even after his chaotic mental state settled down. He was comprehending the insights he obtained from the previous battle.

Breaking Illusion Bead, Four Marks Natal Immortal Cloud, Fourth Grade Cold Qi, Myriad Soul Streamer, Hornless Dragon Ice Sword and Seven Swords Art... Bai Feiteng's techniques weren't weak. Such fruitful battle experience had given Ning Fan great enlightenment.

The difference in combat strength between cultivators that were molded through fiery bloodshed and those that were shaped by a conducive environment was like day and night.

In order to break the Gold Core, he had to go to the Lost World Palace. He needed to borrow the strength of the lost world to shorten the time taken to form his core. The mysterious girl had yet to tell him its location and she was now in deep slumber.

The Lost World Palace was akin to the Godly Void Pavilion. It could be found everywhere in Rain Immortal World, but regretfully, there was no Lost World Palace in Yue Country and the neighboring countries such as Wu Country and Chu Country.

The nearest he could think of required him to travel across a dozen cultivation countries. After arriving in Ocean Country, he would have to take the Fleeing Heavenly Boat to venture into the Endless Sea.

The Endless Sea was situated at the far east of Rain Immortal World. The journey would undoubtedly be far. Apart from the cultivators who were living there, there were also many other existences, like the Monster Race, Ghost Clan, and the Giant Demon Clan...

Given Ning Fan's current travelling speed, going to the Lost World Palace through the Endless Sea would take him a few years

of time. In this situation, it seemed like the loss outweighed the gains.

So it was still a question whether to go there or not...

He had plenty of enemies in Yue Country. It was still unknown if his Three Divine Armies could defend Ning City and Seven Apricot City. Would everything be fine if he left Yue Country now?

There was a saying in the cultivation world that the Cultivation of Dao wasn't about eternal life, but freedom. If one's heart was fettered, one wouldn't be able to advance further in Cultivating the Dao.

At this moment, Ning Fan finally understood that fetters had too many troubles, but at the same time, he also felt the bliss of having these fetters.

"I suppose I haven't basked in the sun for a long time..." He sighed as he recalled the Old Monster's words, and stood up. He closed his eyes, began to think of Ning Gu who was at another region of the country, Extreme Yin Gate, Bone Sovereign, Moksha Sovereign and every scene of the massacre. In more than a year in the Devil path, his hands were stained with too much blood and he had committed too many sins.

Therefore, Ning Fan needed to bask in the sun, this was the technique imparted by the Old Monster to suppress the Heart's Devil.

Ning Fan came out of his seclusion!

...

Chapter 110(2) - The Request of Fire Cloud Ancestor!

He gently pushed open the rocky door and saw the four girls and Xue Qing. The earnestness of these people produced firmness in his eyes.

“I won’t slash away my sentiment!”

When Bai Lu saw Ning Fan, her brows knitted together, and she turned and left with a harrumph without saying another word, but looking from her back, her shoulders were shaky and didn’t seem as calm as the surface.

Lan Mei acted dignified, Sisi was full of joy and Zhi He threw self into Ning Fan’s embrace.

“Brother Fan! We’ve got rich!”

Her first words wasn’t about how much she missed him. How could she be so heartless?

Ning Fan released her hug and patted Zhi He’s hair while his eyes were staring at a direction outside the rocky cave.

“Sorry for the wait, two seniors.”

The two that Ning Fan was referring to were Lady Yun Hua and the impatient-looking beggar.

On both sides of the valley, two figures emerged. One walked with graceful steps while the other had furious eyebrows.

“Damn! If you still didn’t come out of that cave, I would have smashed it. These are the 50,000 Immortal Jades that you’ve won.” The beggar sounded impatient. He tossed the storage pouch that contained 100,000 Immortal Jades to Ning Fan.

“I will definitely support you in the next turn of gamble.” Ning Fan cupped his fists at the beggar. he would certainly be an idiot if

he throw away an opportunity to profit.

“You better not. This old man don’t want to ever see you again... Right, have you ever seen a blue-colored jade...?” asked the beggar mysteriously all of a sudden. Perhaps, this was his original intention of waiting for Ning Fan.

“Blue-colored jade?” Ning Fan looked mystified.

“Is that so...? just treat it as if I’ve never asked.” The beggar stopped inquiring further after looking at Ning Fan’s confused look.

What the beggar said was inexplicable, but Ning Fan somehow noticed the profundity within it. Ning Fan’s eyes twitched. This beggar wasn’t looking for the piece of jade, but for someone.

This beggar was a Void Fragmentation expert of Rain Palace. Eight hundred cultivation countries must have known about this search.

However, it was still unknown who they were looking for...

That person has to be related to the blue jade!

These pieces of information allowed him to form a conclusion, but he put the thought aside and immediately contemplated; how could he be related to this search.

“Alright... alright. Goodbye...” The beggar’s face overflowed with impatience. He cupped his fists at Ning Fan and left hurriedly.

Ning Fan turned his gaze to Lady Yun Hua and revealed an unexplainable smile.

“Is lady looking for me?”

“Uh? How does Revered Ning know?”

“If you weren’t here for me, why would you stake so much fortune on me...? Do you need a private place for talking?”

“Please lead the way, Revered Ning...”

Something deep was hidden within their conversation and Lan Mei could vaguely guess it. The situation wouldn't be as simple as a romantic date, but the naïve and silly girl, Zhi He, naturally didn't come to the same conclusion. She immediately stomped resentfully and frowned at that woman.

“Silly girl, wait for me here...”

Ning Fan glanced at the girls, then ordered Xue Qing to open a high level concoction room so that he could have a private conversation with Lady Yun Hua inside.

The concoction room was concealed by a Nascent level Grand Formation. It could even defend the stealthy spirit sense, which made it the best place for secret talks. It was just that not even Gui Qiaozi (Sinister Sparrow) had the privilege to open a concoction room for discussion, because Xue Qing wouldn't allow it! How could a concoction room be used for other activities besides concoction?!

However, Ning Fan was Xue Qing's master, a Fourth Revolution Pill Master and also Revered Ning. His importance in Xue Qing's heart was even greater compared to the sect master. Xue Qing wouldn't dare disobey Ning Fan's order.

The high-level concoction room was opened with only Ning Fan and Yun Hua inside.

At this moment, Ning Fan put away his smile and said plainly:

“Old Ancestor Fire Cloud, you sure have the mood to enjoy hiding inside your lady's body. Do you really think I can't sense it?”

“Hehe! You are really worthy of being called Black Devil Ning and Fourth Revolution Pill Master. Your spirit sense is even stronger than mine!”

A flame came out of Lady Yun Hua's body and turned into an illusory flaming figure.

This man was no doubt the Old Ancestor of Fire Cloud Sect, half-step Nascent Soul realm named Jing Zhuo!

He had a red hair, a pair of fiery-red eyes and wore a big red robe. His smile even radiated hot air.

When Ning Fan saw the appearance of the man and heard what he said, he narrowed his eyes at once and spoke coldly:

“I don’t quite understand what you are talking about.”

Helplessness filled his heart. It seemed like his identity as Black Devil Ning would be exposed in the end.

There were many people who were good at divination, so he wouldn’t be too surprised if they find out what his true identity was.

However, this could also be just a test from Jing Zhuo and Ning Fan wasn’t foolish enough to admit it.

“Don’t worry my friend. This old man has no malicious intention, but someone has already planned to exterminate you. Did you know that the Old Monster, Purple Yin of Extreme Yin Gate has already joined forces with the experts of the Heavenly Dao Sect of Wu Country to attack your city?!”

“...” Ning Fan kept his silence. He couldn’t tell if Jing Zhuo was just probing some details.

“Hehe! My friend is really very vigilant. It’s good to have such vigilance. This indicates you’re a man who does great things. There’s no need to hide anymore my friend. This old man has a friend who happened to obtain news in Wu Country. That’s why I know about your true identity. Does my friend know that that the old bastard Purple Yin has spent 10 000 Immortal Jades in Wu Country to hire a divination old man to calculate your true identity...? this old man is willing to pledge with my Heart’s Devil that anything I said is the truth. So my friend, you don’t have to pretend in front of this old man anymore.”

Old Ancestor Jing Zhuo showed a sincere expression.

After hearing what Jing Zhuo said, Ning Fan only believed 70% of it. He believed that Jing Zhuo knew his true identity, but he didn't believe how Jing Zhuo discovered his identity as Black Devil Ning.

Because a friend had told him? How ridiculous!

This Jing Zhuo must've been like Old Monster Purple Yin, spending huge amount of fortune to hire a divination old man to calculate Ning Fan's true identity!

However, Jing Zhuo had an apparent difference from Purple Yin. Despite knowing Ning Fan's identity, he didn't do anything to harm him or his city.

Perhaps it was because the Fire Cloud Sect was the first sect that would get the Nascent Formation Pill. Therefore, it wasn't necessary for them to go to war with Ning Fan. As long as they kept the current situation as it was, they would certainly get the first Nascent Formation Pill.

And Jing Zhuo would most probably be the first Nascent Soul expert in Yue Country! as he would be the first one to obtain the pill.

It was a totally different case for Purple Yin. His sect, Extreme Yin Gate, was scheduled ten years later after the first. Plus, there were numerous conflicts between Ning Fan and Purple Yin. As such, Purple Yin couldn't wait anymore! He only wanted to rob!

"Old Ancestor Jing Zhuo, good calculation... not bad, I'm indeed Ning Fan and also Black Devil Ning. Do you feel satisfied now? Please state your purpose of coming here, or else I'm going to regard you as my enemy!"

Killing intent radiated from Ning Fan's eyes. The killing intent of an Immortal Emperor made even Jing Zhuo lose his calm. As for Lady Yun Hua, her face was already deathly pale.

Sure enough, he is Black Devil Ning!

Sure enough, he has an extremely terrifying trump card in hand!

This kid had a very profound thinking. He was able to tell that Jing Zhuo hired the help of a divination old man at first glance!

However, Ning Fan didn't know the difference between Jing Zhuo and Purple Yin. Jing Zhuo had paid for two calculations.

The first calculation was to calculate the identity of Black Devil Ning.

The second was to calculate his chances of victory if he rob Black Devil Ning. And the answer from the divination old man was death!

It was because of the second calculation that Jing Zhuo perished all of his hostile thoughts against Ning Fan. He was afraid that he was the only one across the entire Yue Country who knew about Ning Fan's scariness.

This was a calculation that Purple Yin missed, and because of this, they were already doomed to destruction.

"Fellow friend has overpraised this old man. Being an expert in the cultivation world, this is something this old man has to do. However, this old man isn't here to start a war with Revered Ning today. This old man is still waiting for Revered Ning's Nascent Transformation Pill to break through to the Nascent Soul realm. So how could this old man dare to make Revered Ning his enemy...?"

Jing Zhuo made a few hollow laughs. When he noticed that Ning Fan's killing intent hadn't reduced by a bit, he put away his smile and spoke solemnly: "Very well... this old man will tell you my purpose now... I want to form an alliance with Revered Ning and destroy the Extreme Yin Gate together!"

"An alliance? Why?" Ning Fan's stern eyes relaxed a little, and his killing intent was replaced by astonishment.

Why would this top expert want to form an alliance with him?

And why would he want to exterminate Extreme Yin Gate?

Although he had scores to settle with Extreme Yin Gate, does this ancestor had as well?

A hint of sadness and hatred flashed past Jing Zhuo's eyes when he saw Ning Fan's doubtful look. He then pointed to Yun Hua and smiled miserably.

"To be honest, Revered Ning, there's an enmity between this old man and Purple Yin after he killed my wife. Take a look at Yun Hua and tell me if she's a living person."

"So that's how it is. This explains why I sensed something's not right about Lady Yun Hua's Qi."

Ning Fan turned to the elegant lady who was standing upright and concluded.

When he first saw Yun Hua, he knew that this female was a Corpse Refinement, a unique Corpse Refinement!

...

Chapter 111(1) - Not for Eternal Life or Colonizing the World! (1)

Lady Yun Hua was already dead, but she still looked strangely alive.

Her body had died and her heart had stopped beating, but in her meridians flowed the magical force of Corpse Refinement Technique that kept the flesh of her body from decaying. Her soul was supposed to enter the Samsara but it was now sealed in the corpse's skull. Such Corpse Refinement Technique could retain the spiritual intelligence of the corpse, but it was only used during the ancient times. It was a technique that not even Ning Fan knew about! Otherwise, he would have dug out the corpse of Ning Honghong and resurrected her...

In other words, this female might or might not be Yun Hua.

So it turned out that the reason the petty Old Ancestor Jing Zhuo was unwilling to reveal Yun Hua wasn't because of his small-mindedness, but afraid that someone would discern that Yun Hua was a Corpse Refinement.

Despite his Dao Companion turning into a Corpse Refinement, Jing Zhuo insisted to be with her. This red-haired old man did have an unreasonable passion for his lover.

Of course, what Jing Zhuo said wasn't a lie, but Ning Fan still kept his silence, contemplating whether those were the truths or fallacies.

"Little friend, you don't believe that this old man could love a dead person, don't you...?"

"..."

"Very well. There's nothing wrong with being careful and vigilant. Although little friend is Black Devil Ning, Revered Ning, had high cultivation base and powerful concoction technique, little

friend's expression is still limited... On the Purple-Jade Sky Platform, this old man could see through your internal struggle when you initiated the heavenly tribulation to form your core. Back then, this old man had the same struggle, but that was many years ago..."

"Oh? Fellow Doaist Jing Zhuo has also struggled in the tribulation of slashing away the sentiment before." Ning Fan looked slightly stunned, he started to have interest in what Jing Zhuo said.

"That's right. I have known Yun Hua before the core formation stage. At that time, Yun Hua's innate talent was actually greater than mine, but she was unwilling to break through to the Gold Core realm because she couldn't give this old man up. As for me, I also didn't break through to the Gold Core realm as I was also reluctant to abandon and forget my sentiments until that incident happened. That time, the elder of Extreme Yin Gate, Purple Yin, had spotted my wife and captured her while he was out settling some tasks for his sect..."

At this point, Jing Zhuo closed his eyes in pain, which was certainly not a hint of pretense.

"Yun Hua... she's so silly. If she obeyed Purple Yin's orders, she wouldn't have died. Why would she rather die than conform to that bastard's demands...? After her death, I went into seclusion with a very depressed heart and broke through the emotional barrier! Later, I retrieved Yun Hua's corpse and turned it into Corpse Refinement. This incident has already been hundreds of years. Across the entire Yue Country, I'm afraid that no one would remember who the original Yun Hua was. As for Purple Yin, he didn't know that I have been wishing every day to eat his flesh, and skin him alive! However, I'm still not a match for Purple Yin... that's why I needed the Nascent Formation Pill!"

Jing Zhuo's eyes turned frenzied all of a sudden.

“I want to break through to Nascent Soul realm not for eternal life or colonizing the world, but only to rip Purple Yin to pieces and reduce some of the heartfelt pain in Yun Hua’s heart... I’m willing to sacrifice anything for her... do you understand...? Hehe, I guess I have said too much. Daoist Ning, if you help me in this matter, this old man is willing to gift you my Fire Cloud Sect!”

At this moment, Ning Fan’s heart was trembling fiercely!

He wasn’t shaken by Jing Zhuo’s handsome reward or desire to form an alliance or intention of exterminating Extreme Yin Gate, but Jing Zhuo’s words.

Not for eternal life or colonizing the world... Willing to sacrifice anything for her...

This was an obsession that shook even Ning Fan’s heart. Ning Fan thought that his stubbornness to not abandon his sentiments was already persistent enough. However, it was too insignificant compared to Jing Zhuo’s.

He slightly closed his eyes and remained silent.

Jing Zhuo didn’t seem like lying. No, it should be said that this man didn’t know how to lie. Although words could be used to deceive, but the Dao-heart couldn’t. Jing Zhuo’s relentless determination, unstoppable frenzy and his passion for Yun Hua moved Ning Fan.

If Extreme Yin Gate really had conspired with Heavenly Dao Sect to attack Ning City, Ning Fan would have to rely on his sole strength to fight these two huge sects. The forces of Extreme Yin Gate were immeasurable and Heavenly Dao Sect was more or less as powerful as Extreme Yin Gate.

Therefore, allying himself with Fire Cloud Sect would certainly be a wise choice. With Fire Cloud Sect diverting the attention of Extreme Yin Gate’s forces, it wouldn’t be difficult for him to exterminate Heavenly Dao Sect!

Additionally, after eradicating Extreme Yin Gate, the entire Fire Cloud Sect would be given to him as a reward.

However, this long-established sect wouldn't have much of a use to him and it would be impossible for him to plant a Mental Seal in everyone's mind. Even if it was possible, there were still things he couldn't control just by simply planting a Mental Seal.

Instead of obtaining the Fire Cloud Sect, he could put forward other conditions such as the unique Corpse Refinement Technique which he was extremely interested in, large amount of spiritual herbs and ancient cultivation records that he needed.

At least, for now, he could get 200 000 Immortal Jades. He believed that if he asked Jing Zhuo for it, the old man would immediately hand over the Immortal Jades he had earned to him from the gamble.

Of course, Ning Fan was still keeping a watchful eye on Jing Zhuo.

Perhaps, Jing Zhuo would want to form an alliance before destroying the Extreme Yin Gate. When the Extreme Yin Gate was wiped off the map, Ning Fan would have suffered some kind of injuries causing a dramatic decrease in his strength. By that time, whether Jing Zhuo would change his mind or not, Ning Fan didn't know.

In any case, it was still a right move to form an alliance to deal with Extreme Yin Gate.

“If Extreme Yin Gate really has the intention of annihilating Ning City, I would be pleased to form an alliance with fellow Daoist Jing Zhuo, but I wonder if fellow Daoist has plans of dealing with Extreme Yin Gate?”

“Yes! First of all, this old man needs a Nascent Formation Pill to break through to the Nascent Soul realm! It's just that I don't know if Revered Ning has the certainty to concoct one Nascent

Formation Pill in a month's time!"

...

Chapter 111(2) - Not for Eternal Life or Colonizing the World! (2)

“Nascent Formation Pill?” Ning Fan seemed somewhat surprised.

“That’s right. The sect master of Heavenly Dao Sect has already went into seclusion and will only come out three months later. So these two sects will most probably launch their attack three months later.”

“Three months... in that case, I would have to make some fine preparations.”

Ning Fan muttered to himself. He didn’t inquire how Jing Zhuo got the news.

It wasn’t hard to guess. Jing Zhuo must have a spy amongst the elders of Extreme Yin Gate. Since he had been nursing the grudge to kill Purple Yin, it wouldn’t be a surprise if he had a spy in the Extreme Yin Gate for several hundred years!

“I can concoct a Nascent Formation Pill in half a month’s time, but I don’t think you can refine the power of the pill and breakthrough to the Nascent Soul realm in two month’s time.”

“You’re right. In order to ‘fully’ break through to the Nascent Soul realm, this old man will need at least a hundred years in seclusion, but what if my magical strength reached Nascent Soul realm while temporarily suppressing my cultivation base? In order to have the power to exterminate Extreme Yin Gate, I wouldn’t mind going to the Endless Sea to break through to the Nascent Soul realm...”

“So that’s how it is... in that case, you don’t have to worry about the Nascent Formation Pill. However, when fellow Daoist Jing Zhuo heads into the Endless Sea, remember to bring Ning Fan along, as Ning Fan is still unfamiliar with that place...”

“You want to go too?” Jing Zhuo seemed astonished.

“My purpose is to go to the Lost World Palace... It seems like we have the same goal in mind.” Ning Fan smiled slightly.

“*Hiss!* Fellow Daoist Ning does have quick access to information. No doubt, there’s actually a Lost World Palace in the Endless Sea, which is also where this old man wanted to go. If fellow Daoist Ning is willing to come with me, then I won’t refuse it.”

Jing Zhuo laughed pleasingly. As he had something to request from Ning Fan, he naturally wouldn’t choose to dissatisfy Ning Fan at this moment.

A glimmer of praise was seen in Ning Fan’s eyes as he gazed at Jing Zhuo. He had to admit that Jing Zhuo was a very versatile and accommodating person.

The method of consuming the Nascent Formation Pill first to boost one’s magical strength to the Nascent Soul realm, then suppressing one’s cultivation base was beyond any ordinary expert’s imagination, because it was extremely difficult, however, the fact that Jing Zhuo dared to think in such a way indicated Jing Zhuo’s confidence.

Even if Jing Zhuo’s cultivation base was the only one to reach the Nascent Soul realm and his Rank didn’t broke through, he would already have an enormous advantage while confronting the Old Monster Purple Yin.

“As such, I would like to congratulate fellow Daoist on breaking through to the Nascent Soul realm in advance.” Ning Fan said with a smile.

“Hehe, this old man will never forget fellow Daoist Ning’s kindness for making this possible. In fact, this old man still has some tricks to annihilate Purple Yin. I hope fellow Daoist Ning will adopt it.” There was extreme politeness in Jing Zhuo’s eyes. He might have some doubts about Ning Fan before this, but now, he was absolutely certain about Ning Fan.

“Tell me more about it... but before that, Ning Fan wants to ask for something from fellow Daoist Jing Zhuo.”

“If fellow Daoist needs something, just take it as you please!”

“Ning Fan needs Immortal Jades, the more the better. Ning Fan is also highly interested in the Corpse Refinement Technique that you used on your wife. As for the spiritual herbs, if fellow Daoist Jing Zhuo can help prepare sufficient spiritual herbs, Ning Fan will gladly concoct another two pills for fellow Daoist.”

Ning Fan waved his hand to take out a jade slip, imprinted the two pill recipes with his spirit sense and sent it over to Jing Zhuo.

Hearing Ning Fan's demand for Immortal Jades and the method of Corpse Refinement Technique, Jing Zhuo didn't seem annoyed. For the Immortal Jades, he would naturally give them to Ning Fan. The Corpse Refinement Technique was a skill he obtained in the Endless Sea by chance. Although it was something that he treasured greatly, it wasn't something that he couldn't pass on to someone.

It was considered normal that Ning Fan would demand something, Jing Zhuo would start to doubt Ning Fan's sincerity if this young expert agreed to help him without any reward.

He took Ning Fan's pill recipe, scanned it through with his spirit sense and found out that every ingredient was a precious herb and the minimum age of the herbs must be at least two thousand years.

Ning Fan's demand was akin to a lion opening its huge maw. Jing Zhuo's face twitched but his smile remained. Despite being stabbed by Ning Fan in such a way, he couldn't say anything about it.

However, as he continued to read, his facial expression changed, from surprise to delight. Eventually, he looked at Ning Fan gratefully.

One of the pill recipes was the Nascent Fortification Pill. The effect of this pill could increase the success rate of Nascent

Formation. Although it wasn't as impactful as the Nascent Formation Pill, its success rate could be superimposed onto the Nascent Formation Pill.

However, the second pill recipe was the one that surprised Jing Zhuo the most. It was the Corpse Life Pill!

This pill fell into the category of the Fourth Revolution, even though it didn't have a righteous effect – increasing the lifespan of the Corpse Refinement. However, lifespan wasn't the accurate way of describing it because a Corpse Refinement wasn't a living thing. Rather than saying 'lifespan', 'durability of the magical treasure' was more appropriate in this context.

A Corpse Refinement was like a magical treasure. It would go bad and the flesh in the corpse would decay one day.

So this Fourth Revolution Pill—Corpse Life Pill—was precisely the pill that would increase the years of the Corpse Refinement!

The Nascent Fortification Pill was for Jing Zhuo while the Corpse Life Pill was for Yun Hua!

Yun Hua had already lived for several hundred years now. Her soul energy had reduced significantly and the vitality in her flesh was near exhaustion. What made Jing Zhuo agonized was: firstly, he couldn't bring Yun Hua back to life; secondly, he couldn't prolong the life of Yun Hua's Corpse Refinement.

As such, the Corpse Life Pill was even more precious than the Nascent Fortification Pill, and even his life!

He allied himself with Ning Fan just to have his revenge. But now, in order to prevent Yun Hua from dying, he, Jing Zhuo, was willing to put away everything and become Ning Fan's dog.

“If fellow Daoist Ning can save Yun Hua, I, Jing Zhuo, will be willing to abandon everything in my life and become fellow Daoist's slave!”

“There's no need to be so polite, fellow Daoist Jing Zhuo... If you

can prepare all these spiritual herbs, it will just be a small effort for me to concoct these pills.”

“Don’t worry, fellow Daoist Ning! Jing Zhuo will get all of the ingredients by hook or crook!”

Apparently, there were some spiritual herbs in the list that didn’t have the effect on the Nascent Soul formation or prolonging life. Although Jing Zhuo wasn’t a master in concoction, he was able to discern that Ning Fan was taking advantage of the pill recipes to get the spiritual herbs Ning Fan needed.

However, Jing Zhuo wouldn’t unveil it and he didn’t mind it, nothing was more important than Yun Hua.

“I guess we’ll continue with how we are going to exterminate Extreme Yin Gate...” Ning Fan smiled slightly. Certainly, Jing Zhuo had given him a favorable impression.

...

A day later, Ning Fan and Jing Zhuo made the Heart Devil’s Pledge.

And this was when the plan of destroying the Extreme Yin Gate was born!

...

Chapter 112(1) - The Void Force, Entering Deep into the Grave (1)

The door of the concoction room opened. Ning Fan sent Lady Yun Hua away with a smile.

He only said a sentence when he saw the questioning eyes of Zhi He and Lan Mei.

“Lady Yun Hua and I are clean...”

“Only ghosts will believe you!” Zhi He spoke. Her words expressed the doubts of everyone. Even Xue Qing didn’t believe Ning Fan.

While Ning Fan’s name was getting more and more popular, he was also gaining notoriety for his deeds.

Revered Ning was a Double Spirit Cultivator. On top of all of this, he also cultivated Dual Cultivation Technique, which meant that he was a lustful demon.

No doubt, the title of ‘The number one expert below the Gold Core realm’ had turned obsolete. Now, he was called ‘The number one expert below Nascent Soul realm’. Therefore, he had gotten the name ‘Lustful Demon’.

The first reason about Ning Fan’s rapid advancement that came to the old experts’ mind was that Ning Fan was an elder of Dual Cultivation Palace – gaining his advancement by plucking the girls to dual cultivate. In other words, Ning Fan was a beast!

Over two hundred delicately pretty girls were all ruined by him...

Of course, those old monsters wouldn’t speak these kinds of words right in front of Ning Fan.

Every other disciple in Sinister Sparrow Sect also admitted that all the females in Dual Cultivation Palace had become Revered Ning’s meat. As a result, Bai Lu’s wish had finally been realized

even if it was in an unconventional way.

Under the cover of Ning Fan's devil name, none of the devil cultivators dared to make any advances to the female disciples of Dual Cultivation Palace anymore!

There wasn't another word. Ning Fan would never explain himself about these rumors. Speaking of notoriety, he would rather focus on the benefits. He was a layman. If he only seek for fame, he wouldn't be able to live in this blood filled cultivation world.

"Xue Qing, I will be away from Sinister Sparrow Sect for three months to pay a visit to Ning City. But before that, I would like to go to Dark Sparrow's Grave. Lead the way..." Ning Fan's tone was flat.

"Mast... Revered Ning is going back to Ning City... With your status as one of the Four Revered Devils, you can certainly leave the sect any time with no trouble. However, going to Dark Sparrow's Grave will require the permission of the sect master... because that place is even more dangerous than Demon Sinister Forest."

Xue Qing glanced at the girls and sighed lightly. He almost called Ning Fan 'master', which Ning Fan had forbade him in using this address in public.

"Is that so... Speaking of this, it's very strange that Sinister Sparrow Sect had so many forbidden places given the overall strength of the sect."

Ning Fan sighed. Whether it was Demon Sinister Forest or the Dark Sparrow's Grave that he had never seen before, it consisted of monsters that were beyond Void Fragmentation level. It seemed like these places were the doings of the Sinister Sparrow High Realm Old Ancestor, Que Shenzi.

Que Shenzi must be an extraordinary figure across the Four

Heavens Immortal World. Which was why he could seal these places in Sinister Sparrow Sect.

Perhaps there were some kind of secrets in Dark Sparrow's Grave... It wouldn't be hard for Ning Fan to get the permission of Gui Qiaozi given their relationship. Ning Fan might even be able to obtain a map of Dark Sparrow's Grave from the Sect Master, which would certainly be a good thing for him. If it wasn't for the map, he would've already died several times in Demon Sinister Forest.

"Alright, let's go and meet Sect Master."

"You-you want to go see dad?" Lan Mei's face blushed as though she had thought of something else.

Was Ning Fan going to her dad to ask for his permission to marry his daughter? He had already touched her... if he didn't, she would bite him to death!

Ning Fan surely wouldn't understand girls' complicated mind.

...

Dark Sparrow's Grave was located 300,000 meters below Dark Sparrow's Valley. The place has a total of nine stories. The Yin force inside was nourishing. It could at least double the speed of one's devil cultivation. The deeper one went, the faster the speed of cultivation... but due to the Yin force being too strong, even Gui Qiaozi could only reach the third floor and couldn't stay in there for more than three days.

Under Lan Mei's pleadings, not only was Ning Fan allowed to enter Dark Sparrow's Grave, even the outsiders—Zhi He and Sisi—were also permitted to enter the first floor. In addition, Ning Fan had obtained an olden map that had been treasured by Gui Qiaozi for many years. Naturally, it was also because of Lan Mei's effort.

However, after they departed the Long Inclination Palace, Lan Mei seemed sulky, as if she was nursing an anger. Ning Fan was clueless about what she was angry about.

Under the lead of Gui Qiaozi, he brought the five of them—Ning Fan, Zhi He, Sisi, Lan Mei and Xue Qing—to Earth Yuan Palace.

Earth Yuan Palace was never opened to anyone below Elder Rank. The guardian of the palace was one of the Four Revered Devils, Revered Yan Bai!

This palace didn't accept any disciples and had no other use except for one – to send experts to Dark Sparrow's Grave by borrowing the strength of Earth Yuan in the Earth Escape Teleportation Formation

This was a formation deployed by the Old Ancestor Que Shenzi. This teleportation formation was a Void Level Grand Formation that involved Void Force. Any Formation Master below Void Fragmentation Realm wouldn't be able to deploy such formation!

Plus, it could still go a hundred thousand meters underground. Even if a Gold Core expert was equipped with one of the Five Elemental Escaping Techniques—the Earth Escape Technique—he wouldn't be able to go a hundred thousand meters below. Due to the enormous amount of pressure, the body of a Gold Core cultivator would surely explode and perish.

“Yan Bai meet Sect Master!”

In the Earth Yuan Palace, an elder in black clothes and black sword cupped his fists at Gui Qiaozi. He had a cultivation of a late Gold Core realm. There was a vague sword intent hidden inside of him.

“Revered Yan is being overly polite... These people want to enter Dark Sparrow's Grave. Activate the Teleportation Formation and send them underground.” Gui Qiaozi smiled lightly, then pointed to the people behind him.

“Sect Master. How can you let outsiders and some juniors into...?”

Yan Bai's gaze swept across Lan Mei, Zhi He and Si Wuxie with

discontent.

Xue Qing wasn't much of a trouble since he was an elder in the sect. Although Lan Mei was the daughter of Gui Qiaozi, her identity didn't make her eligible to enter Dark Sparrow's Grave. As for Zhi He and Si Wuxie, both of these girls weren't even members of Sinister Sparrow Sect, how could they even be allowed to enter...

However, when Yan Bai's gaze fell upon the last person, Ning Fan, his expression turned grim.

...

Chapter 112(2) - The Void Force, Entering Deep into the Grave (2)

“Revered Ning, it’s your decision to bring these girls into the Dark Sparrow’s Grave!”

Yan Bai’s tone wasn’t friendly. The fact that Ning Fan could defeat Revered Bai made him take Ning Fan seriously, he still wasn’t scared of this young Revered Devil as he was sure that he was stronger than Revered Bai and also wouldn’t have problems defeating him. So, there was no way he would lose to this young Revered Devil in a battle like Revered Bai did.

Furthermore, because of his grudges with the Old Monster, he didn’t have any pleasant feelings about Ning Fan.

“That’s correct.” Ning Fan’s tone was flat. It wasn’t necessary for him to deny it.

“All right... For Revered Ning’s Sake, I will allow them to go in Dark Sparrow’s Grave... but, I will only activate the Formation Protection for you and Xue Qing... As for these three girls, you will have to find a way for them to resist the pressure of the formation.” Yan Bai spoke with partially shut eyes.

Ning Fan’s face turned sullen all of a sudden.

The Teleportation Formation was a Void Level Grand Formation. It used the Void Force to send the cultivator across dimension to another location. During the teleportation, if the cultivator’s physique wasn’t strong enough, he would be shred to pieces by the force. Of course, if a protection layer was activated during the teleportation, it could protect the cultivator from being destroyed by the Void Force.

The Void Force... Ning Fan had to admit that even with his Silver Bone Physique, his body wouldn’t be able to defend against it.

The Silver Bone Body Refining Realm might resist Nascent Soul

experts, but before reaching the Silver Bone Refining Realm, there were nine levels in Silver Light Body Refining Realm. The first level of Silver Light could fight Level Ten Vein Opening opponent. From second to fifth level, it could fight with early, intermediate, late and peak Harmonious Spirit experts, respectively.

Currently, Ning Fan's Body Refining Realm was already at the sixth level of Silver Light Realm and was about to break through to the seventh level soon. So, his physical strength was only equivalent to an intermediate Gold Core's combat strength, which was far from enough to resist the Voice Force.

Apparently, Yan Bai did this on purpose. The fact that he didn't even put Lan Mei in his eyes indicated that he wouldn't even give Gui Qiaozi face. So why would he give face to Ning Fan?

If Yan Bai refused to activate the formation protection to the girls, Ning Fan and Xue Qing would be the only one who could enter Dark Sparrow's Grave.

At this moment, Xue Qing's look turned unpleasant and Gui Qiaozi immediately showed a bitter smile and spoke.

"Revered Ning must not blame Revered Black... As the Earth Yuan Palace is managed by him, naturally everything here will be up to him to decide. In my opinion, Mei Er and the other girls should stay here..."

"..."

Ning Fan was gazing at the nearby Teleportation Formation, unable to make up his mind.

This was a Void Level Grand Formation. It couldn't be moved even by using the Mountains and Rivers Reversing Movement. It borrowed the strength of Void Force. This was a formation Ning Fan couldn't deploy as it couldn't be manipulated with the use of Immortal Jades. With the gloomy Void Force and spirit sense, a mystically profound 300-meter-radius formation diagram

flickering with black light was drawn.

Not even a bit of Immortal Jades were needed in the deployment... Gui Shenzi's Formation Dao cultivation must be greater than Ning Fan.

He couldn't deploy this on his own, otherwise, he would have already deployed a similar formation and brought the girls with him.

Within the grand formation was a vague trace of Void Force. Ning Fan could feel a strong sense of danger with every trace of it.

Without the formation's protection, one would surely be ripped apart by the Void Force...

"In that case, I have no choice but to put the girls in my Cauldron Ring before going into the grave."

Ning Fan frowned. Although he is starting to develop a grudge against Yan Bai, it hadn't reached the point where he had to kill him.

However, in the midst of the tension, his expression relaxed after he sensed a strange phenomenon!

He had no idea why the traces of Void Force in the Teleportation Formation were resonating with the Eastern Ocean Bell in his storage pouch!

The bell gently rang in his heart, and the traces of Void Force retreated with indistinct fear.

No one knew anything about this except Ning Fan.

After sighing slightly, he moved a step forward, and immediately, the traces of Void Force that was on the edge of the formation moved three feet away.

"The Voice Force is scared of the Eastern Ocean Bell!"

On an impulse, he leaped into the Teleportation Formation 'naked' – without the formation protection. He was confronting

the Void Force head-on.

This act of his shocked Gui Qiaozi and the others. Even Yan Bai couldn't help but gape at the scene.

“Fan Er, come back here immediately! Or else, you will be shredded into pieces by the Void Force!”

But as soon as Gui Qiaozi's words faded, he froze and stopped saying another word.

He was astonished to find that those black lines of raging Void Force within the formation didn't dare get close to Ning Fan by an inch.

After feeling certain about it, Ning Fan smiled faintly in the formation and looked at Yan Bai. “It seems like my notoriety even aroused the hate of the Void Force. It's unwilling to stay close to me. In that case, I won't be requiring the formation's protection at all. Alright. All of you, come join me. With my presence as a villain, this Void Force won't be ripping anyone apart.”

Yan Bai didn't notice the hint of sarcasm within Ning Fan's words, but those words still made him unsettled.

“Impossible... this is Void Force! Even an ordinary Void Refinement old monster won't be able to resist this with his own flesh... could it be that it's God's Will to allow Ning Fan to bring outsiders into Dark Sparrow's Grave?!”

Apart from the Will of God, Yan Bai couldn't find another reason to explain why a mere Harmonious Spirit expert could ignore such a horrific force.

“This kid can't be offended... Whether he could be defeated or not isn't the issue here...”

Yan Bai's eyes were full of struggle. After a long time, his face managed to squeeze an ugly smile, the first time that he had ever smiled to someone.

“*cough* *cough* *cough*... Revered Ning, this old man is apologizing for my misbehavior... This old man will now activate the formation protection to all of you. Here’s a pouch of pills that are required in Dark Sparrow’s Grave, treat this as a gift from this old man... I hope that Revered Ning will forgive this old man...”

Yan Bai had a temper that was as hard as stone, but unexpectedly, he had just apologized to a junior.

Gui Qiaozi revealed a strange look. Across the entire Yue Country, no one has ever managed to make Yan Bai lower his head.

However, Gui Qiaozi didn’t know that Yan Bai wasn’t actually lowering his head to Ning Fan, but to the Will of God... No matter how stubborn and cold his character was, he could never go against Heaven’s Will!

“Revered Black, Yan Bai... in this case, all the grudges before ends here. However, I hope that there won’t be a second time...”

Ning Fan swept across the storage pouch using his spirit sense. None of the pills inside was below Second Revolution. There were even a few bottles of Third Revolution Pills that were Body Protection Pills used to prevent evil force from corroding the body.

All of these pills are worth tens of thousands of Immortal Jades. Using this as a gift showed sufficient sincerity. As for Gui Qiaozi, Ning Fan knew that the sect master was in a dilemma earlier and decided that he couldn’t afford to go to war against Revered Black.

Since Revered Black had already apologized, their score was settled!

“Come, let’s go to Dark Sparrow’s Grave.”

Ning Fan showed an indifferent smile to the girls and the petrified Xue Qing.

...

Chapter 113(1) - My Rain Treasure (1)

The few of them disappeared in a flash within the Void Force, and reappeared 300 000 meters below the ground.

It was the Dark Sparrow's Grave, the underground world!

The first thing they saw was darkness. Desolation could be felt from all directions. The dull sky was drizzling. The place was stuffy. Every 3000 meters, there stood an ancient black tower carved with mystified Dao Marks, emitting a faint fiery light that illuminated the underground world.

Ning Fan instantly felt a sense of coldness as soon as he walked out of the formation light. He didn't feel the coldness from his body but from his heart.

The strange thing however was that the magical power inside his Yin Yang Evil Vein began to flow two times faster.

This indicated that the speed of Evil Cultivation here would be at least twice as fast compared to the outside world!

"This cold Qi is somewhat profound..."

Ning Fan shivered slightly, but with a sweep of his spirit sense, the coldness in his heart was gone. But for the others, it wasn't as relaxing.

Despite being an early Gold Core expert, Xue Qing couldn't help but shiver under the coldness. Little Zhi He and Lan Mei who were merely Harmonious Spirit experts felt like freezing in this chilly place.

"Brother Fan, I'm very cold..."

Zhi He murmured. It wasn't because she couldn't stand the coldness at all, but she just liked to act coquettishly.

"Silly girl... According to the Sect Master, the coldness in the second level will be doubled and in the third level, the coldness

will be two times stronger than the previous level... So you all shouldn't go any further. It's better for the two of you to stay here and cultivate. I will leave the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron and this fire here to keep you all warm. And take these pills... Xue Qing and I will have a look in the third level..."

Ning Fan patted Zhi He's vulnerable head gently, and then patted his storage pouch and took out the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron. He hesitated for a moment, then took out several fires of high quality and threw them into the cauldron. He left all the pills given by Yan Bai to Zhi He and the other girls.

All these fires were above Second Grade. Some were even Third Grade Spirit Fire. They were all given by Old Ancestor Jing Zhuo.

For Ning Fan, these spirit fires were dispensable, however, it was just the right fire to keep the girls warm.

He didn't release the Black Demon Flame. Firstly, it was because the Black Demon Flame was too violent. If Ning Fan wasn't with them, the Earth Vein Demonic Flame would lose its control and go violent. Secondly, he had already decided to devour the Black Demon Flame entirely!

By incorporating the Black Demon Secret Art in devouring the Black Demon Flame, Ning Fan wouldn't have a problem reaching the half-step Gold Core realm! And the power of his Fire Elemental Magical Art would become even more terrifying!

This extremely gloomy and cold place had met one of the three conditions to devour the Black Demon Flame. Furthermore, the requirement on his cultivation method had also been fulfilled and he had already prepared sufficient amount of Heart Curing Pill. Therefore, he had decided to venture into the Third Level for two reasons. One was to have a look on the Pill Devil that Xue Qing mentioned. Second was he naturally had to devour the Black Demon Flame!

In the drizzle, Ning Fan and Xue Qing trod in the mud and their

silhouettes were gradually fading away as they walked. The spiritual fires in the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron were reflected in Zhi He and Lan Mei's eyes, turning into a trace of warmth. As for Si Wuxie, she was staring at the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron and felt somewhat familiar...

“Where have I seen this cauldron before...?”

...

There was no ghost in the First Level of the grave and the coldness here was unable to cause any harm to Ning Fan. The drizzle in the area didn't seem to be stopping. As he walked, he gradually discovered a trace of intent within the surrounding.

There was a very indistinct and faint... Void God Intent...

Feeling this trace of Void God Intent, he quickly withdrew his magical power, allowing the rain water to drench his robe.

“Master, there will be rain from the First to the Ninth Level. It's extremely cold and will seep into one's body... so the best way to protect oneself is by using magical power...” Xue Qing said respectfully.

“It doesn't matter...although this rain is cold, such coldness has great benefits...”

Ning Fan closed his eyes while walking in the rain. His urge to get to the Third Level was slowly being washed away by the rain water.

This rain could awaken the memories from the bottom of one's heart. This was the Divine Intent of a cultivator who was above the Spirit Severing realm!

Scenes of the past were emerging before his eyes and his mental state was improving at an indescribable rate. This rain could nourish one's heart...

His facial expression remained unchanged, but a hint of shock

was stirred in his heart.

He couldn't believe that the Old Ancestor of Sinister Sparrow Sect actually had such a high cultivation. No one could tell exactly how many thousands of years this Rain of Divine Intent had existed, and it had yet to disappear. Additionally, it could nourish people's heart.

In the dense sound of rain, Ning Fan's heart was as calm as water, and then, it seemed to condense into an old voice, ringing in his ears.

"Rain is given birth by the sky and dies in the earth. Its life lies within the period it fell from the sky down to the earth..."

This line of words contained disappointment that was hidden within the Void God Intent inside the rainwater. Ning Fan was able to hear it with his calm mental state.

Well said!

He stopped in his tracks all of a sudden, lifted his head and stared at the rain! As he was observing the drizzling rain, he seemed as if he was absorbed in his thought. A moment later, he revealed an inexplicable smile and trotted into the rain curtain.

"Xue Qing, let's go to the Second Level. Look out for the rain!"

"Yes!"

...

Chapter 113(2) - My Rain Treasure (2)

No edges or boundaries could be seen in the First Level, but there was a deep, dark pit of 3000 meters wide somewhere in the area. That was precisely the entrance to the Second Level.

Both of them leaped into the huge pit. It was only a moment of zero gravity before they felt some kind of mysterious force – the force of the forbidden space.

Two people fell downwards, like meteor showers. Below was a 3000 meter wide rain pond. The rain pond was profound. Despite of the powerful falling force, it vanished without a trace when it was blocked by the rain Qi of the pond.

When the forbidden force vanished, Ning Fan and Xue Qing made a few steps in the air, flying out of the rain pond and landed on the nearby shore.

Likewise, it was drizzling in this level. In the darkness of the surroundings, there was a glowing blood-red eyes of a beast.

“The Second Level of the grave. There are some Harmonious Spirit monsters here, which made it not suitable for cultivation. Master, let’s head over to the Third Level quickly. Don’t get entangled with these monsters.”

Xue Qing looked at those glowing eyes in the darkness intently. There might be more than a few hundred of them, and each of them had at the Harmonious Spirit realm.

If a few hundred Harmonious Spirit monsters struck at the same time, not even Xue Qing could defend himself against such a massive attack. The only thing he could do was to immediately flee from the scene.

However, when he observed the monsters closely, he could see a trace of fear from within their eyes.

“Don’t be afraid. They won’t dare approach us... This rain pond

is interesting... The rain in the underground grave originated from this rain pond... This place has a very rich Void God Intent!”

Ning Fan’s gaze fell on the thousands of meters wide rain pond. Not only had the Qi of rain risen from the pond, but also the Qi of clouds. Immortal Clouds with extremely high spiritual Qi was forming one after another.

His eyes then swept the Immortal Clouds. All of these clouds were formed naturally. Every cloud was engraved with two wavy cloud marks. Given the quality of the clouds, each of them was good enough to be refined into a Natal Immortal Cloud. However, every cloud seemed illusory and dissipated moments after it was formed.

All of a sudden, Ning Fan’s eyes widened a little!

Of all the illusory Immortal Clouds, there was one cloud that had yet to disperse!

This cloud seemed to have existed for countless years. As to why it hadn’t dissipated yet, Ning Fan had no idea. Additionally, he discovered that the reason the clouds dissipated right after they were formed was because their Qi of cloud was seized away by this independent cloud to feed its cloud marks.

“Four Marks Immortal Cloud... and it has a very high quality. Bai Feiteng’s cloud was nothing compared to this... if I can obtain this cloud...”

Ning Fan was slightly shaken by the thought. The cultivation of Escaping Technique didn’t just take one or two days, but with this Immortal Cloud... if he could acquire this cloud and make it into his Natal Immortal Cloud, almost no experts below Nascent Soul realm would be able to catch up with his speed!

He moved a step forward into the void above the rain pond, heading towards the Immortal Cloud that was far away. However, just as he made the first step, he suddenly thought of something

and retreated.

Something wasn't right. The cloud couldn't seize the Qi of cloud by itself. Could it be that something was helping the cloud seize away the other clouds' Qi? What exactly was hiding above the rain pond?

Ning Fan's spirit sense entered into the rain pond stealthily, and in an instant, his spirit sense was frozen by a trace of extremely cold force! He caught a glimpse of a giant beast in the rain pond.

His eyes revealed a hint of shock. Despite having sword sense as his spirit sense, his spirit sense was still frozen. What kind of monster would have had such a cold force could be hiding inside the rain pond?

Could that beast be... a Nascent Soul demonic beast?!

This cloud could never be seized... although it was a precious treasure, it was only worth it if one had the life to enjoy it.

He withdrew his blazing eyes and turned to Xue Qing. "Let's go to the Third Level..."

"We can't anymore..." Xue Qing responded with a bitter smile.

Those creatures that had been hiding in the dark walked forth, revealing their full appearance. There were hundreds of them. They were all at the Harmonious Spirit realm. Each of them looked monstrous and exuded an eerie demonic Qi. Their eyes were blood-red. Their bodies were covered with white skin and they had a long tail with a hook on its tip that looked like a frozen whip at the end of their body.

"Rain Beast?"

Ning Fan was slightly astonished. Such demonic beasts had only appeared during ancient times. He never thought that he would see this species of beasts here.

However, no matter how many Rain Beasts there were, he didn't

fear them. His sword sense excelled in killing massively. As long as there were no intermediate Gold Core demonic beasts in the group, it wouldn't matter how huge the army was.

For a moment, a cold light glowed in Ning Fan's eyes. As he was about to cast the sword sense, an unusual change occurred!

A vague and ethereal spirit sense came down from the rain cloud. When the Rain Beasts sensed the spirit sense, the redness in their eyes faded. They let out a few gentle howls as if to show affection to someone, before they dispersed.

This spirit sense has already reached the intermediate Nascent Soul realm. Xue Qing couldn't sense it but Ning Fan could detect a trace of it.

Ning Fan's grim eyes fixed at the rain pond, feeling more assured that something powerful was hiding in the pond.

That was strange... however, Ning Fan wasn't foolish enough to look into it. Curiosity was the most intolerable thing in the Cultivation World!

"They are gone?! Master, what have you done?!"

Xue Qing was baffled. Those Rain Beasts were about to attack them, but under Ning Fan's cold gaze, all of them fled the scene. Naturally, he would give the credit to Ning Fan. Also, this made him respect Ning Fan even more.

"I have done nothing... let's go to the Third Level. This place isn't good for staying."

The dread in Ning Fan's gaze was unnoticeable. He darted a glance at the rain pond and then rushed towards the Third Level of the grave.

After they left, a dissatisfied voice of a girl rang in the rain pond.

"That old bastard. Hadn't I frightened him off last time? Why did he come again this time? And that human... what magical art did

he intend to use? Why did I feel that he wanted to kill all my ‘Rain Treasure’ just now...? Humph! And he was leering at my Rain Sister as though he was harboring some nasty intentions... They are heading to the Third Level, should I go there as well, and scare them a little...? Heehee...”

The girl grinned maliciously. A ray of eerie blue icy light shot out from the rain pond and vanished into the darkness.

...

Chapter 114(1) - Que Shenzi Road to Enlightenment (1)

It was drizzling in the Second Level of the grave. For some reason, the Rain Beasts that hid in the darkness didn't attack the two of them.

Xue Qing couldn't find an explanation for this, but he knew that this must be due to Ning Fan.

“Master isn't just a Fourth Revolution Pill Master, but can also defeat Revered Bai and scare the Rain Beasts away. Although he's just a teenager yet he's more than qualified to be my master.”

Indistinct changes started to occur in Xue Qing's mindset. Before, he only volunteered to become Ning Fan's disciple so that he could steal some concoction techniques from this young teenager. But today, with full sincerity, he was willing to become Ning Fan's underling. He decided to focus all of his attention in cultivation. Not only would he practice the techniques of concoction, but also his magical power and cultivate his mental state.

Xue Qing saw some unusual expression in Ning Fan's eyes as he looked at the rain pond. He guessed that something in the pond must have drawn Ning Fan's attention. He also guessed that that 'something' must be some great treasure as it could even attract the eyes of the person who didn't even put the Myriad Soul Streamer in his eyes.

In spite of that, Ning Fan still decided to leave. This undoubtedly showed that there was an existence in the pond that made Ning Fan uneasy.

To be able to forgo the precious treasure indifferently... Xue Qing had to admit that he didn't have such mental state.

There was a floating cloud staircase lit by a dozen of black towers, extending downward, leading to the dark underground.

In front of the huge pit, Ning Fan stopped in his tracks and closed his eyes to feel the rain that splashed on his body.

At this time, Xue Qing imitated Ning Fan by also closing his eyes and feeling the rain. To his surprise, he discovered that there was a unique intent within the rain. It could nourish one's heart and improve one's mental state.

Unfortunately, given Xue Qing's eyesight, he wasn't able to see past what it was no matter how hard he tried.

However, compared to other Sinister Sparrow Sect's elders that had entered the Dark Sparrow's Grave, Xue Qing was a lucky one, besides Ning Fan, he was afraid that he was the first to realize that the rain could improve one's mental state.

All the things happening around wasn't captured by Ning Fan. His mind was immersed within the drizzling rain as he was trying to discover the enlightenment left by Que Shenzi in the Second Level.

Gradually, the whole scene turned silent and the sound of rain disappeared... At this moment, a scene emerged in Ning Fan's mind through the rain.

A black-clad elder with an indistinct face, holding an umbrella, passed by.

"The Heaven is divided into four and the Earth is divided into nine, in between them is the Rain Immortal World that has unceasing rain. Rain is born from the Heaven and dies in the Earth... The rain dies not because of the death of the body but of the heart. The body will then turn into cloud Qi, returning to the sky. However, the heart had already shattered as it fell into the soil... Can this shattered raindrop still be itself again when it's condensed? A rain consists of trillions of raindrops. Although every raindrop's physical appearance seems the same, every one of them is different in nature and has unique Dao End. It will turn into a Dao Enlightenment after Slashing away trillions of

raindrops... From now on, this place will become Sinister Sparrow Sect...”

The scene disappeared all of a sudden... Ning Fan slowly opened his eyes that was now filled with a trace of confusion and blackness.

Although the words of the elder about the First Level was profound, it couldn't stir Ning Fan's heart.

For the Second Level, the elder was enlightened once more, but sadness could be felt in his tone as he integrated his emotions into the rain.

Why would Que Shenzi appear in Rain Immortal World...? Could it be when he was lamenting for the rain, the rain was sent to the sky below and he was knocked down into the Mortal World...?

Que Shenzi had once gotten enlightenment of the Divine Intent of Rain from this land!

And it was highly possible that the enlightenment in this rain had rekindled Que Shenzi's aspiration to work his way back to the Four Heavens Immortal World!

Given Ning Fan's wisdom, he was able to infer all these details with ease, and it was relatively the same as the truth.

His eyes were gazing at the raindrops in the sky in contemplation, he began to understand why Que Shenzi said that there were distinctions within the trillions of raindrops.

There was only one type of Divine Intent of Rain, but after dividing it, it could become countless, it required not only the Heaven and Earth Dao, but also the Dao of oneself to give birth to Divine Intent.

Even though all the rain was the same, the cultivators' experience and enlightenment differed, which was why every Divine Intent of Rain was unique!

The enlightenment in the First Level didn't have an impact on Ning Fan, because it lacked the encounters of Que Shenzi.

As for the Second Level, Ning Fan was slightly affected by it as he could already sense the sorrow and resentment of Que Shenzi.

The most precious thing in Dark Sparrow's Grave wasn't the Pill Devil, the Profound Yin Qi and the coldness that could boost one's cultivation speed nor the Immortal Bone of Dark Sparrow in the ninth level.

To Ning Fan, the most precious thing was the remnant of Dao Enlightenment in this rain!

"The third level... What has enlightened Que Shenzi in the third level...?"

Ning Fan's eyes glittered. He stepped into a huge pit leading to the Immortal Clouds of the third level.

Vaguely, he felt that there would be an unexpected gain in this visit.

"If I walk the path of Senior Que Shenzi... would I acquire enlightenment of the Divine Intent of Rain?! If I succeed..." His eyes blazed.

Ning Fan leaped onto the ground after racing through the levels of cloud stairs. Xue Qing followed behind hastily, his eyes were filled with dread and wariness.

The rain has stopped in the Third Level...?!

...

Chapter 114(2) - Que Shenzi's Road to Enlightenment (2)

The surrounding was just as Xue Qing described. It was dark and unwelcoming. Unknown white bones were scattered all over the place... These weren't bones of humans... they were bones of demonic beasts! And the quality of the bones were uncommon. These demonic beasts had to be at the Gold Core realm before they were killed!

This place was twice as cold than the second level, bringing slight discomfort to Ning Fan, but the speed of his magical power circulating the [Zhoutian](#) had become even faster!

There weren't as many beasts' eyes as before in the surroundings... but in the darkness hid the hints of an extremely powerful demonic Qi. Xue Qing couldn't sense it, but Ning Fan could, given his strong spirit sense!

"One, two... seven, there is a total of seven Gold Core demonic beasts within 30 000 meters peeping at us. However, there is only one intermediate Gold Core beast and the rest are early Gold Cores. So there's nothing to fear of."

Ning Fan withdrew his spirit sense and spoke in an extremely plain tone, but as these words entered Xue Qing's ears, they turned into a trace of fear.

"There are seven Gold Core demonic beasts within 30 000 meters! This-this... this place is so dangerous! Master, I think we should return to the second level..."

Xue Qing sounded timid, but that wasn't his fault. Given his current strength, he wouldn't be able to fight the seven demonic beasts. If he wasn't frightened and escaped now, he would only be a foolish and reckless man!

But Ning Fan wasn't afraid. Given his present strength, these

seven Gold Core demonic beasts weren't intimidating at all. If he acted scared, all his previous cultivation would be just in vain.

“No. They won't dare to come forward! Eastern Ocean Bell, *ji!*”

Ning Fan patted his storage pouch and took out the ancient golden bell for the first time!

The channeled magical power initiated the small bell in his palm, causing it to swirl and then turn into a 300-meter-sized bell, standing in his front and sending out its terrifying sound!

“Supreme Rank... Magical Treasure!” Xue Qing's eyes lit up. Although he didn't have much interest in treasure refinement, he couldn't help being impressed by the Supreme Rank Magical Treasure.

Even though he knew that Ning Fan had a Supreme Rank Magical Treasure, Ning Fan didn't use it even when he fought against Revered Bai. Ning Fan would be viewed as weak if he used such a treasure. But from Xue Qing's observation, Ning Fan had no problem initiating the Eastern Ocean Bell using his peak Harmonious Spirit magical strength, even though he could only activate one percent of the bell's power!

Moreover, the sound of the bell spread across like demonic sonic waves, causing people's heart to tremble. Under his manipulation, the sound rang simultaneously in the minds of the seven Gold Core beasts!

Six early Gold Core demonic beasts fainted straightaway! As for the intermediate Gold Core demonic beast, its head began to spin so much that it was frightened. Certainly, it wouldn't dare peep at Ning Fan anymore!

“Perhaps there's a demonic lord in this land... so I can't simply kill them, however, they aren't be allowed to oppress us!”

Ning Fan's tone was stern. With a pat on the 300-meter-sized bell, the enormous bell shrunk back into a small golden bell in his

palm.

He seemed satisfied with the power of the Eastern Ocean Bell. One percent of its power was enough to make early Gold Core beasts pass out and scare away the intermediate Gold Core beast, and this was the result of adjusting the power of the bell. If he wanted to, he could kill the six early Gold Core demonic beasts and severely injure the intermediate Gold Core beasts.

“*Hiss...* The match between Master and Revered Bai was a hard battle, but Master still has such a powerful trump card. Which meant that if Master used all of his trump cards, he could’ve killed Revered Bai easily!”

Xue Qing felt shocked in his heart. The wails of the six demonic beasts fell into his ears. Each wail were filled with magical strength even stronger than his. Making the six Gold Core demonic beasts pass out in just one strike... what kind of horrifying strength was Ning Fan hiding?!

Upon hearing what Ning Fan had said, and knowing that there might be a demonic lord, Xue Qing couldn’t help but shiver, silently thinking to himself that that demonic lord isn’t the Pill Devil right?

Ning Fan had some consideration for not killing the demonic beasts... In the second level of the grave, the demonic creature that he encountered in the Rain Pond had given him a very strong sense of danger... As for those rain beasts, they seemed to be following the orders of that demonic creature. And apparently, the demonic creature’s cultivation was way above Ning Fan’s, however, instead of eliminating Ning Fan and Xue Qing, it stopped the rain beasts, making way for Ning Fan to move forward. Although this might not be a kind act, it should at least be considered as an act out of good intention.

Therefore, Ning Fan didn’t hastily slaughtered the Gold Core beasts. Just like the saying goes, courtesy demands reciprocity.

He put away the Eastern Ocean Bell while ignoring Xue Qing's astonished look, raised his head and looked at the dark and damp sky.

“Why does this place have no rain...why...?”

His eyes looked puzzled. According to his inference, Que Shenzi should have obtained an even higher enlightenment in the third level that year.

Without the rain, how could one acquire the insight?

Or could it be that one could only attain enlightenment in the absence of rain?

Traces of moist intent settled over him. All of a sudden, he closed his eyes.

“Xue Qing, don't disturb me...” After leaving a word, he shut all of his six senses.

The only thing that was left open was his spirit sense, the instinct that could keep a cultivator alive.

...

In the gloom, Ning Fan immersed himself in Dao Enlightenment, whereas Xue Qing was feeling numbness over his scalp.

The surrounding air was cold and gloomy. The land was scattered with white bones. Every single one of these bones made him nervous, reminding him of the woman's face that was full of blood.

“Pill Devil... I don't think Pill Devil will emerge now right...”

He smiled bitterly. Despite being an early Gold Core expert, dread was still plastered all over his face, making him no different than any junior.

“Hehe, what's so scary about the Pill Devil...? There's no need to be afraid... I will do the same thing as master, closing my eyes to attain enlightenment... But how do I do that without rain...?”

Emboldened by a hollow laugh, he closed his eyes.

But in the next moment, he could clearly feel that a soft but icy cold hand was on his shoulder.

“I’m very hungry.....” A voice of a miserable woman sounded behind him! Xue Qing was freaked out instantly.

Not good, this is Pill Devil! How strong is she? How could she approach him from behind unnoticeably?!

Xue Qing gritted his teeth and spun. He then saw a woman with dreadfully pale face that was full of blood, a strange smile and gloomy white teeth. As she looked at the elder, she was licking her long tongue as if she was looking at a delicious meal!

“Mas-master...” Xue Qing called out to Ning Fan.

“Don’t make a scene... Just play with her, and don’t disturb me...” After Ning Fan detected the ‘female ghost’ with his spirit sense, he withdrew his spirit sense and said no more.

“What? Me playing with... with her?! She will have me eaten!” Xue Qing showed a face of helplessness.

Even though experts should stay calm in any situation, this wasn’t a situation that an expert could stay calm at! “Pill Devil was just in front! Master, you can’t immerse yourself in Dao Enlightenment anymore, you have to save me!”

...

Zhou Tian - Qi Circulation

Chapter 115(1) - Fourth Revolution Cookie Refinement Master (1)

The ‘female ghost’ didn’t concern Ning Fan... because she didn’t have any killing intent, only a trace of mischief.

Also, this ‘female ghost’ wasn’t some kind of evil creature. Her real self was merely a little girl camouflaged by magical technique.

Last time, she didn’t harm Xue Qing, and this time, she didn’t have the intent to harm Xue Qing either.

Ning Fan simply ignored the two of them. Xue Qing’s mental state still needed loads of molding. His mental state had to be at least strong enough to stay calm in the face of crisis. So, this female ghost was just the right stimulation that could help hone his mental state.

Beyond the facade of indifference, Ning Fan’s mind was immersed in the Divine Intent of Rain.

There was no rain... but a trace of moisture that was clearly produced by the Divine Intent of Rain was found in the air.

It was rainless, but the Rain Intent existed... That year, what had enlightened Que Shenzi once more...

“My present mood isn’t the same as Que Shenzi at that time, so I can’t immerse my heart into this rainless realm.”

Ning Fan’s heart settled down gradually, but that wasn’t enough. He then began to feel Que Shenzi’s vicissitudes and sorrows by placing himself in Que Shenzi’s story.

The journey was full of setbacks. After he was struck down from the Four Heavens Immortal World into the Mortal Soil, he wandered on the Heavens and Earth below and saw a quiet valley that contained the traces of the Dark Sparrow by chance. Three thousand meters beneath the earth, he discovered the Dark

Sparrow's Grave. However, what rekindled his deep feelings wasn't the Dark Sparrow's Immortal Bone, but the rain in here...

On the first level, Que Shenzi's heart was lonely, which coincided with Ning Fan's heart as Ning Fan was an orphan. Therefore, he was able to hear the sigh of Que Shenzi in the rain.

In the second level, the sorrow in Que Shenzi's heart was stirred. Ning Fan was able to sense that as well.

However, on the third level, there was no rain... despite that, its divine intent didn't reduce. This indicated that something was about to happen, like the rising wind forebode the coming storm!

His six senses were widely open. At this moment, he could finally sense it from the rainless Heaven and Earth that a trace of terrifying momentum of rainstorm coming towards him!

"Rainless isn't equal to no rain at all. This is the scene before the fall of the rainstorm. One may be able to find enlightenment from the momentum of the rain. It felt as powerless as an unsheathed sword, but at the same time as powerful as the sword hidden in the sheath. A formation can only be deployed by borrowing the great power of the Heavens and Earth. However, where does the great power of the Heavens and Earth come from?"

Ning Fan opened his eyes wide, looking blankly at a deathly dark mountain peak at a far distance.

"There is momentum even when the rain doesn't fall... There's power even if a mountain remains immobile... The dragon that submerges in the deep pool has the tendency to take off... The green insect that forms cocoon will have the potential of turning into a butterfly... The human king doesn't kill as he has the power to subjugate... The Heavens and Earth doesn't compete as they have the power to overturn!"

At this moment, Ning Fan saw the momentum of the rain instead of the rain itself.

His eyes moved. He then spat out the Starlight Sword Shadow into his hand and pointed it straight at his chest. He closed his eyes, immersing himself in the imposing force of the sword. The sword wouldn't move by itself, and the more motionless it was, the stronger its force!

A wave of incredible momentum rose in his body. Boundless sword intent radiated out. No one and nothing dared to approach him within 9 meter range.

The wind dispersed on its own. Rain intent evaded it consciously. All of them were forced away by Ning Fan's motionless sword's force.

This sword move was created by Ning Fan himself. The sword wasn't swung or slashed. By placing the sword horizontally in front of his chest, its sword intent was enough to repel all attacks that were below Gold Core realm. Furthermore, if Ning Fan's insight of 'Force' went deeper, the sword intent would grow stronger. One day, he could even utilize the motionless sword intent to repel all concealed attacks when he walked on the Devil Blood Sea.

"This is my first self-created sword Qi. It isn't a technique to kill but a technique of self-defense. I will then name it as Rainless Sword... Rainless... The profundity of rainless is 'The Coming Storm'..."

Ning Fan put away his Separation Slayer. Next to him, Xue Qing and the female ghost were staring at each other in consternation, as if they didn't notice the changes in Ning Fan at all.

After brushing aside the sword intent in his head, he closed his eyes once more with a faint smile.

"The third level of the Dark Sparrow's Grave has no rain, but it has the momentum of the rain. I suppose that Que Shenzi must have acquired some very profound enlightenment here..."

After understanding the momentum of rain, his heart began to merge with the rain intent.

Slowly, a scene emerged in his mind.

An elder clad in black had put away his paper umbrella, standing on the summit of a mountain with both hands behind his back. His body and mind mingled with the mountain and the momentum of rain.

“There’s no rain here... but the rain’s momentum is powerful. I’m no longer in the Four Heavens, but could I return; there will be bloodshed... The rain is born from the sky and dies in the earth? Wrong! I will make the rain born from the earth; fight against the sky and live forever!”

Ning Fan slowly opened his eyes. A hint of clarity could be seen in them.

Sure enough, rainless momentum existed in the third level of Dark Sparrow’s Grave. Here, Que Shenzi achieved a breakthrough in his mental state. He was beginning to comprehend the Divine Intent of Rain. Which meant that there should be footsteps of Que Shenzi’s Dao Enlightenment from the fourth level onwards.

However, the fourth level wasn’t a place Ning Fan could go.

He patted his storage pouch and took out a piece of ancient map given by Gui Qiaozi. There were numerous red spots on the map densely covering the fourth level... Each of the red spot indicated the nest of Nascent Soul demons.

“If I go to the fourth level, I will definitely die... But if I don’t go, I will miss the opportunity of comprehending the Divine Intent...”

Ning Fan sighed lightly. Certainly, his luck wasn’t sufficient. Despite discovering the path of Dao Enlightenment of Que Shenzi, he wasn’t able to see the final stage of it.

He kept away his sigh and calmed his mind. This was what the cultivation path was all about. One couldn’t just seek for his

encounter, or else he would fall into an irrecoverable state.

When his gaze fell upon Xue Qing and the ‘female ghost’, he showed a strange expression.

Currently, for some unknown reason, Xue Qing had taken out his Pill Cauldron, refining some kind of pill for the female ghost, while the female ghost’s stomach rumbled from time to time, as though she was already hungry!

“Great Aunt, we have already talked about this. I’ll refine pills for you to eat and you won’t eat me...” Xue Qing implored bitterly.

“Ok ok ok! Great Aunt is the one who spoke first. Quick, quick, quick! Bake a few of the ‘Pill Cookies’ for me...”

The female ghost rubbed the blood off her lips with her delicate hand... En, that was no blood... That was obviously saliva...

Given Xue Qing’s Third Revolution pill refinement technique, refining a First Revolution Pill took him less than the time to burn half an incense stick.

He patted the lid of the cauldron and put a hundred First Revolution Pills into several pill bottles and handed it to the female ghost with a bitter smile.

“These are First Revolution Pills, the Yuan Boosting Pill, which has the effect of enhancing a cultivator’s Yuan Force. Also, these are peak First Revolution Pills.”

Before he could finish speaking, the female ghost snatched away all the pill bottles, and with a glitter of light, she turned into a little girl in black dress.

The dress was long enough to cover her feet. It was a very old dress. The curves and bosoms on her body hadn’t developed yet. Her lips were red and her teeth were white. There were two sideburns beside her ears, her hair was tied into two buns and the rest of her hair was combed backwards. The length of her hair was neither too short nor too long. The hair on her forehead was cut in

fringe style, making her hair look even tidier. How could she be a female ghost? She was just some extremely cute little girl.

Moreover, this little girl seemed young, probably 8 or 9 years old, but her small brilliant face seemed elegant. The moment she grew up, she would surely be an unparalleled beauty.

Also, as soon as this girl turned into her true form, a wave of momentum no longer could be concealed and surged out. Then, a trace of fragrance emitted from her body entered Ning Fan's nose, causing a dramatic change in his expression.

The pill fragrance of a Fifth Revolution Pill or above! This trace of fragrance could advance Ning Fan's cultivation base by a bit!

Despite that, the little girl's Qi made him frown, because it was similar to the fierce Qi he detected from the rain pond in the second level!

Is this little girl a female ghost, demonic beast or Pill Devil?!

...

Chapter 115(2) - Fourth Revolution Cookie Refinement Master (2)

The good thing about this girl was that there had been no trace of killing intent radiating from her from the beginning until now... Her cultivation base was strange... And her magical strength only seemed to be at the early Gold Core realm, however, her spirit sense had already reached the intermediate Nascent Soul realm. That tender hand of hers crushed the pill bottle, then she opened her tiny mouth, revealing her cute canine teeth and chewed as many pills as her mouth could possibly fit and swallowed them, until all the pills were gone!

Although the pills were merely First Revolution grade, the pill bottle was crafted by the historical sapphire. In addition to preserving the medicinal effect, the greater advantage of the bottle was its solidity. It could withstand even an attack of a Gold Core expert.

However, it was so easily broken by the little girl. It seemed like she didn't even use a portion of her strength to do so. How terrifying this little girl's body actually was?!

"It tastes bad. These Pill Cookies does not taste good at all... make another one that's better for me!"

The little girl looked over at Xue Qing with dissatisfaction. Immediately, Xue Qing's forehead was beaded with cold sweat.

"Well, to make Second Revolution Pills for you... but, this old man doesn't have that many spiritual herbs... Oh ya, let my master concoct pills for you! The pills made by my master will taste a whole lot better!"

When Xue Qing was at his wits' end, he suddenly realized that Ning Fan was studying them with a faint smile. Intuitively, he thrust his master into the fiery pit.

“He knows how to make Pill Cookies?”

The little girl looked at the direction where Xue Qing pointed. Her eyes widened, staring at Ning Fan in disbelief. Within her eyes was a flash of black greedy light that inflicted pain in Ning Fan’s sea of consciousness, causing him to make two steps backwards hastily. A slight astonishment was shown in his eyes.

That black light, what was that ability...? How could it induce pain in his sea of consciousness?

“Hey, you! Make me some Pill Cookies now. Or else, I’m going to eat you!”

The little girl exposed her small canine tooth and bit them, as if that would frighten Ning Fan.

“Eat me? My flesh doesn’t taste good at all but, I can certainly make some delicious pills for you to eat. However, what benefit will I get by doing so?” Ning Fan smiled slightly. His eyes fell upon the brocade pouch at her waist.

The quality of this pouch was extremely high. It isn’t just half notch or one notch higher than the average storage pouch. Due to the little girl’s negligence, the pouch wasn’t bound tightly. The traces of medicinal fragrance that emitted from it refreshed Ning Fan’s mind...

1000-year-old spiritual herbs, 2000-year-old spiritual herbs, 5000-year-old spiritual herbs... There was even 10000-year-old spiritual herbs!

This female girl was unusually rich.

“Benefits? What benefits do you want? If the Pill Cookies you make are delicious, I won’t beat you, okay?” The little girl spoke in a negotiating tone.

“Beat me? You can’t beat me...”

“Then I’ll beat you. And then, you’ll make the Pill Cookies for

me!”

A black light flashed in her eyes and turned into a ray of dark light that charged at Ning Fan. With a wave of her delicate punch, a sonic boom was heard. It was clear how powerful the force of this fist was!

“This girl has incredible strength!”

Ning Fan’s eyes seemed slightly astonished. A silver light radiated from both of his hands. When he made a palm strike on the girl’s fist, he was forced back a little by the impact, then he leveraged the force of the backlash and made another palm strike on the same fist.

Every impact stirred Ning Fan’s blood and Qi. With such a strong fist, it wasn’t hard at all for her to kill a late Gold Core expert!

After the thirteenth palm strike, ninety percent of the girl’s fist force had been discharged. All of these happened within a second.

At this time, Ning Fan was no longer pushed backwards. The silver light in his body converged on his right fist. He then activated the Ancient Beast Protecting Wristband. Demon Qi soared from his body. And, he launched a punch, colliding with the girl’s small fist.

Hong!

There was a huge rumble. With them being at the center, all of the rocks within 300 meters range were shattered!

In any case, Ning Fan had withstood the punch of the little girl and gained a clearer understanding about the little girl’s physical strength.

Without using his trump card, he might not be able to beat this girl...

“Eh? I really can’t beat you...”

The little girl withdrew her fist and showed a strange look. Given

Ning Fan's cultivation base, wasn't he supposed to be sent flying away by this fist strike?

But immediately after that, a wicked smile was plastered on her face. "Even though I can't beat you, I have plenty of Rain Treasure to help me. As long as I whistle, all of them will come and attack you... Say it now, if you will make the Pill Cookies for me!"

The little girl gently blew a whistle. Almost instantly, countless eyes flashed faintly in the dark! Each of them was a Gold Core expert!

With so many Gold Core demonic beasts, even Ning Fan felt some numbness over his scalp.

He wouldn't have thought that this little girl in front of him could dominate these terrifying demonic beasts.

"Alright, I will make some pills for you, but... I don't have any herbs. I need yours."

Ning Fan concealed his surprised look. His eyes remained emotionless while his hand pointed at the girl's storage pouch. That caused the girl to instantly call out in alarm, pressed her storage pouch with both hands and pouted her lips.

"No, no way... I don't have spiritual herbs. You should use yours..."

"If that's the case, then there's nothing I can do... if you don't give some spiritual herbs, you won't have Cookie Pills to eat..." Ning Fan smiled teasingly. It seemed like this little girl was truly a Pill Devil. Additionally, she had the power to control the demonic beasts of Dark Sparrow's Grave. No one could tell how many thousands of years she had lived in the grave, but her mind seemed to be as childish as a little girl. Although she was powerful, she behaved so purely and naively.

"It's not Cookie Pills! It's Pill Cookies!" The little girl swung her delicate fists and retorted.

“Alright! It’s Pill Cookies! You will give me spiritual herbs and I will make the cookies for you! In the outside world, I’m a renowned Fourth Revolution ‘Cookie Refinement Master’...”

“Wah, you are a Cookie Refinement Master! You sure are amazing!” The little girl’s eyes glittered like stars. The corner of her mouth started to drool.

At one side, Xue Qing was full of criticism against this brain-damaging dialog.

“Was this little girl the Pill Devil that I was so afraid of? Ai, how could I be so scared of this stupid Pill Devil? Didn’t that make me even stupider than the Pill Devil...?”

“And what was with that Fourth Revolution Cookie Refinement Master...”

Although Xue Qing had lots of criticism in his heart, he didn’t dare to interrupt. The little girl might not be smart, but her strength mustn’t be underestimated. If it wasn’t Ning Fan that received that punch of hers just now, he would straightaway be turned into a slag.

...

Time passed as Ning Fan gazed at the little girl.

After a long while, the little girl’s eyes revealed some conflicting expression. She lifted her tiny head, looked at Ning Fan and asked pitifully: “Are you really a Fourth Revolution Cookie Refinement Master?”

“Indeed.”

“Do the cookies you make delicious?”

“If it doesn’t suit your taste, I can make another one.”

“Then... I will give my pill treasures to you. I’ll let you decide how to make a nice cookie.” The little girl pathetically removed the brocade pouch from her waist and gave it to Ning Fan.

Her pitiful eyes made Ning Fan vaguely feel that deceiving this child was just too shameless...

But when his eyes swept inside the pouch, his expression turned from awkwardness to shock!

“There are so many thousand-year-old spiritual herbs!”

The storage space in this brocade pouch was even larger than the whole Sinister Sparrow Sect.

The thousand-year-old spiritual herbs that were stacked within was inexhaustibly plenty!

There were even innumerable ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs! But they seemed to have been planted under a formation seal, and this formation seal had reached the Void Level and was activated by a Void Fragmentation magical force. It was something not even Ning Fan could break!

His eyes flashed. This formation was most likely not deployed by the little girl. That meant that there was a Void Fragmentation expert who planted this formation for her!

The ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs couldn't be taken because there might be a Void Fragmentation expert hiding in the dark, peeping at them to ensure the little girl's safety!

“If it's merely a Pill Devil, why would a Void Fragmentation expert be watching her...? What is the true identity of this girl?!”

His eyes glittered. When he retracted his spirit sense, he saw a pile of pits at the most remote corner.

These [pits](#) were similar to the pit of Lychee, but the surface was covered with lines of bizarre patterns, and there were also some traces of illusory force that flowed out from it!

For the first time, Ning Fan's eye expression turned grim. He patted the pouch, took out one of the pits, put it in his hand and gazed at it fixedly!

“This is the fruit fruit pit, it’s not edible... Grandpa said that the pit has to be brought back after eating the fruit fruit...” The little girl explained as though she was worried that Ning Fan would use the fruit fruit pit to make her cookies.

“Grandpa?”

Ning Fan felt a tingle in his heart. Could it be that the grandpa was the mysterious Void Fragmentation expert?

But even if he was a Void Fragmentation expert, he shouldn’t have obtained such a divine fruit!

It was Ming Luo Fruit, which was also called the dream fruit. After consuming one, the person could fall asleep one time to experience 50 years of Samsara. This fruit couldn’t enhance one’s cultivation base, but it could enhance one’s mental state!

The value of one Ming Luo Fruit was even greater than the Dao Fruit of a Nascent Soul expert!

“There’s a Ming Luo Fruit in this place! If I can obtain it, and use it to fortify my mental state... My success rate of breaking through to the Gold Core realm is going to increase once more!”

...

Pit – A hard shell containing the nut or seed in the middle of some types of fruit

Chapter 116(1) - Half-Step Gold Core (1)

Ning Fan naturally wouldn't regret promising to make pills for the little girl. But because the time was limited, he couldn't make Fourth Revolution Pills; the highest level of pill he could concoct was Third Revolution Pills.

The pill cauldron and Earth Fire had already been prepared by Xue Qing. Ning Fan sat cross-legged in front of the cauldron; his sword Qi circulating between his fingers. He then made several slashes to double the size of the fiery pit. After the Earth Fire was increased, he tossed the herbs into the pill cauldron.

Naturally, these spiritual herbs belonged to the little girl.

Watching her precious 'Herb Treasure' being thrown extravagantly into the cauldron, she showed a face of chagrin.

"Humph... if the cookies you make is not delicious, I will eat you!"

"You'll know if it's delicious in a while." Ning Fan's expression remained indifferent while his mind was recollecting the memory of Ancient Chaos.

In Ancient Chaos' memory, it did mention about Pill Devils advancing by swallowing pills. To them, the only one criterion that affected the pill's taste was its quality.

The pills Ning Fan was concocting was called Accumulated Furnace Pill. It had no other effects apart from its medicinal energy. If this was given to a demonic or devil beast, they could consume it straightaway. It could even enhance their combat strength. Although this pill was only categorized as a Third Revolution pill, human experts could only store it instead of consuming it.

The human's physique was much weaker compared to demonic beast's. It couldn't bear such a violent medicinal energy, but to the

little girl, it would probably be a delicacy.

Sure enough, even before the pill was finished, the little girl immediately revealed a thirsty pair of eyes when she smelled the fragrance. She extended her delicate hands, wanting to open up the lid and take the pills.

“This smells so good! This Pill Cookie must be very delicious...‘Bright Sparrow’ wants to eat it...”

“Wait a second... this ‘Cookie’ has not yet been refined. If you lift the lid now, the ‘Cookie’ will turn to ashes at once.” Ning Fan warned the little girl with a composed look, however he felt a tingle in his heart.

So this little girl was called Bright Sparrow...

Bright Sparrow, Dark Sparrow... What is the profound meaning hidden within them...?

The moment the girl named Bright Sparrow heard that lifting the lid would cause the Pill Cookies to disappear, she withdrew her hand immediately, careful not to touch the lid of the cauldron.

The scene dumbfounded Xue Qing.

He knew how scorching the cauldron lid was. If an ordinary expert touched it, his skin would burn into ash. As for this Pill Devil, despite being scorched by the cauldron lid, nothing happened to her. She was really... a monster!

Upon seeing Bright Sparrow not lifting the lid anymore, Xue Qing heaved a sigh of relief.

This was his first time seeing Ning Fan refine a pill with his own eyes. Although it was just a Third Revolution Pill instead of a Fourth Revolution Pill, he rarely saw such a concoction technique.

He had been obsessed with pills his entire life. Currently, he was already subdued by Ning Fan’s profound technique. All of his focus had now been put in the refinement process of the pill and his fear

for the little girl was already long gone.

Ning Fan patted the cauldron lid and stopped the refinement of the Accumulated Furnace Pill. The process replayed in Xue Qing's head for a dozen times, but he still couldn't fathom the profundity of it.

He sighed deeply. Ning Fan was worthy of being a Fourth Revolution Pill Master. He felt that Ning Fan was out of reach after watching his concoction technique.

This time, Ning Fan didn't even use a pill bottle to carry those pills.

Inside the furnace, there were dozens of Third Revolution Pills. Because it only needed to integrate with its medicinal energy, the process was rather simple. It wasn't difficult to concoct a dozen of them at a time.

Once the pills were completed, Bright Sparrow couldn't wait anymore. Immediately, she stuck her hands into the cauldron, took one of the blazing hot round pills, put it in her mouth, chewed it and swallowed it.

A contented smile emerged on her delicate face. Her grateful eyes were looking at Ning Fan.

"This is delicious! This Pill Cookie is delicious! I love them!"

"Is that so..."

Ning Fan's eyes fell upon the Accumulated Furnace Pills in the cauldron. He shook his head with a bitter smile. This kind of pill contained tremendous energy. Only someone who had a devil physique like Bright Sparrow's could swallow it. Even if his body refining realm reached the Silver Light Sixth Realm, swallowing this pill would only bring harm to him.

However, the thing that caught his attention the most was that the quality of these pills was higher than before, despite him not being serious and very hasty in concocting the pills.

Why?

His spirit sense swept through the pills in Bright Sparrow's hands. All of a sudden, he discovered that on the surface of every pill had some damaged patterns.

Within these patterns was a trace of divine intent, like the Divine Intent of Rain in the rain!

However, it wasn't the complete Divine Intent of Rain, just a fragment of it. Or else, the quality of these pills wouldn't just be slightly better.

"I have actually acquired a trace of Divine Intent of Rain on the third level! This is..."

His eyes seemed to have mixed feelings. In his heart, there were both joy and disappointment.

The thing that delighted him was his enlightenment on the third level. If he could go all the way to the ninth level of the Dark Sparrow's Grave and acquired all the insights of Que Shenzi, it would highly be possible that he would acquire the complete Divine Intent of Rain!

If so, he could most likely refine Fifth Revolution Pills using the Divine Intent of Rain, and by doing so, he would advance to the Fifth Revolution Pill Master!

Getting to Fifth Revolution would only require a Void Spirit Intent, but the difference between the effects of Fourth Revolution and Fifth Revolution pills was like day and night. Fourth Revolution Pills might attract Nascent Soul old monsters, however Fifth Revolution Pills might even attract Spirit Severing old monsters if the quality of the pill was higher!

The word 'spirit' in Spirit Severing represented the Spirit Intent! Without the Spirit Intent, one wouldn't be able to refine Fifth Revolution Pills. That was why a Fifth Revolution Pill could shake even a Spirit Severing Expert's heart!

He remembered that the mysterious girl mentioned that Pill Masters would get preferential treatment in the Lost World Palace. If his pill refinement advanced to the Fifth Revolution, he would be able to enter a higher level in the Lost World Tower, and enjoy the slower flow of time, the higher the level meant that time was twice slower compared to the levels below, and this could save him another half of his time to form the core!

Due to him being pleased that the result was beyond his expectation, he felt helplessly disappointed.

How could it be easy to walk through the entire nine levels of the grave and acquire the Divine Intent of Rain? Given his cultivation base, after entering the fourth level, he would definitely be besieged by Nascent Soul demonic beasts and would likely be killed in the process. Should he enter the fifth level, he would have to confront Spirit Severing demonic beasts, which he couldn't even resist. If he went deeper...

From the seventh level onwards, not even Void Fragmentation old monsters of Rain Palace could enter. So how could he ever go that far...? He was truly getting somewhat greedy on this. It was already rare enough for a peak Harmonious Spirit cultivator to acquire a trace of Divine Intent of Rain, let alone acquiring the complete Divine Intent. It wasn't because of his lack of fortune, but his realm of magical force was just too far from enough to acquire it.

...

Chapter 116(2) - Half-Step Gold Core (2)

“I was being greedy...”

Ning Fan put away his emotions. After suppressing the desire that was constantly grilling him just now, his mental state was enhanced once more.

There was Profound Yin Qi in the fifth level of Dark Sparrow's Grave.

There was the Immortal Bone of Dark Sparrow and the complete insight of Que Shenzi in the ninth level of Dark Sparrow's Grave.

There is also the Ming Luo Fruit hidden in the grave.

However, it seemed like his fortune had stopped right here...

“Forget it. I'll stay here for now and devour the Black Demon Flame...”

Earth Vein Demonic Flames were all Fifth Grade Spiritual Fire. He now possessed two kinds of these flames, the Black Demon Flame and White Bone Flame. As for the Heavenly Frost Cold Qi, he now had one type of them, the Bone Prison Qi.

Among the twelve Earth Vein Demonic Flames, the Black Demon Flame was ranked sixth and the White Bone Flame was ranked eleventh, whereas the Bone Prison Qi was ranked twelfth amongst the twelve Heavenly Frost Cold Qi.

As his realm and cultivation law continued to improve, Ning Fan would naturally have a clearer understanding of them.

Under the main cultivation law, the Yin Yang Transformation, his double spirit evil vein was divided into two cultivation laws, the Black Demon Art and Snow Treading Art.

The dual cultivation of Ice and Fire, the combination of Yin and Yang, the white robe and black cloak and even the disposition of being cold on the outside and warm on the inside accorded closely

with the Grand Dao of Yin Yang!

After getting the pills, the little girl fastened up the brocade pouch, left the scene happily with the 'Pill Cookies' still in her mouth.

Ning Fan then deployed a protective formation in the third level of the Dark Sparrow's Grave and went into seclusion for ten days to devour one type of demonic flames.

This perhaps would be the last enhancement of magical force before the core formation!

...

It only took him ten days to devour the Black Demon Flame. This was not only because Ning Fan had refined one of the nine dragons, but also because the flame had been tamed by the Old Monster for many years. When the flame was transferred to Ning Fan, the spiritual consciousness of the flame had already been wiped off, which reduced the difficulty of Ning Fan devouring the flame.

Vaguely, there were black flames flickering in Ning Fan's eyes. He pointed forth with one of his hands casually, and immediately, nine lifelike black dragons roared their way out! Even without using any magical technique, this fire alone could destroy any Harmonious Spirit expert!

During the refinement of the Black Demon Flame, Ning Fan's cultivation base made a breakthrough once more, leaving him only a step away to the Gold Core realm.

In his dantian, an illusory black and fiery core had been condensed. Surrounding the pill, an immense momentum dispersed all of a sudden!

His cultivation base had successfully broken through to the half-step Gold Core realm, also known as the False Core realm!

An illusory core had been formed in his body. The success rate of

breaking through to the Gold Core realm was doubled at this level. At least, he could save years of lonely drudgery in seclusion.

Moreover, his magical force was doubled, which made it even easier for him to defeat an opponent like Bai Feiteng.

The scorching Qi of magical force gave Xue Qing, who was next to Ning Fan, a hard time to breathe. To him, Ning Fan's momentum seemed to be even stronger than the ten strongest Old Devils of Yue Country.

This was the pupil that surpassed even his teacher!

"False Core realm... The only thing left is to abandon the sentiments..."

Ning Fan closed his eyes slightly. Instead of feeling joyful about his breakthrough, he seemed concerned.

For the first time, he realized that his state of mind couldn't keep pace with his rate of advancement...

After refining the Black Demon Flame, there was still the White Bone Flame that could be refined in his Yin Yang Locket, but he didn't choose to do so.

If he continued to devour the flame, his magical force would improve once more, making it very difficult for him to suppress his cultivation; by that time, he would need to go into seclusion to form his core at once, or else, his body would explode and he would certainly die.

Indistinctly, he felt that the way he devoured the cold Qi and demonic flame should follow the rhythm of fire and ice. Only then would it accord with the Grand Dao of Yin Yang, allowing him to obtain even greater benefits.

Even though he had no idea what the details of the benefits would be, that was how he felt. This was the instinct formed when one's cultivation base reached a certain level. It was the understanding towards the cultivation law.

“With my current strength, going to the fourth level is akin to seeking death...”

Ning Fan gazed at some huge pit and sighed. He couldn't go any further from here. Thus, he could only let go of the Profound Yin Qi.

Some said that the moment one obtained twelve of the Heavenly Frost Cold Qi or twelve Earth Vein Demonic Flames, one would have the ability to defeat Void Fragmentation opponent, but since Ning Fan was a Dual Spirit Cultivator, he only needed six from each of the elements, which meant the Profound Yin Qi might not be a necessary cold Qi.

He then stared at the huge pit and shook his head slightly. How pleasant would it be if he could enter the fourth level...?

He turned and was ready to go, but at this moment, a black-clothed girl jumped out of the pit leading to the fourth level, totally disregarding the spatial forbidden force.

“Oh well, it's good that Cookie Brother is still here... um, I still want to eat Pill Cookies, can you make them for me?!”

In an instant, Ning Fan's eyes glittered.

Why not he let this little girl that came out of nowhere bring him to all the levels of Dark Sparrow's Grave?!

Even though he didn't know if he would succeed, it was still worth trying...

“I can make them for you, but you have to promise me one thing.”

Ning Fan's eyes brighten up. The little girl's body trembled and instantly, she took a step back.

“To promise what...? If you want my Pill Treasure, I can't give it to you... and my Rain Treasure and Cloud Treasure too... They are all my precious treasures...”

“I don’t want your treasures... I only want to go to the lower levels of the grave.”

“That’s it? That is simple. I can bring you there. No one will dare to eat you! Quick, make some delicious Pill Cookies and I will bring you to any level you want!”

Bright Sparrow patted her chest and pledged sincerely, as if she was afraid that Ning Fan would retract his words.

It was just strolling around the Dark Sparrow’s Grave. That wasn’t a big of a deal at all!

The more she looked at Ning Fan, the more comfortable she felt. She felt that this was the nicest human she had ever seen.

Furthermore, what particularly made her like this human was because he was a Cookie Refinement Master.

What a fascinating profession...! One day, she, too, would want to become a Cookie Refinement Master!

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The cauldron lid was patted open. An aroma of pills escaped into the air, intoxicating Bright Sparrow. She outstretched her delicate neck and kept on smelling.

She then held the pile of fragrant Pill Cookies. As promised, she would take Ning Fan into the deeper levels. With her lead, no Nascent Soul demonic beast would dare to attack Ning Fan!

“Master, you go ahead. I’m not going... Ten days has already passed... I wonder if the Mistresses will be fine... Disciple is worried about them and would like to ensure their safety...”

Xue Qing’s words were pleasant to hear, but in his heart, he was really scared of going into the fourth level.

There were Nascent Soul demonic beasts there... He wouldn’t want to confront those kind of monsters.

As Si Wuxie was with the girls and there was also the Dan Fragmentation Cauldron, the girls wouldn't need any protection from Xue Qing, but since Xue Qing was determined to leave, Ning Fan naturally wouldn't stop him.

“En, go and check on them...”

Ning Fan could discern Xue Qing's fear, but he didn't unveil it. After Xue Qing left, Ning Fan held the Separation Slayer as if he was prepared for all possible dangers, then jumped into the huge pit leading to the fourth level along with the little girl.

“Hold my hand, and don't get lost... Or else, those Wolf Treasures are going to eat you...”

Bright Sparrow showed a wry face, then held Ning Fan's hand with her delicate hand. Her tremendous strength was something Ning Fan couldn't simply break free from.

In Ning Fan's heart, he felt touched. Right now, he didn't know whether to cry or laugh.

What if those Nascent Soul demonic beasts wouldn't be deterred by the little girl and attack him? If his hand and the girl's hand was clasped tightly together, how could he escape...?

While he was in contemplation, the view of the fourth level presented before his eyes.

The first thing that he felt was the continuous drizzle that carried a trace of loneliness and desolation.

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Chapter 117(1) - The Advancement of Concoction Technique, Fifth Revolutions Vehicle of River (1)

The little girl's delicate hand had infinite strength. If it wasn't because of Ning Fan's extraordinary physique, her grip was enough to cause a serious injury to him.

After entering the Fourth Level, with a stomp of her small foot, a Four Marks Immortal Cloud immediately rose from the group. This cloud was familiar to Ning Fan. It was precisely the cloud he saw above the Rain Pond.

“Speak, where do you want to go, to watch the rain? I'll bring you there!”

Under her long downward crescent eyebrows, her mouth that was filled with pills curled into a sweet smile.

There was nothing happier than having to eat Pill Cookies... Ning Fan was a good person, so she must bring him around for a good stroll!

The Four Marks Immortal Cloud was comparable to the Nascent Soul Realm. The little girl struck a ray of black light at the cloud. Then, the cloud was enveloped by chilly wind. Its speed was now doubled and comparable to an intermediate Nascent Soul expert.

On the Immortal Cloud, Ning Fan closed his eyes, letting the raindrops wet his face. There were silhouettes of Nascent Soul demonic beasts in the surroundings. They seemed to be attracted by the scent of Ning Fan's flesh and blood, wanting to fill their stomach with this meal.

But at this point, the little girl snorted and waved her delicate fists. Each of the demonic beast showed a look of struggle and the crowd dispersed.

Ning Fan didn't know what identity this little girl actually had. Why were all the demonic beasts seem to be following her orders?

"Cookie Brother, don't worry. As long as I'm here, no one can hurt you!" The little girl patted her tiny chest and smiled.

"..."

"Cookie Brother, I'm not scared of anyone in the grave except for Grandpa. So you don't have to worry, no one is going to bully you!"

"..."

The little girl chattered, trying to curry favor from Ning Fan. Apparently, her intention was to ask for more benefits from Ning Fan after talking.

Ning Fan felt incomparably helpless being called with such a name. Should the cultivators in the outside world knew that the dignified 'Revered Ning' was called 'Cookie Brother' by a little girl, all the prestige he had established would certainly be lost.

Slowly, his ears could no longer hear the din of the little girl, but only the drops of the rain.

The third level had no rain, whereas the fourth level had continuous drizzle, just like the first and second level before.

Despite the similarity, there were certain differences among these rains. After gaining a trace of insight about the Divine Intent of Rain, Ning Fan realized that the coldness of the rain in the first level was just like Spring Rain whereas the coldness of the rain in the second level was colder and contained the scent of rainstorm, like the Summer Rain.

As for the rain in the fourth level, it was lonely and forlorn, carrying a trace of solemnity. It was like Autumn Rain.

The rains in the nine levels of Dark Sparrow's Grave were supposed to be the same, but after Que Shenzi's enlightenment,

each level of rain was endowed with varied degree of Divine Intent of Rain – from shallow to deep and from simple to complex. The valuable thing here wasn't the Void Spirit Intent, but the process of comprehending the Void Spirit Intent. This rain would be a part of the process.

After experiencing the rainless momentum in the third level, Que Shenzi must have felt lonely and desolate in the fourth level.

Also, he must have stayed in the fourth level for a very long time, probably thousands of years. Otherwise, he would never have such a sense of desolation.

Ning Fan couldn't help being invaded by the Autumn Rain. Slowly, his heart integrated with the rain. He then heard deeply hidden sighs within it.

“When one is reaching the end of the cultivation path, one is destined to be lonely. All my families and relatives have already passed away... Like the rain, the loneliness doesn't disperse... Like the autumn, it doesn't settle down... But without this desolate process, one can never cultivate Dao. The desolate is found not within the rain, but within my heart, and the rain merely mirrors it. This is the Divine Intent of Rain...”

The little girl willed the Immortal Cloud to descend and avoid interrupting Ning Fan from his the enlightenment. He stood upright in the rain silently for a long time.

It was desolation... but it seemed like this implication wasn't enough to explain Que Shenzi's path of Dao, and definitely not enough to integrate it into his Divine Intent of Rain!

“Let's go to the fifth level...”

“Great! But the Pill Cookies you made aren't enough for me...” The little girl avoided eye contact and chuckled.

“I will make the pills for you again after arriving in the fifth level!”

“Don’t you break your promise later!”

The little girl sounded slightly dispirited. Without the Pill Cookies, this place was extremely boring.

She leaped onto the Immortal Cloud and willed the cloud to move forward at lightning speed. There were Nascent Soul demonic beasts along the way, but when they smelled the trace of pill fragrance from the little girl, they seemed as if they had thought of something terrible in the past. They stayed dormant on the ground, afraid to move even a muscle.

The light of the cloud vanished into the huge pit that led to the fifth level. All of a sudden, the drizzle turned into winter cold rain.

Despite the extreme coldness, the rain had yet to freeze. Such a phenomenon certainly was beyond common sense.

No doubt it was rain. Even if it was an ice rain, it was totally different from ice!

Ning Fan’s eyes flashed. He began to feel that the ice rain in this level was unusual, it was unusual because it was endowed by the Divine Intent of Rain!

He recalled the magical technique he cultivated – the Ice Rain Technique. Although it was only a Spirit Level Magical Technique that was not worth mentioning, it coincided with the present scene.

He closed his eyes to gain more insight. Around him hid several Spirit Severing demonic beasts. Likewise, these demonic beasts were comprehending the Divine Intent of Rain while being drenched by the ice rain.

When Ning Fan entered the fifth level just now, each and every one of the demonic beasts revealed bloodthirsty eyes, but immediately, they withdrew their urge after being glared by the little girl.

They wouldn’t dare to do anything to Ning Fan anymore, but in

their hearts, they looked down on this human. Any demonic beast that was above the Gold Core realm could shape-shift into human form. Although these demonic beasts had yet to transform, they already possessed the spiritual intelligence of humans.

“This brat is merely a Harmonious Spirit. But he can already gain enlightenment from Spirit Intent. Absurd...” An elephant-like beast spoke coldly in demonic language.

“But he’s protected by ‘that person’. We’d better not interfere in this matter.” Another demonic beast that looked like a rhinoceros said with concern.

These demonic beasts would certainly be peerless ferocious beasts if they were placed in the Rain Immortal World, but all of them dreaded the little girl.

And, just like what these demonic devils said, it wasn’t a smooth sailing process of enlightenment for Ning Fan.

For the first time, he wasn’t able to hear the insight of Que Shenzi from the rain.

The fifth level was like a watershed. The Divine Intent of Rain in this level began to change. The enlightenment in the fourth level became insignificant when it was compared with the enlightenment of fifth level.

“What’s missing...?” Ning Fan frowned, then the little girl prompted.

“Brother Cookie, is it done yet...? You said that you will make Pill Cookies for me. I’m getting hungry...”

“OK OK. I know...” Ning Fan opened his eyes reluctantly. Being unable to gain enlightenment plus being annoyed by this little girl, his mind had totally lost its calm.

He took out the Pill Cauldron of Xue Qing, then swung his sword at the ground to summon the earth fire, but he later discovered that he couldn’t draw out any earth fire as the Rain Intent of the

fifth level was too strong.

In fact, it wasn't because there was no earth fire. It was just that all the earth fire had been converted into rain water by the Divine Intent of Rain, seeping in the ground below.

“Haha, this brat is quite interesting... The Rain Intent here is so strong. How could he concoct pills without the earth fire...?” A white ape spoke sneeringly in demon language.

“How... how could this happen...? There's no fire here... so how can Pill Cookies be made...?” The little girl showed an anxious look. While her mood was filled with worries, she had heard the cold sneer of the white ape.

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Chapter 117(2) - The Advancement of Concoction Technique, Fifth Revolution Vehicle of River (2)

She glared at the giggling white ape, gently raised her finger to gesture it over. “You, come over here. Make the earth fire for me. Or else I’m going to ask Grandpa to catch and roast you!”

When the white ape which was supposed to take pleasure in others misfortune heard the girl’s order, he looked so grief-stricken that his face turned as bitter as bitter gourd.

Immediately, he turned into a ray of light and raced towards the little girl in an ingratiating manner.

He slammed his palm at the pit of earth fire with a magical technique that carried the Divine Intent of Rain. After that, all the Divine Intent of Rain was dispersed.

Once again, the earth fire was stirred.

“Hehe, there’s earth fire now... Alright, Ape Darling, you can go and play now...”

“Yes, yes...”

When the imposing Spirit Severing Ape Devil was called Ape Darling by the little girl, instead of feeling discontented, he revealed a look of delight.

In Dark Sparrow’s Grave, as long as one became the ‘Darling’ of this little girl, they wouldn’t have to worry about being eaten by her anymore.

Each of the demonic beasts looked at the white ape in admiration. After all, the chance to please the little girl didn’t occur every day.

Ning Fan didn’t see any of these with his eyes, though any Qi of

the demonic beast here could suffocate him.

His eyes focused only on the fiery pit, the slightly ignited earth fire.

Just now, when the white ape sent out a palm, his eyes glowed gradually.

It turned out that the Divine Intent of Rain was assimilation. Just comprehending it wasn't enough. One had to activate it as well, using it to assimilate magical art, earth fire and every enemy that entered the domain of the Divine Intent of Rain.

A trace of insight slowly rose. Instead of concocting pills for the little girl, he performed a hand-seal with both hands, beginning to cast waves of the Ice Rain Technique.

In the tenth time, the rain still turned to ice.

In the one-hundredth time, some within the raindrops hadn't formed ice.

In the one-thousandth time, half of them were finally in the form of rain.

After a thousand of trials, he closed his eyes. Finally, he could hear the sigh of Que Shenzi. That sigh was also assimilated to the Divine Intent of Rain and turned into rain drops. Before that, he wasn't able to differentiate it from the rain, but right after, he could tell that the few drops were the insight of Que Shenzi in one glance!

“What is rain? I turn my palm and it becomes cloud, I turn my palm again it becomes rain!”

Despite it being only a few words from Que Shenzi, it enlightened Ning Fan, shaking off his last trace of dubiety.

At this moment, he opened his eyes. There was no longer amiability in his eyes. They had turned disdaining and domineering.

He cast the Ice Rain Technique. Instantly, thousands of ice spikes emerged in the sky, half of them was ice and the other half was rain.

A trace of Divine Intent was activated in his heart. He held the few drops of rain that contained the Divine Intent of Rain that was left behind by Que Shenzi that year, crushed them and yelled coldly: “I turn my palm, it becomes rain!”

He turned his palm abruptly and all the ice spikes turned into rain at the same time. Although these were just ice spikes turning into rain and it wasn’t any kind of Divine Intent Magical Art, its power was at least 30% more powerful than before.

In Ning Fan’s heart, the faint trace of Divine Intent of Rain got stronger and stronger, like a continuously rolling snowball.

The scene made all the Spirit Severing demonic beasts dumbstruck and eyes wide as every one of them had spent a long time just to get a hint of the Divine Intent. Except for the white ape and a rare number of others, there were still plenty of them that hadn’t understood the usage of Spirit Intent.

Despite Ning Fan being a mere Harmonious Spirit expert, he was able to comprehend the Divine Intent faster than most of them. If this kid was a Spirit Severing expert, they were afraid that none of the demonic beasts on the scene would be a match for him!

“Cookie Brother, do you want to head over to the sixth level...?” The little girl next to him bit her lip and said.

Although she wanted very much to fill up her stomach, but when she saw Ning Fan’s progress, she feared that her greed might interrupt Ning Fan’s enlightened mental state.

“No need, I will concoct pills for you now... The next few levels no longer matters to me...”

The dominance in his eyes faded and was replaced by a faint smile. Then, he began the concoction of pills.

In the fifth level of enlightenment, he had gained a preliminary understanding of the use of Divine Rain Intent, but such a Spirit Intent was far beyond his power to manipulate.

His magical strength wasn't strong enough to turn all of the ice spikes into rain. Besides, he used the Spirit Intent left by Que Shenzi to cast the spell.

It was only through this that he finally comprehended the mystery of Divine Rain Intent.

In his point of view, the following levels – sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth – were probably the process of Que Shenzi condensing his Spirit Intent, merging the Spirit Intent with his Dao Enlightenment. As for himself, he hadn't formed his Dao yet and his magical strength was insufficient to merge with Spirit Intent that belonged to his.

Despite all of that, he could use these tiny bits of Spirit Intent to concoct Fifth Revolution Pills... He should give it a try!

He didn't intend to concoct a Fifth Revolution Pill now, because given his current concoction technique, even if he succeeded in his first attempt, it would take at least half a year for him to finish the concoction.

However, he had a way to test if his concoction technique had improved.

In his head, he was recollecting the memory of Emperor Ancient Chaos' concoction technique – Ninth Revolution River of Vehicle. In between his fingers were burning with black flame. He drew an outline of circles in the void in front according to some profound invisible locus.

First Revolution, Second Revolution, Third Revolution, Fourth Revolution... Four circles were drawn successively before Ning Fan felt that his finger couldn't move anymore, like there was a barrier of force that was making his finger immobile.

“Four circles mean Fourth Revolution Concoction Technique... If I can draw out the fifth circle, I will be able to concoct Fifth Revolution Pills!”

A hint of faint Divine Rain Intent emerged in his indifferent eyes. This Spirit Intent went from his heart to his fingers, and integrated into the black flames. A layer of Rain Intent was formed on the blazing flames.

At this moment, with a boost of magical strength, the sluggish finger immediately drew out the fifth illusory circle in the air.

The fifth circle wasn't a perfect line and dispersed immediately after it was drawn. This indicated that Ning Fan's concoction technique had reached Fifth Revolution. He could now concoct Fifth Revolution Pills but with great difficulty. In the best case scenario, if he concocted ten pills, only one pill would succeed, however he already had to thank the Gods for this.

In any case, he had officially become a Fifth Revolution Pill Master the moment he drew the fifth circle.

He couldn't deny that the harvest in the Dark Sparrow's Grave wasn't small at all!

The improvement in his concoction technique made the concoction of Third Revolution Pills even handier for him. Before the pills were finished, the little girl couldn't hold it any longer and kept on drooling.

“It smells good. It smells so good! Way better than before! Why is that so?”

“Because I'm now a Fifth Revolution Cookie Refinement Master...” Ning Fan slapped the cauldron lid and the pills were concocted!

“Whoa! Cookie Brother, you are amazing! If Grandpa knows how amazing you are, he will definitely like you.”

The little girl took the pills straight out from the cauldron,

disregarding the fact that the pills might scald her hands, then put them in her small mouth.

When Ning Fan heard that she said ‘Grandpa’, a chill instantly settled over him.

That ‘Grandpa’ naturally would be a Void Fragmentation Expert. He wondered if he was being watched by the Void Fragmentation Grandpa just now.

The harvest of refining the Black Demon Flame and improving his concoction technique weren’t small, but if he could obtain the Profound Yin Qi as well, it would be perfect...

The Profound Yin Qi was ranked as the ninth Heavenly Frosty Cold Qi. Many experts of Rain Immortal World had come to Dark Sparrow’s Grave, but found no trace of it...

The Cold Qi had no spirit, so it couldn’t hide itself. Before this, Ning Fan didn’t know the reason why everyone couldn’t find the Cold Qi, but now, he could already guess the answer.

Perhaps, the Cold Qi had already been hidden by this little girl as the ‘Cold Qi Treasure’.

“Girl, do you know where the Profound Yin Qi is...?”

“I know... En, no, I don’t know... What do you want to do with my Profound Treasure...?”

The little girl stopped eating the pills and took two steps back, staring at Ning Fan with concern.

However, awkwardness flashed past her eyes when she saw the pills in her hands.

“You are much nicer to me than the Profound Treasure. They don’t even care about me and make Pill Cookies for me to eat. If-if you can make better cookies, thousand times or ten thousand times better than this, I will tell you where the Profound Treasure is at...”

“In that case, you will have to wait for me to refine Fifth Revolution Pills and use them to exchange for the Profound Yin Qi.”

Ning Fan contemplated it briefly. He was afraid that only Fifth Revolution Pills could fulfil that condition. It was inappropriate for him to rob the Cold Qi from this little girl. Plus, there was a Void Fragmentation expert watching him.

Anyway, he didn't have an urgent need for the Profound Yin Qi for the time being. The Cold Qi wouldn't be lost by leaving it in Sinister Sparrow Sect. So, he could only wait until he could concoct a Fifth Revolution Pill and exchange it with the little girl for the Cold Qi.

Apart from Profound Yin Qi, there was also another thing that stirred up his interest very much.

“What about the Ming Luo Fruit? It's grown in which level?”

“What Ming Luo Fruit are you talking about?” The little girl tilted her head, seemingly confused.

“The pits of the fruit you ate...”

“That Fruit Fruit is grown in the ninth level, in Grandpa's watch... Cookie Brother can't eat them... Grandpa said that even I could only eat one Fruit Fruit in ten years...”

“Is that so... forget it...” Ning Fan shook his head. If Ming Luo Fruit was really in the control of the Void Fragmentation old expert, Ning Fan had to admit that he would never be able to deceive a Void Fragmentation old expert into giving him a Ming Luo Fruit.

A Ming Luo Fruit could grant a dream that would increase fifty years of mental cultivation. It seemed that he had no other choice but to let go of this opportunity despite being so close to getting it.

But just as he shook his head, a voice sounded from behind.

“Fifth Revolution Pill Master... It’s enough to qualify you to speak with me... You can have the Ming Luo Fruit, but you have to promise me one condition...”

The voice sounded without warning. Despite the plainness of his tone, it was laced with killing intent. This mysterious person wasn’t giving Ning Fan any room to decline the offer.

Ning Fan could only agree to his condition, or else he would die for sure!

When the voice was heard, the lawless little girl immediately showed a frightened look, and hid her hands that were holding the pills behind her back.

“Grandpa... I-I didn’t steal the Pill Cookies...”

...

Chapter 118(1) - This is...my Dao! (1)

Ning Fan turned around and looked unscrupulously at the thin old man.

He was only 1.5 meters tall. His body was as thin as firewood. His face was as cold as zombie. He wore black feathered clothes. His hair was so messy it looked like the spines of a hedgehog. Although his eyes were blood-red, his skin was pale-white. Ning Fan anticipated that this might be caused by living in a place with no light over the years.

The emergence of the man instantly gave Ning Fan a strong sense of danger...

Void Fragmentation!

He had offered the Ming Luo Fruit as the price in a threatening way. This old man put forward his request without giving Ning Fan any room for refusal.

Cold light flickered in Ning Fan's eyes. He didn't like such threatening feeling, even if this was a Void Fragmentation old expert!

His thoughts raced rapidly. The fact that this old man didn't speak much indicated that he was unsocial and eccentric. The old man's eyes glittered with fierce light that captured people's attention. Judging from the character of this old man, he would never waste time on nonsense with Ning Fan. If he ever wanted Ning Fan to do anything, he could just suppress Ning Fan with his power!

Nevertheless, he still didn't attack Ning Fan, and only threatened him verbally. Was it because of the little girl, or was there some other reason...?

Vaguely, he felt that this old man was staring at the earth vein demonic fire which he used to concoct pills with dread. Although it

was hidden very deeply, Ning Fan was still able to discern it with his eyes.

That was strange...why would a Void Fragmentation old expert fear the earth vein demonic fire?!

He was an old man in black robe. There were black mists around him, seeming to have the spirit sense effect of shielding his cultivation base from being detected. To a Void Fragmentation old expert, such an act seemed somewhat superfluous. However, the Qi of the black mist gave Ning Fan a sense of familiarity. Immediately, he recalled where he had seen it before.

The pit of Ming Luo Fruit contained the same Qi! The formation that sealed the ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs in the little girl's brocade pouch also radiated this Qi!

After having a firm guess, he made a strike with sword sense, slashing away the dark mist blanketing the old man's body, and finally saw clearly the cultivation base of the old man.

“Sword sense?!”

The old man was slightly startled. When he saw Ning Fan's expression, his face darkened.

“You saw it!”

“That's right. I saw it...say it now. What is it that you want my help with? If your rewards are sufficient, perhaps I'll say yes to it.”

Ning Fan revealed an inexplicable smile, and no longer had as much fear for the old man as before.

This old man was indeed a Void Fragmentation old monster, but he wasn't his true self. Plus, this old man seemed to have a spontaneous fear of Ning Fan's Black Demon Flame.

Indistinctly, Ning Fan could already feel the Qi of the old man, and after slashing away the black mist, he discovered the true identity of this old man.

The old man wasn't human, but a tree! He was an old tree which had developed consciousness, he was the Ming Luo Tree!

The one that came was merely the root hair consisted of Void Fragmentation Qi, coming straight from the ninth level of the Dark Sparrow's Grave, but its magical ability was only at Spirit Severing realm.

All of these happened because of the special suppression that existed in the different levels of Dark Sparrow's Grave. Any demonic creature of higher realm wouldn't be able to cross the boundary of the lower realm.

Ming Luo Tree was an extremely queer tree that couldn't be exposed to any trace of fiery light, or else it would wither immediately. If this was the true body of the old tree, it might be able to resist the earth vein demonic flame with its magical power, but the one that came was a mere Spirit Severing realm clone of it. In the face of Ning Fan's Fifth Grade Spiritual Fire—the Black Demon Flame—he was afraid that this clone would just withered by itself!

Within a short period of time, Ning Fan had pinpointed the weaknesses of the old man through various signs, and eliminated his fear for the old man. If the old man was his original self, perhaps Ning Fan would have no other choice, but since the old man had numerous weaknesses, it would only make Ning Fan an object of ridicule if he was threatened by such an old man.

The old man had a cloudy expression. He had been locking on the little girl with his spirit sense, worried about the safety of the girl. Fortunately, Ning Fan didn't do anything to the girl.

As a matter of fact, he was reluctant to show up, but after witnessing Ning Fan breaking through to the Fifth Revolution of concoction technique, an idea began to rise in his mind.

He wanted to catch Ning Fan, make him stay in Dark Sparrow's Grave to become the personal Pill Master of the little girl! With the

help of a Fifth Revolution Pill Master, the Void Poison in the girl's body could probably be...

Given his Void Fragmentation cultivation base, he wasn't able to come to the fifth level due to the suppression of the grave. So, he could only send his root clone to capture this man.

However, when he arrived, he discovered that Ning Fan was holding the horrifying earth vein demonic fire – a Fifth Grade Demonic Fire. If it was his true self, he wouldn't be afraid of that, unfortunately, it was merely his clone. The body of Ming Luo Tree was unusual. Once it was shone by the fiery light, it would wither to death instantly.

Therefore, the old man had eliminated the idea of holding Ning Fan captive. Instead, he would use his fruit to lure Ning Fan into a trap while secretly unleashing his true aura. First, he would force Ning Fan into agreeing to his request. Then, he would bring Ning Fan to the ninth level. By that time, everything would be in his control! It was then up to him whether he should give rewards to Ning Fan. Also, it would be impossible for Ning Fan to leave Dark Sparrow's Grave by himself!

A threatening word from the old man was no doubt hidden with infinite danger. If it was an ordinary person, he would probably already succumb to the Void Fragmentations' might, lost his composure and calmness and got caught in the old man's trap.

Unfortunately for the old man, the Void Fragmentation old monsters Ning Fan had met included Bone Sovereign, Moksha Sovereign, Small Sable and Yun Bushu. Ning Fan also had the inheritance of an Immortal Emperor. How could he be deterred by an old man with an aura of Void Fragmentation?

Ning Fan didn't panic. Instead, he discovered the flaws from the old man's words, gestures and Qi.

Ning Fan smiled at the old man, not saying another word. He would like to hear what the request of this old man was. If it

wasn't too difficult of a request, he would be most willing to get a few Ming Luo Fruit out of it.

But, if the old man wanted him to enter the ninth level of the grave, don't even think about it!

Also, it was impossible for the old man to threaten him with death!

"Grand-grandpa...don't be angry. Cookie Brother is a good person..." The little girl said timidly. Only by looking at the girl did the old man showed a trace of affability.

"Bright Sparrow, you are still young...when you grow up, you will know the perilous heart of humans... If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have come into contact with the human race!"

Anger stirred inside of him when his eyes met Ning Fan's.

Despite being threatened by him, instead of showing an angry look, Ning Fan smiled... Sure enough, humans had an extremely deep shrewdness. They were mean and had no sense of shame. No emotions of theirs were written on their face.

In fact, the old man didn't understand why Ning Fan smiled. Smile was a kind of expression. It was a way to keep one's countenance, totally unrelated to mood or even happiness and sadness.

"This old man is Ming Luo. Just like what you saw, this old man is merely a root hair clone that won't do you any harm. I do have something to ask from you...about the details of it, I would like to invite you to the ninth level of Dark Sparrow's Grave. We can have a proper discussion over there."

"I'm not going into the ninth level... I will not even go to the sixth level!"

Ning Fan's smile faded. He retreated three paces and stamped one of his feet, stamping the Black Demon Flame into the ground.

Immediately, a sizzling sound was heard from the ground. A root under the ground was burned to ashes. The old man named Ming Luo let out a groan, as though he had suffered a minor injury.

Sneak attack?! The old man took advantage of the time conversing with Ning Fan and then attacked with his root!

...

Chapter 118(2) - This is...my Dao! (2)

“You wanted to lure me into the ninth level and sneak-attacked me with your roots. How shameless... In that case, I don’t need your Ming Luo Fruit anymore, it’s done... For the sake of Bright Sparrow, I won’t kill your clone, but if you continue to block my way, I have a way to kill your clone and cause your true body to suffer a heavy injury!”

Ning Fan’s eyes turned cold. He kept the Pill Cauldron and extinguished the earth fire. If it wasn’t because this place was under the old man’s control, with countless Spirit Severing demonic beasts watching him, he would never be so courteous to this old man and would’ve killed this clone by now.

“Humph! Wanting to leave?! It’s true that this old man can’t do anything to you, but all the demons on this level listens to my command. Perhaps, this old man may not be able to kill you, but if I won’t let you leave, do you think you can leave?!”

The old man’s eyes were cold. His spirit sense permeated the surroundings, seemingly passing some kind of orders. Immediately, each of the Spirit Severing demonic beasts revealed a ferocious look, stepping towards Ning Fan’s direction. This was a threat! And this threat was obviously harder to deal with than the old man’s clone!

Under this stalemate situation, the little girl stamped her foot urgently. For some reason, she didn’t want to see the Cookie Brother whom she had just met having a fight with Grandpa.

“Enough! Grandpa, if you harm Cookie Brother, I-I won’t take the ‘Pill’ anymore!”

A trace of black light flickered intensely in her eyes. Agony was emerging on her face. Then, a pair of black wings sprouted out from her spine and clothes!

There was pain, heart-wrenching pain. At the moment when the girl sprouted out wings, she passed out with a painful wail.

The abrupt change in the girl left the old man dumbstruck.

“Not good. She has exerted the demonic force. The symptoms of the Void Poison is beginning to manifest. She has to be fed with medicine now!”

Void Poison was an extremely fierce poison during ancient times, originating from the immemorial Dark Sparrow’s black feather tail wing. It was a lethal poison that had combined with Dark Sparrow’s spatial force. The Void Poison of a full-grown Dark Sparrow could easily poison a true Immortal to death.

Long ago, the old man has discovered the Void Poison in Bright Sparrow’s body. He had done everything he could to suppress the poison, but the fierceness of the poison was far more powerful than he had expected. He was unable to clear it off her body even with his Void Fragmentation cultivation base!

The old man had used various kinds of ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs to create some sort of medicinal liquid to bring the Void Poison under control. As long as Bright Sparrow didn’t exert her demonic force, the poison would be under control. Only by taking these pills every once in a while could the poison be suppressed.

Due to his lack of knowledge in alchemy, the medicine he made couldn’t cure the poison inside of her, and gradually, the poison seemed to have created its own immunity against the medicine, making it harder to suppress. Once the poison broke out in her body, she might die...that was why the old man had the idea of capturing Ning Fan after learning that he had broken through to the Fifth Revolution Concoction Technique.

It was just that he hadn’t expected that Little Bright Sparrow would exert the forbidden demonic force just to protect Ning Fan, causing the Void Poison inside her body to manifest ahead of time!

The old man's heart was burning with anxiety. At this moment, he had lost all interest in detaining Ning Fan... This time, he had no idea if Bright Sparrow could survive this outbreak.

His eyes were blazing with fury, as if he was going to eat Ning Fan alive!

“If Bright Sparrow dies, this old man will rush out of the Dark Sparrow's Grave and shred you to a million pieces even if that means that I have to burn my own soul and fall into an irrecoverable state. You son of a b*tch! Get out! Get out of the Grave!”

The old man picked up the unconscious girl and prepared to fly back to the ninth level.

However, Ning Fan didn't seem to be going anywhere. He knitted his eyebrows and called out to the old man. He had very little affection for this old man, but he couldn't help but care for the little girl.

“Wait!”

“What do you still want?!” The old man turned his head angrily, but after seeing a trace of concern in Ning Fan's eyes, his fury reduced slightly.

“She isn't being poisoned by the Void Poison... If I'm not mistaken, the force she exerted earlier should belong to the Immemorial Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan – the Dark Demon Force. I don't know what kind of medicine did you feed her, but I know that the most it can do is to suppress the effect of the poison. Suppressing it isn't helping her, but harming her instead!” Ning Fan's eyes were solemn.

“Dark Demon Force! Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan! Not possible! She's just a tiny Pill Devil. I have seen her grew up with my own eyes!” The old man felt a tingle in his heart. As one of the demons here, there was no way that he wouldn't know who the

Immemorial Dark Sparrow was and the horror of the Dark Sparrow.

He had witnessed the formation of the Pill Devil and how it grew into a nice and obedient little girl. How could she be an Immemorial Dark Sparrow? How could she be a leading figure? This was nonsense!

But after listening to what Ning Fan said, the old man also felt that the mysterious force in the girl's body was similar to the force of the legendary Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan – the Dark Demon Force.

The Immemorial Dark Sparrow or the Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan was the head of demon race and a rare existence. Only the Royal Dark Sparrow could produce Dark Demon Force. The other demons could easily be deterred by using this force alone.

When Bright Sparrow was born, she had an inexplicable restraint against demons. Perhaps, this was the thing that made him feel good about her. If this force was the Dark Demon Force, everything seemed to make sense now.

Struggle appeared in the old man's eyes. After a moment of deep contemplation, he partially believed Ning Fan's seemingly absurd inference.

How could a Pill Devil become the Royal Dark Sparrow, the old man was confused, but that seemed to be the truth.

If that demonic force was the Dark Demon Force, the poison was supposed to be a great benefit to Bright Sparrow that she could refine bit by bit. A few decades later, even if she wasn't a Void Refinement expert yet, she could at least reach Spirit Severing. However, the poison had been suppressed by his medicine all the while, which had inadvertently nourished the poison, allowing the poison to grow stronger and stronger.

If Bright Sparrow had refined the poison completely, perhaps she

would have already broken through to the Void Refinement realm...but, such horrifying poison wasn't something a Golden Core little girl could simply devour!

If Bright Sparrow died, it must be because the poison inside of her went out of control, and this was because he had been suppressing it the whole time!

"How certain are you that her body contained Dark Demon Force...?" The old man closed his eyes bitterly.

"Seventy percent..." Ning Fan said plainly.

"Hehe, after listening to what you said, this old man is 80% certain. No wonder the Void Poison was able to nourish itself by absorbing the medicine I made. This old man understands now... Can Bright Sparrow be saved...?"

"If the Void Poison is unleashed, she will certainly die and all nine levels of Dark Sparrow's Grave will be turned into a barren land."

"Hehe, little friend, you have underestimated the power of the Void Poison. If the Void Poison is unleashed, not only all the creatures in the nine levels of Dark Sparrow's Grave will die, 100 000 miles area of the land, and 300 000 meters above here will perish as well! Little friend, I'm not going to waste time conversing with you anymore. Do you have means to save her?!"

"Yes, 30% of success..."

"30%..." Ning Fan slightly closed his eyes.

Life and death were decreed by fate. He only had 30% certainty in saving the little girl. The girl's physique was too strange and the level of the Void Poison was still unknown, and there's also a lot of other variables. As such, having a 30% chance of success in such a situation was already considered rare.

"Is that so...? 30% chance of success...well, this old man doesn't even have 10%. If you are willing to save Bright Sparrow, what

conditions do you have? Say it out!” The old man’s eyes turned grim and he spoke sternly!

“I have three conditions. First, you have to hand over a trace of your true soul. In that way, if you ever do anything to harm me, I can severely injure you at any time!”

“About this...agreed!” The old man hesitated for a moment. He hesitated not because he was reluctant to hand over his true soul, but Ning Fan’s first condition wasn’t to ask for benefits, but for self-protection.

“Second, I want to use your ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs, with those herbs, the success rate of saving her will increase to 70%!”

“70%! Of course, you can use them!” At first, he felt disdainful when Ning Fan asked for the ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs, but after knowing that this would increase the success rate of saving the little girl’s life to 70%, he immediately agreed to it and was overjoyed.

“Third, I haven’t thought about it yet...if I can save this little girl, I will exercise this condition to ask for reward. If I failed in this attempt, the Void Poison will be released, however I don’t think the poison will destroy the country above, but I believe that I will die in this place.”

Ning Fan looked at the old man solemnly. The fact that the poison would make 100 000 miles of land above to perish was a lie. The purpose of saying this was to eliminate the thought of fleeing away in Ning Fan’s mind, so that he could focus on detoxifying the poison in Bright Sparrow.

Without this threat, the old man couldn’t ensure that Ning Fan would stay in the grave, but he didn’t know that although Ning Fan had numerous shortcomings, Ning Fan was a man who remembers kindness.

However, the kindness shown by the little girl wasn't worth mentioning, but if she hadn't helped Ning Fan out of the crisis earlier by exerting her Dark Demon Force, she would have never stirred the Void Poison inside of her, causing her to fall into a dangerous state.

Perhaps, it was fate that Ning Fan met her today. If this incident didn't happen, Ning Fan might have left this place and wouldn't know that this girl had such a deadly poison, and one day, this girl would die of the outbreak of the poison.

There was a 70% chance of success in saving Bright Sparrow. If Ning Fan succeeded, he would be safe and sound, if he failed, the Void Poison would erupt, causing death to all beings, including him. The 30% chance of death was enough to draw fear out of any ordinary cultivator, but to Ning Fan, 70% of success rate was still worth trying.

But if he didn't save Bright Sparrow, he would need to question himself what kind of Dao was he cultivating! If he didn't save Bright Sparrow, it would make his insistence on kindness ridiculous!

He would save Bright Sparrow not because of the old man's threat, or to gain rewards, but because of the determination of his Dao Heart!

He gently took out a Voice Transmission Stone, casted a spell and sent his message to Xue Qing.

"Xue Qing, bring Zhi He, Xiao Lan and Sisi out of the Dark Sparrow's Grave quick!"

He didn't explain much about it. He decided to take the risk on his own. He would never involve Zhi He and the other girls in this!

This is...my Dao!

A trace of Dao Heart's metamorphosis was visible in his eyes. It was happening slowly and astonishingly! Similarly, the Divine

Intent of Rain also underwent a gradual metamorphosis under the metamorphosis of his Dao Heart!

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Chapter 119(1) - Hateful! (1)

Old Man Ming Luo separated a trace of his true soul and gave it to Ning Fan. Then, Ning Fan went into the sixth level along with Old Man Ming Luo.

Each of them was tied down by the other. If Ming Luo made any suspicious move, Ning Fan would crush Ming Luo's true soul, granting him a serious injury. If Ning Fan reneged on his word, the Void Refinement clone of Ming Luo would kill him even if Ning Fan had Black Demon Flames!

Ning Fan had already made up his mind to detoxify the poison in Bright Sparrow's body, because of the persistence of his Dao Heart.

It was just that after entering the sixth level, Ning Fan's expression turned awkward immediately, Old Man Ming Luo stuffed the unconscious little Bright Sparrow into Ning Fan's arms.

"You'll hold her while I handle those ignorant little things...but you'd better watch your hands, if you dare to touch any part of her body, this old man will kill you!"

Old Man Ming Luo left a threatening reminder, then lunged forward with his momentum unleashed.

Ning Fan could only sense the fierce Qi of each Void Refinement demonic beast, but couldn't see their images. The speed of the Void Refinement demonic beasts were so fast that Ning Fan's eyes couldn't even follow them.

The demonic beasts in this level were of Void Refinement cultivation base. Each of them was reluctant to give in to Ming Luo. If Bright Sparrow was awake, things would be easier. With a flash of black light in her big eyes, all demonic beasts could instantly be tamed. The deterrent force of Ming Luo against these Void Refinement demonic beasts was apparently not as good as Bright Sparrow's.

Fortunately, Old Man Ming Luo's true self was a Void Fragmentation old expert, having techniques that Void Refinement demonic beasts could not match for. After several attacks, the demonic beasts realized that they couldn't easily devour Ning Fan and left resentfully.

All of the scenes that fell upon Ning Fan's eyes turned into traces of thoughts.

His arms were carrying the small body of Bright Sparrow horizontally, like how a princess was carried in a prince's hands. The reason he did so naturally was because Ming Luo had to deal with the enemies ahead.

In order to cure Bright Sparrow's poison, he needed a safe place and lots of 10,000-year-old spiritual herbs. The spiritual herbs in the brocade pouch wouldn't be enough for that. Therefore, he still had to go to the ninth level of the grave. Prior to reaching their destination, he had to use the profound medical skill from Ancient Chaos' inheritance to temporarily seal the Void Poison in Bright Sparrow's body.

While carrying the little girl close to him, he didn't have any trace of sexual thoughts. Even if he didn't cultivate the Yin Yang Transformation, he would never have any sexual urges towards a seven or eight year old girl. Old Man Ming Luo was just over-concerned. His impression of the human race was repulsive and hideous.

Ming Luo and the Void Refinement demonic beasts were still fighting. The atmosphere was silent and their images were hard to trace, but the surrounding forests and hundreds of miles of land was burnt and then frozen. Mountains and rivers collapsed. Cracks on the barren land extended another hundred miles. The sound of rumble was non-stop!

Despite the degree of battle, Ning Fan didn't pay any attention to it. His mind was completely immersed into the rain in this level.

Every drop of rain in the sixth level wasn't icy cold, but was as sharp as sword light. Each drop of the rain seemed as if it was made of sword Qi. Such a technique wasn't just turning sword into rain. The profundity of it lied in the Divine Intent of Rain.

Lines from Que Shenzi were heard by Ning Fan. That year when Que Shenzi was at the sixth level, his murderous intent was aroused, which also stirred up his desire for revenge. Therefore, the rain in this level had been influenced by his murderous intent. The Divine Intent of Rain that Que Shenzi understood began to mix together with his killing intent.

“Provoke the killing intent from the heart, turning the killing intent into swords, turn the swords into rain and use the rain to kill...this is the insight that Que Shenzi acquired in the sixth level.”

Ning Fan spoke plainly, but didn't immerse himself into the Divine Intent of Rain in the way Que Shenzi did.

Despite him having comprehended a trace of the Divine Intent of Rain, he still needed to combine his Dao with the Divine Intent if he wanted to master its true power!

This rain of killing intent wasn't the Dao of Ning Fan, it was the Dao of Que Shenzi!

However, he had to observe it in order to understand how Que Shenzi acquired his enlightenment in the Divine Intent of Rain ...

The sixth level of the grave was extremely large. Ming Luo flew his Immortal Cloud for at least ten thousands of miles before he discovered a huge crater and heaved a sigh of relief.

His Immortal Cloud descended straight into the seventh level. As soon as they entered the huge crater, an old man that looked exactly the same as Ming Luo stepped across in the air. After a ray of light, the two of them merged into one!

All of a sudden, Ming Luo's Qi skyrocketed!

From intermediate stage of Void Refinement to the late stage, to

peak Void Refinement, and to the first layer of Void Fragmentation, to the second layer, to the third and until it finally stopped at the fourth layer!

Ming Luo let out another sigh of relief and spoke coldly: “Alright. We have arrived in the seventh level. This old man has combined into one with my true body, recovering my strength of fourth layer of Void Fragmentation. In this way, those first layer Void Fragmentation or second layer Void Fragmentation demonic beasts wouldn’t be of much threat to this old man. After the eight level, it will be the world of this old man!”

Ning Fan was still holding Bright Sparrow’s body. At this time, Ming Luo was convinced that Ning Fan would never have any crooked idea towards Bright Sparrow, which eased his mind. He then began to focus on circulating his magical force, converging them at the center of his palm as if brewing some kind of magical art.

Ming Luo didn’t make any explanation, but Ning Fan could guess that the old man was making a serious preparation for some old monsters in the eight level. He was probably condensing a spell that could kill the opponent in one strike...

In order to save Bright Sparrow, this old man definitely spared no effort. No, he was even risking his life for that.

Under this situation, although Ning Fan had the intention of aiding the old man to fend off the enemies, he was in no position to help. The battle of Void Fragmentations couldn’t involve a Harmonious Spirit expert such as Ning Fan.

His duty was to do the best he could to save Bright Sparrow after entering the ninth level. Since he had sufficient time now, he wouldn’t miss the chance to comprehend the Divine Intent of Rain of the seventh level.

In the fifth level, it was the icy rain. In the sixth level, it was the sword rain whereas in the seventh level, it was the lighting rain!

Thunder rumbled beside his ears. In the frenzied gale, the torrential rain fell and splashed onto the ground.

That year, Que Shenzi's Divine Intent must have improved tremendously at this place. And because of that, his cultivation base advanced by leaps and bounds, his combat intent was stirring!

The surging combat intent integrated into the Divine Intent of Rain and turned the rain into lighting rain!

"The flat ground creates the lighting, the sky produces the rain... I want to kill someone!"

A declaration of battle echoed in Ning Fan's ears. That was the voice of Que Shenzi left in the Divine Intent of Rain.

He opened his eyes all of a sudden as though an idea had struck him by surprise.

In the fifth level of the grave, Que Shenzi had fully grasped the Divine Intent of Rain. In the sixth level, he had integrated his killing intent into the rain and in seventh level, he had integrated his combat intent into the rain! What kind of Dao Sense did he instil into the rain in the eighth level?!

The question didn't trouble Ning Fan for long, because travelling through the seventh level was like travelling through a realm of emptiness. The Immortal Cloud that was controlled by Ming Luo was moving at lightning speed. In one short hour, it flew past a million miles and plummeted into the crater that led to the eighth level!

The first and second layer Void Fragmentation demonic beasts didn't dare stop them, as every layer of Void Fragmentation realm had a difference like day and night. Given Ming Luo's Void Fragmentation fourth layer cultivation base, he only needed one palm strike to kill a Void Fragmentation first layer demonic beast. Killing a Void Fragmentation second layer demonic beast would need only three palm strikes of his!

After passing through the world of lightning rain and entering the eighth level, Ning Fan's eyes glittered for the first time.

The rain here was similar to the drizzle in the first, second and fourth level. It was just that there was an ocean of water flowing quietly on the ground below.

This ocean should contain the boundless indomitable intent, otherwise, it wouldn't fall from the sky to the ground below!

The rain in the eighth level was the heaven defying rain!

Instead of listening to the insight that Que Shenzi had acquired in this level, Ning Fan gazed attentively at the scene and felt a chill in his heart.

He recalled the word of Que Shenzi, which had become true in the eighth level!

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Chapter 119(2) - Hateful! (2)

“I want this rain to be born out of the earth and defy the Heavens for eternity!”

Ning Fan let out a light breath. To him, the Divine Rain Intent in the eight level was, without a question, great.

Every cultivator he met submitted to fate. Even someone as powerful as the Old Monster was made fun of by fate. As for Ning Fan, he, too, never had the idea of defying the Heavens and altering fate.

Que Shenzi, however, was different from the rest. He was a man who dared to think and act beyond limits. He swore an oath of fighting the Four Heavens Immortal World while he was in Dark Sparrow's Grave. Today, Ning Fan was afraid that Que Shenzi had already gotten what he wanted in the Four Heavens Immortal World.

This man had the audacity to go against the Heavens!

Ning Fan carried Bright Sparrow in his arms, gradually shutting his eyes. The trace of persistence in his heart amplified boundlessly. He persisted that he would never abandon sentiments for his Core Formation no matter what kind of circumstance it was! Every cultivator would have such a trace of persistence, but it was rare for someone to cultivate persistence into Dao!

Along the path of Que Shenzi's Dao Enlightenment, he inquired his heart and understood his Dao once more.

“I will not abandon sentiment!”

For a moment, his heart resounded with this line of words. All of a sudden, a trace of profound insight fused with the Divine Rain Intent. The integration that was seemingly impossible began to take place!

It merges with the Divine Intent?!

Ning Fan opened both of his surprised eyes. However, he didn't have time to think about the magical changes in his body. A number of howls were closing in on him!

There were three Void Fragmentation experts. Two were of the second layer and one was of the fourth layer. Their eyes were full of hostility as they looked at Ming Luo!

“Hehe! Ming Luo, it seems like your granddaughter is in trouble. Do you need our help?!”

An old man with the scales of a snake on his face sneered weirdly while his snake pupil fixed at Bright Sparrow in Ning Fan's arms, licking his lips with his tongue.

Helping was just a pretense! Killing was the real thing!

The snake old man's eyes turned solemn. A second later, a strange demonic Qi with soul energy intruded into Ning Fan's sea of consciousness.

Demon Soul! Only Demon Race could cultivate such a thing!

“This kid isn't bad. I might as well corpse-seize him!”

This old man was a snake-like demonic beast that had already transformed into a human. His powerful and unusual demon soul avoided Ming Luo's body naturally and entered Ning Fan's body, attempting to invade Ning Fan's sea of consciousness, corpse-seized Ning's Fan body, turning Ning Fan into his incarnation.

Ming Luo's facial expression changed dramatically. He couldn't have thought that this snake-like old man's demon soul was a notch higher than his and could actually slip past him and sneak-attacked Ning Fan.

Ning Fan...

Ming Luo felt a twinge of mixed feelings. Although he earnestly wished Ning Fan to die, he at least couldn't let anything to happen to Ning Fan before Bright Sparrow was saved.

If Ning Fan was successfully corpse-seized by the snake-like elder, he would die without a doubt. In that case, who else would be able to save Bright Sparrow?!

Anxiety filled his eyes and his mind was in contemplation. Ning Fan had the sword sense, more than half of his sea of consciousness was condensed out of sword consciousness, but he was still clueless if this kid's sword consciousness was solid enough. It would be good if this kid could resist the corpse-seizing attack of the snake-like old man for a short while. During that moment, he would crush the demon soul in the kid's sea of consciousness!

He wasted no time. He put away the magical force which had been brewing in his palm, pointed his finger at Ning Fan's glabella, trying to defuse the corpse-seizing attack of the snake-like old man.

However, the two Void Fragmentation third layer demonic beasts at both sides weren't idle. Just as the snake-like old man corpse-seized Ning Fan, both men – one from the left and the other from the right – lunged at Ming Luo, forcing him to withdraw his palm.

“Snake Lin! Don't you oppress beyond limit! You cannot kill this kid no matter what!” Ming Luo was in a state of exasperation.

“Hehe! So what even if I have to oppress you beyond limit! So what even if I kill him! Bear Kun, Tiger Jue, you two stop Ming Luo, until this old man corpse-seizes this kid and turn him into my incarnation, this old man will join you two.”

Elder Snake Lin sneered coldly, as if corpse-seizing Ning Fan was merely a small deal.

Why would a Harmonious Spirit human dare to enter the eight level of Dark Sparrow's Grave, he had no idea. Not even the Void Fragmentation experts of Rain Immortal Palace would dare to come into this level. This kid must have grown tired of living!

Initially, Elder Snake Lin would never put a puny Harmonious

Spirit in his eyes, but the fact that Ming Luo had been keeping Ning Fan safe indicated that Ning Fan must have a great use to Ming Luo. Since Ning Fan was merely a Harmonious Spirit expert, it would be extremely easy for him to eliminate this kid. After killing this kid, it would throw Ming Luo's heart into chaos, which would significantly lower the difficulty of them killing Ming Luo!

However, as his thought reached this point, he felt a heart-tearing pain from his spirit sense.

“Argh!”

Elder Snake Lin let out a wail, showing an appalled look and glared at Ning Fan!

He thought that by sending one-third of his soul power into Ning Fan's sea of consciousness for corpse-seizing was already more than enough.

However, the result was that once his soul power seeped into Ning Fan's sea of consciousness, all of his soul power was shattered by the stifling sword sense.

“This is...this is sword sense...no, even if this is the sword sense of sword consciousness, it shouldn't have this kind of power... what is the sword Qi that you used to condense your sword consciousness...?”

“You don't need to know about it. Old Man Ming Luo, what are you waiting for?! Attack now!”

Cold light shone from Ning Fan's eyes. Although he had shattered one third of the scaly elder's soul, he had suffered some injuries. This was a score he would never forget!

Even when Elder Snake Lin let out a cry, the two Void Fragmentation third layer demonic beasts had yet to react. Only Ming Luo had vaguely guessed that Ning Fan had used some kind of strange means to counter-attack Elder Snake Lin.

In fact, Ning Fan's prompting words was already unnecessary. As

Ming Luo saw the reversal of situation, he seized the opportunity instantly by striking out the magical force that had been gathered at his palm!

A 30 000 meters large deadwood giant palm charged and pressed against the three demonic beasts with Heaven-and-Earth-trembling pressure.

The three of them were caught off guard, but they still immediately defended against the palm strike with all their might. At the critical juncture, Ming Luo drove the Immortal Cloud with the fastest possible speed towards the crater leading to the ninth level.

What was in the ninth level of the grave was the Immortal Bone of Dark Sparrow and also the 100 000 clones of Ming Luo Tree!

This was the zone where Ming Luo reigned. No doubt, Elder Snake Lin and his allies wouldn't dare to enter this level, because even True Immortals would be flayed alive should they entered this zone!

After flying for 100 000 miles, Ming Luo scanned around with his spirit sense and felt a relief when he discovered that he had outrun the three old monsters. At the same time, he glanced at Ning Fan, and for the first time, he attached importance to this kid.

This kid had secretly plotted against the Void Fragmentation fourth layer old monster. Whether or not it was due to the carelessness of Elder Snake Lin, this act was already sufficient enough to make Ning Fan proud.

“Kid, Old Man Ming Luo owes you one...”

“Really...?” Ning Fan patted his storage pouch and swallowed a few vulnerary pills. A part of the vigor on his face was restored.

He had plotted a counter-attack against Elder Snake Lin only to protect himself, but Ming Luo owed him a favor because of that and Ning Fan wasn't foolish enough to deny it.

The ninth level of the grave isn't far away now.

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The force of the giant palm was incredibly powerful as Ming Luo had been charging it in his palm for a long time. Only by jointly defending against the palm strike with various kinds of techniques would the sky-blotting giant palm be destroyed.

The two Void Fragmentation third layer demonic beasts sighed. From that palm strike, they could already discern the true power of Ming Luo. With both of their strength alone, it would be a mistake for them to offend Ming Luo.

Elder Snake Lin, on the other hand, had a grim face.

He intended to plot against Ming Luo with his allies, but to his astonishment, he was plotted against and wounded by a puny Harmonious Spirit. Also, the palm strike of Ming Luo had added some injuries to his soul.

“Hateful! Go, go, go! We can't let them escape, especially that Harmonious Spirit human!”

Extreme hatred towards Ning Fan arose in Elder Snake Lin's heart. This also increased his grudge against Ming Luo.

However, Ming Luo had already outrun them and Elder Snake Lin was suffering injuries. How could they be able to catch up to them?

“Hateful! This is the most humiliating incident ever in this old man's life!”

Before Ming Luo and the others went into the crater of the ninth level, Elder Snake Lin let out a resentful roar.

Chapter 120(1) - Princess, Si Cang! (1)

In the ninth level of Dark Sparrow's Grave.

Beyond the horizon was a sea of giant trees of 300 meters tall. Above the sea of trees was fine rain falling downwards.

Finally, Ming Luo's tightened skin relaxed.

"We're safe at this place. Each towering tree is a Spirit Severing clone of mine. There is roughly 100 000 of them."

Ming Luo's words were both consolation and warning. It relieved Ning Fan's worries of Elder Snake Lin pursuing them, and also made him understood that it was best to behave in this place, or else, his life would be under a huge threat as any of the Spirit Severing giant tree here was capable of taking his life.

"Let's begin the curing fast. The duration of my suppression of the poison is almost up."

Ning Fan's expression was indifferent, not putting the threat of Ming Luo in his heart.

His eyes swept across the fine rain in the ninth level and closed all of a sudden.

The drizzle here had no special features, no different than the ordinary curtain of rain...but due to Ning Fan having achieved certain insights about the Divine Intent of Rain, he was able to see that there should have been no rain in this level. This rain was transformed out of Divine Intent.

It was neither related to magical force nor magical technique. It was solely the Divine Intent that summoned the rain from the Heavens and Earth.

If the Void Spirit Intent had reached the peak of its cultivation, it could alter the law of Heavens and Earth. Moreover, rumor had it that there was an Ancestral Torch Dragon that had gained

enlightenment of the law of Heavens and Earth during the immemorial time.

By closing an eye, he could alter day to night, and his single breath could change the cycle of the season.

An Immortal could turn a rock into gold with a touch, modify decay into divinity, and turned autumn to spring. All of these were closely connected to Void Spirit Intent.

Of course, even if a normal Spirit Severing cultivator mastered the early stage of Void Spirit Intent and integrated it with his Dao, he might still not be able to alter the law of Heaven and Earth.

Altering the law required not only one's magical technique. During the time when Que Shenzi got enlightenment from the Divine Intent of Rain, his cultivation base was already at the profound level—a True Immortal Class expert. That was why his words could leave traces of his Dao Enlightenment in the rain curtain.

The ninth level of Dark Sparrow's Grave was supposed to have no rain, but that year, a black-clad elder used only a word to activate the Divine Intent of Rain, causing rain to fall in the ninth level.

“I want you to rain and you have to... This is an order.”

These words turned all the heroic aura into a flat tone, but their dominance didn't reduce because these words were directed to the Heavens.

Ning Fan had fully relived the Enlightenment Path of Que Shenzi from the first to ninth level during that year.

There was a profound feeling in his heart. This feeling would bring him further in integrating his own Divine Intent of Rain.

In the Heavens and Earth, there's no similar raindrops nor spirit intent. If the step of integrating the Dao Heart into the spirit intent was completed, Ning Fan could thoroughly condense his spirit intent even though he was only at the Harmonious Spirit realm.

Although he might not be able to use it for the time being, the fact that he could condense the spirit intent would surely make countless of early Spirit Severing old experts envious.

Not every old expert could condense Void Spirit Intent, because of that, numerous early Spirit Severing old experts' cultivation base remained stagnant at the early stage for the rest of their lives, and couldn't advance any further.

The Dao Enlightenment in his mental state slowly rose.

It seemed like Ning Fan was about to usher his third transformation in this grave.

In the first transformation, his status had been changed from mortal to cultivator.

In the second transformation, his skills started to turn stronger.

This time, it was afraid that the transformation would be in Ning Fan's mental state.

Ning Fan's current strength was far better than the likes of Bai Feiteng, slightly better than the likes of Yan Bai, and probably not even weaker than Gui Qiaozi.

But his heart, despite being whitewashed by the memory of Ancient Chaos, was still the heart of a teenager, which inevitably still had a certain immaturity.

This immaturity manifested itself in his life experience. Even though he could imitate Ancient Chaos Immortal Emperor's style of actions, there were plenty of things that he could never understand without experiencing it himself.

Many years ago, there was once a time when Ning Fan gazed at the sky, longed to be like those Immortals who flew in the sky, thinking that all Immortals were carefree. But now, it seemed to him that the life of Immortals were no different than that of the mortals. Similarly, it had joy, sorrow, happiness and sadness, and one would need to fight and wrestle with the fate ahead.

While he was meticulously comprehending the trace of insight, suddenly, a gentle sound was made by the unconscious little Bright Sparrow in his arms. A trace of black-colored blood trickled out from the corner of her mouth. Her pale eyebrows frowned as if showing a wince of pain.

“The poison is attacking her once more! Quickly take me to the place with a sea of fire, and prepare these ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs as soon as possible. I’m going to cure her poison there!”

Ning Fan’s expression turned grim. He patted the storage pouch, took out a jade slip, searched the names of the spiritual herbs on it and gave it to Ming Luo.

“You must cure her...” Ming Luo said solemnly.

“En.”

In the ninth level of Dark Sparrow’s Grave was a place with absolute depth. It was an extinct volcano. The reason it was no longer active was because next to the volcano lay a demonic beast’s remains 270 000 meters in size.

It was the bones of the Immemorial Dark Sparrow!

The bones radiated the peculiar cold Yin force of the Dark Sparrow, thoroughly extinguishing the active volcano. And this cold Yin Force spread across the entire ninth level, causing the cold rain in the grave to fall unceasingly. As it spread out of the Dark Sparrow’s Valley, waves of cold Qi blew across Sinister Sparrow Sect intermittently, making it a suitable place for cultivation.

These bones were extraordinary...but at the moment, Ning Fan seemed to have lost his interest in studying it.

He brought more than ten types of ten-thousand-year-old spiritual herbs, carried the unconscious little lolita in his arms and reached the top of the mouth of the volcano in a flash. In the depths of the volcano was the vaguely scorching magma that made

people's scalp slightly tingle. After a short moment of hesitation, he spread open the Black Demon Flame that surrounded his body like a protective layer before he jumped into the mouth of the volcano.

He was afraid that the flames inside had reached the level of Fourth Grade Spiritual Fire, which was only a grade lower than the Earth Vein Demonic Flame. If he hadn't devoured the Black Demonic Flame, he would never dare to leap into the crater!

Chapter 120(2) - Princess Si Cang! (2)

The only reason he came here was to suppress the Void Poison in Bright Sparrow's body. The Void Poison originated from the feathers of the tail of Immemorial Dark Sparrow. This poison was lethal to ordinary people, but to Bright Sparrow, it was a precious stuff that could boost her cultivation base, however, it was a pity that Treant Ming Luo had helped suppressed the poison with 10 000-year-old spiritual herbs numerous times. As a result of the suppression, the power of the poison intensified.

With Bright Sparrow's Golden Core magical strength, she absolutely wouldn't be able to refine all the Void Poison...but if with Ning Fan's help...the outcome was still an unknown.

In order to suppress the cold Void Poison, she had to be brought to the dormant volcano. Ning Fan could use the fire here to warm the Immortal Veins inside Bright Sparrow's small body.

30 000 meters below, inside the crater was a bluish-green magma with bubbles rolling within, radiating heat that blew across one's face. To Ning Fan, the heat was somewhat unbearable, but when it blew against Bright Sparrow's body, it turned into a trace of warm comfort.

"Warm...it's warm..." The dazed little girl opened her big eyes and showed a sweet smile at Ning Fan. She was aware that Ning Fan was curing her poison and this had stirred her affection for this Cookie Big Brother.

"It's merely warm to you..."

Ning Fan mused. Even he found the heat nearly unbearable, but to Bright Sparrow, the heat was like room temperature.

Previously, Bright Sparrow dared to put her delicate hand into the scalding pill cauldron to take those pills. This should be the cold Yin force of Void Poison that endowed her with this ability.

“The body of Pill Devil...”

Ning Fan revealed an enlightened look after gaining some understanding of Bright Sparrow’s physique.

Bright Sparrow was without a doubt a Pill Devil that originated from a Fifth Revolution Pill.

It was just that the birthplace of the Pill Devil was in the ninth level of the Dark Sparrow’s Grave, the place where the remains of Immemorial Dark Sparrow were at. Probably during the time when the Pill Devil obtained spirituality, it was being nourished by the bones of Dark Sparrow which then caused an unusual change to the body.

In other words, Bright Sparrow was a pill with extremely high quality and a demonic beast that had a chance to advance to Immemorial Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan. Based on what Xue Qing and Ming Luo said, Bright Sparrow had taken approximately thousands of years in transformation.

Pill Devil was a pill that was refined out of a pill cauldron as its body. The earth fire that was used to refine a Fifth Revolution Pill must not be lower than Fifth Grade. Then, it could only turn into a pill after a series of heavy calcination, which later becomes a Devil. Therefore, the little Bright Sparrow wouldn’t be scared of flames because she was born in flames.

However, there was something that concerned Ning Fan. Was the birth of little Bright Sparrow the Heaven’s Will or someone’s will?

If that was Heaven’s Will, he would forget everything about it, but if it was made by a human... The soul of Dark Sparrow had already integrated into the body of this Pill Devil... If one day, when little Bright Sparrow’s cultivation base improved, the quality of this Pill Devil would rise as well, and because it contained the soul of Dark Sparrow, its quality would intrigue even the True Immortals.

If Bright Sparrow was created by some True Immortal...then this True Immortal would surely return one day to retrieve this 'Pill'.

However, this was only a guess. No one knew if this True Immortal existed, but Ning Fan was certain of one thing, that if this True Immortal really existed, he would never be Que Shenzi. From the Dao Enlightenment of Que Shenzi, he could tell the character of Que Shenzi. This man was decisive in killing, overbearing and did things in his own way. He would never go through so much troubles and spend countless years on a single Pill Devil.

Given Que Shenzi's character, if he ever wanted a pill, he would most likely go and rob it!

Dark Sparrow's Grave...Demon Sinister Forest... Demon Sinister Forest was decided as a forbidden place by Que Shenzi, but...Que Shenzi didn't seem to be the one who deployed the forest. There was someone else who raised the ghosts!

Could the person who raised the ghosts raised a Pill Devil in Dark Sparrow's Grave as well?!

Hundreds of thoughts were racing in Ning Fan's mind, but in the end, he shook his head. All of these were merely speculation and couldn't help him determine the truth. For the time being, he should cure the poison of Bright Sparrow first.

Facing the unconscious Bright Sparrow, Ning Fan became impervious to sexual desires. He slowly undid the buttons starting from the hemline of her black dress, one button at a time, and then, took it off.

It immediately revealed a petite naked body. The body of a seven or eight year old girl was almost the same as the body of a boy. If this could still arouse the evil intention of Ning Fan, then he had to be heaven defyingly lascivious.

Ning Fan wasn't distracted in the slightest. He took out a jade

bowl, placed those 10 000-year-old spiritual herbs into it and grind them into a medicinal liquid. The medicinal effect of the medicinal liquid was lesser than even a tenth of a refined pill. So that was a pure waste, but due to the urgency of the matter, Ning Fan had no time to refine a Fifth Revolution Pill. Even though the medicinal effect of medicinal liquid was poor, its large quantity was enough to offset that.

He dipped his fingers into the sticky and milky medicinal liquid, drew a profound formation pattern on her tender body before smearing the liquid on it.

When the dazed little girl felt Ning Fan's fingers touching her, pictures of spring that didn't belong to her memory appeared in her mind, making her panic.

"This, what are these...? Why are these sisters not wearing clothes...?"

The inexplicable memory that came from nowhere bewildered the little girl.

Gradually, she felt that her body being touched by Ning Fan was extremely inappropriate.

"Cookie Brother...don't touch here...no...otherwise I will have lots of babies..." Her delicate face blushed and she spoke in a weeping tone.

"You are just a little girl! Who taught you these hideous things? Was it Ming Luo?!"

Ning Fan knitted his brows and was dissatisfied to see a seven or eight year old girl had that kind of thinking. That Ming Luo seemed righteous. Had he really been teaching Bright Sparrow those men and women thing?

Otherwise, a little girl would never blush immediately as soon as her body was touched.

However, Ning Fan had wrongly blamed Ming Luo for that. Ming

Luo was a Treant. He didn't even know things about men and women, let alone teaching Bright Sparrow about it.

It was all because of the damaged memory which originated from the Void Poison. As the toxicity was suppressed, the memory gradually spread inside of her.

"No, don't...Cookie Brother, I beg you....don't use that thing to jab me...I fear that it will hurt..." Bright Sparrow pleaded blurrily.

"You are thinking too much! You little girl, don't be lost in your thoughts! Alright then, I will let you sleep for a while."

Ning Fan shook his head, touched the forehead of Bright Sparrow with one finger, sending her to sleep.

Originally, he had only less than 70% chance of success in curing Bright Sparrow's poison, but after being interrupted by Bright Sparrow, the outline of the formation pattern wasn't perfect, which lowered the success rate even more.

The first step was to draw hundreds of formation patterns on her body, imitating the hundreds of Immortal Veins. That way, he could draw the Void Poison from the Immortal Veins out, and onto the surface of her body!

At first, Ning Fan's gaze had no hint of being distracted and he didn't think about those women and men thing at all, but after being agitated by Bright Sparrow, something strange was stirred in his heart. Was a Pill Devil who had lived for thousands of years and knew vaguely about the things between men and women still considered a little girl...?

While drawing the formation pattern, his finger unintentionally touched the pink and tender spot which instantly shivered his heart.

Ning Fan, you don't do things that beasts do...you are a devil, but not a beast!

He muttered in his heart and suppressed all the indecent

thoughts, then took quite a long time to complete the formation pattern.

The stringy hair of Bright Sparrow fell on the undeveloped breasts of her body. Little by little, warmth was rising towards the surface of her tender skin while the Void Poison was being suppressed.

It was just that the obscure memories were getting more and more in Bright Sparrow's head.

“I'm...the Princess of Immemorial Dark Sparrow...my name is... Si Cang...”

Chapter 121 - Ninth Revolution Pill

Refinement Master!

The first step was to draw hundreds of formation patterns on Bright Sparrow's body.

The second step was to draw the traces of Void Poison to the formation patterns. Some amount of poison would be left inside for the Gold Core Bright Sparrow to devour, whereas the rest of the poison would be sealed!

In the first step, he wasn't allowed to make any mistakes which wasn't difficult given his spirit sense and his cultivation base of Formation Dao. The second step, however, involved the process of sealing and separating the Void Poison... He didn't have much certainty in this step. Even though Bright Sparrow was in a state of stupor and had taken various kinds of 10 000-year-old spiritual herbs of fire attributes, his chance of success was still less than 70%.

Nevertheless, the stronger the suppression of fire on the surroundings of the Void Poison, the greater the success rate in sealing the Void Poison.

Ning Fan stood on a boiling hot stone, looking down at the turquoise magma below and sighed. He then held Bright Sparrow with one arm and used the other arm to cast a protective layer of Black Demon Flame around him before plunging into the liquid rock.

The deeper one went into the magma, the fiercer the fire power of the magma. Ning Fan's magical force was depleted sharply while he was defending against the fire power. He took out a 10 000-year-old spiritual herb named Xuanzhi Mushroom and took a small bite of it. Immediately, he felt invigorated.

A 10 000-year-old Xuanzhi Mushroom was a rare spiritual herb

that could be eaten directly. Although it couldn't raise one's cultivation base, it could rapidly replenish one's magical force. This spiritual herb had a very high price that not even Nascent Soul cultivators could afford.

This spiritual herb was provided by Ming Luo, so Ning Fan didn't feel pain while using it. Besides, he had to save a person's life. The topic of wasting spiritual herbs was no longer worth mentioning.

Each time his magical force was emptied, it was replenished right after and every time, he condensed his magical force even more. In the magma, he suddenly stopped from plunging deeper. A third of the 10 000-year-old Xuanzhi Mushroom had already been eaten. If he continued to dive deeper, he might not have sufficient magical force to return to the top of the volcano.

The fire power in this place had far exceeded Ning Fan's anticipation. Under such heat, the Void Poison in Bright Sparrow's body began to be suppressed. Ning Fan's rate of success in sealing the Void Poison had once again increased!

His eyes were cold as he cast out the black flame, and lifted Bright Sparrow's body. As soon his spirit sense entered into her body, it began to freeze.

He had encountered this strange thing before when he was at the Rain Pond in the second level. It seemed like this was the reason why his spirit sense would freeze.

But this was not the Rain Pond of the second level, and Ning Fan had already devoured the Black Demon Flame of this land. Black fire flashed in his eyes. His frozen spirit sense melted instantly. The spirit sense in Bright Sparrow's body carefully ran along the meridians, guiding the Void Poison to the formation patterns on the surface of her body, little by little.

One, two...ten!

Twenty, thirty...until forty-three!

Ning Fan had focused all of his attention to this, not sparing even a trace of spirit sense on other things. Gradually, the Void Poison was guided to the surface, allowing him to complete the seal of the 43 veins.

It was just that at this moment, a life threatening crisis was detected from his back, along with roars of beasts. Those were the Fire Spirits formed in the volcano.

These Fire Spirits had a turquoise fiery body. Each of which was only at the Harmonious Spirit realm, however their sneak-attack had severely wounded him despite his Silvery Light Transparent Body, and almost caused the sealing of Void Poison in the forty-three Immortal Veins to fail!

“Trivial Fire Spirits...courting death!”

His glabella turned cold. He slapped the top of his skull to summon the Sense Soul Incarnation!

A figure in black stepped out of Ning Fan's body. He and Ning Fan looked exactly alike, only the other half of his face had several abstruse marks. There were murderous intent and fury on his expression. And his half-step Nascent Soul Qi swept through the ocean of fire!

“Which of these Fire Spirits wounded me? How dare you all stop me from saving a life? Courting death!”

The incarnation of Ning Fan moved like a ghostly figure. Every flick of his finger sent out vast magical force, causing several Fire Spirits' body to explode and die. One of the Fire Spirits left behind a kind of red spiritual bead after its body exploded. The incarnation of Ning Fan took it in his hand, and his eyes glowed coldly.

“Demonic Core...only by slaughtering a Gold Core demon can one get a demonic core. It seems like some of these Fire Spirits have already reached the boundary of breaking through to the Gold

Core realm...unfortunately, you all won't have the life to go through the core formation anymore after offending me!"

Ning Fan's incarnation turned and said to the real Ning Fan. "You save Bright Sparrow, and I will slaughter them!"

"Rest assured."

They were one man, one incarnation, created by dividing the soul in half. Neither of them was Ning Fan, or it should be said that they were only half of Ning Fan, like the left and right hand that would never fight with each other. In other words, they were two different parts that comprised the whole Ning Fan.

Numerous cultivators above Void Fragmentation realm liked to summon an incarnation, this was because only you yourself would never betray yourself. They had been walking the path of their cultivation with caution, and in the end, they trusted no one but themselves.

Incarnation was equivalent to oneself, and a clone was equivalent to an illusion. The profundity within it was indescribable.

When Ning Fan's incarnation went deeper into the magma, waves of wails faded gradually.

From a far distance, the human Ning Fan was composedly sealing the Void Poison for Bright Sparrow.

The wounds he suffered weren't light, but there was no time for him to treat it. As such, he suppressed his injuries forcefully to save someone's life!

"Cookie Brother...thank you...it's very kind of you..." The muzzy Bright Sparrow opened her eyes fuzzily and smiled sweetly at Ning Fan.

"There's no need to thank me. Do you feel painful?"

"No...it isn't painful at all..." Sealing the Void Poison was an excruciating process, but Bright Sparrow was able to show an

unintentional smile.

She was no doubt, a tough girl.

“Endure a little longer. Once the Void Poison was sealed, I will refine some cookies for you.” Ning Fan said in a coaxing tone. Bright Sparrow’s eyes were filled with anticipation and the pain she felt subsided.

“Yes.”

Fifty, sixty...ninety-nine...

Due to Ning Fan’s injuries, he wasn’t able to perfect the sealing of the Void Poison, however he completed the ninety-nine seals ultimately. The final seal would lock all of the other seals. From then on, 90% of the Void Poison in Bright Sparrow’s body would be locked on the formation patterns on the surface of her body and the other 10% of the poison would be locked inside her body and be dispersed at a slow speed, allowing Bright Sparrow to refine them.

He only lacked the last seal to succeed, but Ning Fan’s eyes had turned grim, because he couldn’t seal it no matter what!

He found out that there was another seal hidden inside of Bright Sparrow’s body. It was a Pill Seal!

In order to prevent anyone other than the owner of the high grade pill himself from devouring the pill, the owner had implanted a Pill Seal in her. If this pill fell into someone’s hand and that person didn’t know that there was a Pill Seal in it and consumed it, the Pill Seal would be activated, instantly turning the pill to ashes.

This was the style of action of numerous experts – if one couldn’t obtain it himself, then he wouldn’t let others get it as well.

Bright Sparrow was a Pill Devil and a Pill Seal was planted inside her body . This confirmed Ning Fan’s unamusing guess – Bright Sparrow was created by a Pill Master! It was that Pill Master who had planted the Pill Seal in her body!

It was this Pill Seal that had prevented him from laying the final seal!

“Cookie Brother...what’s wrong...?” Bright Sparrow blinked her eyes several times. The sealing of the Void Poison in her body was about to be completed. She was gradually regaining her consciousness, returning to her normal state.

“Nothing’s wrong...it’s just a mere Pill Seal...planted by a mere Ninth Revolution Pill Master!”

Ning Fan’s face darkened. Seventh Revolution Pill Masters could refine Void Fragmentation Pills. Ninth Revolution...Ninth Revolution Pill Masters must be a very renowned individual among the True Immortals. But why did he still create a Pill Devil when he was already a Ninth Revolution Pill Master? What was that Pill Master trying to do? Could it be that he wanted to refine a pill that was beyond Ninth Revolution?!

There were no grudges between him and that mysterious Pill Master, but since he had already developed a certain relationship with Bright Sparrow, he couldn’t let Bright Sparrow be eaten by that Pill Master one day.

Even though Ning Fan didn’t have any Ninth Revolution concoction technique, he had various means to break the Ninth Revolution Pill Seal.

The coldness in his eyes immediately vanished and he smiled at Bright Sparrow as if nothing had happened.

“Don’t worry. The one-hundredth seal will be ready in a minute. From this day onwards, you will be free from it.”

Ning Fan took out a mortar and pestle, and began grinding the spiritual herbs.

An hour later, the Pill Seal was destroyed! The one-hundredth seal had taken shape.

In an instant, Bright Sparrow’s momentum soared. Her petite

body floated gently and the magma began to undergo some sort of gradual transformation.

Her Qi rose from early Gold Core, to intermediate, late and then to the peak of Golden Core realm!

A hint of supreme and cold majestic aura was slowly forming in her eyes. The hint of majesty wasn't suited to her at all!

...

Meanwhile, in the extreme east of Rain Immortal World, within the Endless Sea, amongst 103 000 islands, on a massive floating island, the statue of a goddess suddenly glowed black in color.

At this moment, the face of the experts on the island was filled with surprise.

“Deity, it's the Deity! Deity didn't abandon us. Deity's back!”

An old priest of Spirit Severing realm knelt with shaking feet in front of the goddess statue. All other experts followed and knelt!

If one looked closely, one would discover that although each of these cultivators was human, the veins condensed inside of them were neither Immortal Veins nor Evil Veins...but Demonic Veins! This was a vein that not even the human race of the Immemorial times could condense!

Each of their body radiated powerful demonic aura. However, being a dignified Spirit Severing Old Monster, he was still kowtowing in front of the statue unceasingly.

This was because the statue was someone that they had worshipped and served. She was the Princess of Immemorial Dark Sparrow.

Her name was Si Cang!

Chapter 122 - The Incarnation! White Fan and Dark Ning!

A few hours later, Ning Fan carried the soundly asleep Bright Sparrow, and leaped out of the magma onto one of the rocks.

After helping her put on her clothes, he stared indifferently at Bright Sparrow, carefully studying the little girl.

Pill Devil...a devil raised by a mere Ninth Revolution Pill Master... Ning Fan only said these two names to comfort Bright Sparrow, however he couldn't help being shocked by it in his heart.

Ning Fan had broken the Pill Seal of Bright Sparrow planted by a supreme Ninth Revolution Pill Master, the owner of Bright Sparrow. Perhaps, he was going to offend an incredibly ruthless and scary individual in the future.

The way Bright Sparrow was in a deep sleep was no different from any mortal little girls... 90% of the Void Poison had been sealed up, turned into criss-crossing marks of formation branded on her chest. The remaining 10% of the Void Poison was sealed in her demonic veins. She had already broken through into the peak Gold Core realm even before the poison was fully refined. If this 10% of Void Poison was thoroughly refined, it wouldn't be hard for her to break through to the Nascent Soul realm, and there was even a possibility for her to reach the Spirit Severing realm!

The origin and future of Bright Sparrow had far exceeded Ning Fan's. She had awakened with a bit of Dark Demon Force, which was a unique power of the Dark Sparrow of Royal Clan that could deter other groups of demons. This was a situation that, perhaps, not even the Ninth Revolution Pill Master who raised this Pill Devil had expected.

The Pill Devil's body was immune to fire and water, and the Dark

Sparrow of Royal Clan had unlimited demon path. It wouldn't be long for her to reach the Nascent Soul realm and not too far to reach the Spirit Severing realm as well. Once she reached the Spirit Severing realm, she would be able to break the seals on her own and refine all the Void Poison in her body. When that time came, a new Void Fragmentation expert would probably emerge in the Rain Immortal World.

The memory of Ancient Chaos in Ning Fan was like reaching the sky in a single jump to any ordinary experts, but comparing this inheritance to Bright Sparrow's, the difference was like day and night. In the Four Heavens Immortal World above, descendants of Fiendgods like Bright Sparrow could be found everywhere.

The Heavens was divided into four parts and was called the Four Heavens Immortal World, whereas the Earth was separated into nine worlds, and the Rain Immortal World was only one of them. Although Moksha was a powerful expert amongst the Nine Worlds, he wouldn't be a worthy figure anymore the moment he reached the Four Heavens...

Ning Fan gradually close his eyes to settle his state of mind. At any rate, he would never lose to Moksha Emperor. As for those descendants of Fiendgods in the Heavens, he would not necessarily lose to them!

Afterwards, the pair of black wings behind Bright Sparrow's back dissipated. Only then did Ning Fan let out a sigh of relief when he confirmed that there was no sequelae after sealing the Void Poison. In other words, he had succeeded despite only having 70% rate of success.

Instead of feeling excited, he felt that it was only reasonable and expected. If he failed, he would die. Therefore, he couldn't fail.

He was still above the magma along with Bright Sparrow, waiting for his Sense Soul Incarnation.

His Sense Soul Incarnation had gone into the magma to hunt the

Fire Spirits, but it had yet to return after quite some time.

Due to the urgency of the matter earlier, he didn't care about the instability of his incarnation the moment he summoned it to ward off the Fire Spirits. His incarnation had already left his body for several hours. Perhaps it had already exploded? But Ning Fan hadn't felt any of that...which was strange...

No, he had felt extremely strange from the moment his incarnation exited his body. Not only the incarnation had no signs of exploding, it even harmonized itself and Ning Fan's true self. Moreover, the current Ning Fan was no longer wearing the black cloak. He only wore a white robe. As for his incarnation, it was wearing a black robe

This was a situation similar to the intersection of Yin-Yang Fish, separating the black and white.

Each time the separation occurred, it wasn't just a simple separation process, but a complete separation of character, body and sea of consciousness!

After the black form left the white-robed Ning Fan, he gradually discovered that his sea of consciousness had disappeared from the top of his skull! Any ordinary cultivator who lost his sea of consciousness would die instantly, but despite losing his sea of consciousness, Ning Fan's body was still in one piece and could still use his spirit sense.

As for his character, it had been divided into two from the moment the black Ning Fan exited his body. The white-robe Ning Fan had an amiable smile on his face, he was the sunny side of Ning Fan's character, whereas the black-robed Ning Fan was full of murderous intent the moment he emerged; he was the ruthless and merciless side of Ning Fan's character.

On the rock, Ning Fan, no, the white-robed Ning Fan fell in contemplation. This time, the Sense Soul Incarnation was different from all the previous times! Why would it be so...? It

seemed like all of these happened only after he entered the Dark Sparrow's Grave...

Thinking back to the scenes of incarnation, something struck the white-robed Ning Fan.

When the black-robed Ning Fan emerged, his face seemed to have some kind of queer lines...He wasn't paying much attention to it at that moment, but thinking to it now, it finally dawned on him that it was the Divine Rain Intent! No, it wasn't just the Divine Rain Intent. It seemed to have the Qi of Yin Yang Locket as well...

It seemed like the Yin Yang Locket had integrated with the Divine Rain Intent. Could this be reason the incarnation had changed qualitatively?!

There was the division of disposition, sea of consciousness and physique. The white-robed Ning Fan had inherited Ning Fan's physique, Yin Yang Evil Veins, magical abilities, and his amiable and sunny character. The black-robed Ning Fan had inherited Ning Fan's sword sense and ruthlessness, and the murderous intent of the Immortal Emperor.

From the moment they were separated, the one that was standing on the rock wasn't Ning Fan anymore, but half of Ning Fan's self! The black-robed Ning Fan was no longer an illusion. He had solidified, and made up the other half of Ning Fan.

Therefore, when the black and white Ning Fan merged together, only could they become the true Ning Fan, like the combination of Yin and Yang!

With this thought in mind, the white-robed Ning Fan showed a faint smile.

A trace of his Dao Heart had integrated into all the Divine Rain Intent he had acquired along the way. It had condensed out a trace of Divine Intent of his own. And, under the ability of the Yin Yang Locket, the Divine Intent had been branded on his Sense Soul

Incarnation.

The incarnation was fully solidified and created the black-robed Ning Fan. This meant that this half-step Nascent Soul incarnation could be released at any time in the future! This black-robed Ning Fan alone was powerful enough to fight ancestor-level experts of Yue Country!

The harvest of entering Dark Sparrow's Grave this time was humongous!

"I just don't know if there will be any change after the two of us merged together again..."

The white-robed Ning Fan stood, crossing his hands behind his back. He was still waiting on the rock with his eyes open and a light smile on his face. Then, he felt a tingle in his heart and the black-robed Ning Fan emerged from below, treading up the magma.

This was the Sense Soul Incarnation of Ning Fan, the black-robed Ning Fan!

"Are the Fire Spirits eliminated?" The white-robed Ning Fan asked with a smile.

"En." Black-robed Ning Fan had a cold expression, as though he had never once smiled. With a flick of his sleeve, hundreds of warm red-colored demonic cores appeared and were handed to his other self.

The white-robed Ning Fan didn't speak much. He kept the demonic cores and studied black-robed Ning Fan with curiosity.

"From now on, neither I nor you are Ning Fan...we are only half of Ning Fan."

"En." The black-robed Ning Fan answered coldly, staring at his white-robed counterpart the way he would stare at himself in the mirror.

Immediately, both of them made a step forward and fused into one in the formation brilliance!

As the light faded, Ning Fan turned back into a white-robed and black-cloaked young man. After a moment, he opened his eyes and revealed a satisfied smile.

“Interesting...”

Whether it was the white-robed or black-robed Ning Fan, both of them were him. One was Yin and the other was Yang. One was hot, the other was cold. One was white, the other was black. One was lively, the other was deathly...

The cultivation of Sense Divine Art was the main reason for this. The acquisition of the Divine Rain Intent was just an accidental while the Yin Yang Locket was the key to this ultimate cause of change!

This was something that only Void Fragmentation old monsters could master – the ability to incarnate! Today, it was fully mastered by Ning Fan!

He smiled and looked at the soundly asleep Bright Sparrow, carried her in his arms, then leaped and hurtled straight out of the volcano in a flash!

“The white-robed and black-robed aren’t Ning Fan if they are alone. So they can’t be considered Ning Fan anymore. After the separation, the white-robed is called White Fan and the black-robed is called Dark Ning!”

White Fan and Dark Ning...this was the Dao of Yin Yang!

Chapter 123(1) - Avoidance

Ning Fan flew out of the volcano without any intention of stopping and headed for the heart of all trees of the ninth level!

In the continuous rain, he landed on top of a 30 thousand meters tall tree. This tree blotted out the sun and the sky, towering like a giant peak. It was precisely the body of Old Man Ming Luo.

As he landed on the tree, a spirit sense even stronger than a Void Fragmentation fourth layer swept past him. Knowing that Bright Sparrow was safe and uninjured, the voice in the spirit sense heaved a sigh of relief.

“Come into this old man’s tree trunk.”

An indifferent voice was heard from the massive tree, and immediately, the tree trunk in front of Ning Fan cracked open, revealing a 30-meter large door.

This tree was the Ming Luo Tree, the true body of Old Man Ming Luo. The Void Fragmentation fourth layer small geezer earlier was merely a part of Ming Luo Tree demon soul.

His true body was the tree, grown from the dark underground, which was why he hated the glow of fire so much. Moreover, his roots had grown so deep underground that he couldn’t pull them out. Also, the Qi of his true body was extremely strong. He could’ve easily killed that Void Fragmentation fourth layer Snake Lin with his current power.

He couldn’t leave the ground and could only use his tree spirit to look for Bright Sparrow. This explained why the demons in the eighth level could take advantage of him. If those demons ever dared to come messing around in the ninth level, Ming Luo would turn all of them into fertilizer!

Ning Fan was left speechless when he thought about the true strength of Ming Luo. This also reminded him that this Ming Luo

still owed him a favor. If he asked Ming Luo to help him exterminate Moksha Emperor, Ming Luo would be less likely to refuse it. Unfortunately, Ming Luo's true body couldn't leave the ninth level, and his clone's strength was limited. If he ever climbed his way up to the higher levels of the grave, his clone's cultivation base will drop. There was no way he could ever leave Dark Sparrow's Grave.

Just like what Ming Luo had said, he only had one way of leaving Dark Sparrow's Grave – that was by burning his demon soul and break the law of the Heavens and Earth at the expense of his life!

Ning Fan smiled wryly at this idea. Asking Ming Luo to kill Moksha Emperor was indeed somewhat unrealistic. Besides, Ning Fan would prefer to take the life of Moksha Emperor himself. Of course, that would only happen if he already had the strength to execute Moksha!

Within the tree, the paths bent in various ways towards the world of the tree heart. In the heart of the tree, there was an extensive wooden palace. A short old man in black clothes could be seen from the distance. He greeted Ning Fan hastily as soon as he saw him.

“All of the Void Poison is suppressed?!” He sounded extremely excited as he looked at the soundly asleep Bright Sparrow in Ning Fan's arms. His face was full of affection.

“Fortunately I didn't fail in the task,” Ning Fan said plainly.

“Good! Good! Bring Bright Sparrow to her room, let her rest and her Demonic Yuan to recover!”

...

After putting Bright Sparrow on the bed, he gazed at the short little old man outside with a dignified look.

This short old man was no doubt the essence of Ming Luo Tree. He was a Void Fragmentation expert in the ninth level of Dark

Sparrow's Grave. In front of his true body, Ning Fan felt so insignificant. The true body of Ming Luo was even a few notches stronger than Moksha Emperor. After fulfilling Ming Luo's request, based on this old demon's character, he certainly wouldn't return kindness with vengeance, but things in the world was hard to predict. Ning Fan had to be on alert as he was now in a dangerous situation.

He grasped a trace of the true soul under his sleeve. This was precisely the soul of Ming Luo. With an indifferent tone, he said: "I have fulfilled Senior's request. So, can I ask for my third request from Senior now?"

Ning Fan's eyes didn't show any trace of carelessness. This was his Dao of Discreet. Once he detected any signs or suspicious movement from Ming Luo, he would crush Ming Luo's true soul instantly, dealing a massive damage to Ming Luo's cultivation base!

"Hehe! Little Friend has saved Bright Sparrow. Just tell me if you have any more request! Don't worry, I, Ming Luo, always do things honestly and openly. I will never break the promise I made."

Ming Luo said with confidence, as though he had forgotten how he had sneak-attacked Ning Fan.

Ning Fan glanced at Ming Luo in a strange way, but didn't remind the old man of what he did to avoid embarrassing the old man.

It seemed like this Ming Luo loved his face pretty much...

Before saving Bright Sparrow, Ning Fan had put forward three conditions. First, he requested Ming Luo to give him a trace of his true soul. Second, he requested to use Ming Luo's 10 000-year-old spiritual herbs to treat Bright Sparrow's poison.

From these two requests, it rather seemed like Ning Fan was the one who suffered the loss. Which was why he held his third

request so that he could use it to give the old man a hard time.

Since Ming Luo had already agreed to let Ning Fan offer three requests, Ning Fan wouldn't be polite about it.

“My third request... I suppose Senior can already guess what is it...I want Ming Luo Fruit!”

“Sure enough, you want Ming Luo Fruit. Alright, this old man will grant you this request! However...how many Ming Luo Fruits do you want? Currently, I only have three in my hands. If you want four fruits, you will have to go into my Ming Luo Mirage and pluck it...” Ming Luo's eyes turned stern as he gazed at Ning Fan.

“Ming Luo Mirage?”

“That's right! There are countless of Ming Luo Fruit growing in the mirage. But I can't go into the mirage now as Bright Sparrow is still unconscious. As for you, I can make an exception this time by opening it for you!”

Ming Luo's tone was flat as if he was talking about a casual matter, but Ning Fan's expression had changed slightly.

The memory of Ancient Chaos had mentioned about the place that grew Ming Luo Fruit – the Ming Luo Mirage. However, any outside races would never be allowed to enter the illusory world. The fact that Ming Luo was willing to make this an exception indicated his sincerity.

Rumor has it that the illusory force could ignore one's cultivation base. The number of Ming Luo Fruit one could pluck would solely depend on one's determination, totally unrelated to one's cultivation base. Even a Void Fragmentation cultivator would likely be affected by the illusion playing in his heart, and might end up with not a single Ming Luo Fruit.

With the true soul of Ming Luo in Ning Fan's hand, he wouldn't need to worry that Ming Luo would do something to harm him.

Since there was a chance to obtain more Ming Luo Fruit, Ning

Fan wasn't foolish enough to decline it.

“Please open the mirage for me, Senior.”

“Yes. For the sake of saving Bright Sparrow, this old man will remind you once more. Once you enter the mirage, don't be too greedy. As long as you close your eyes and wait for the illusory force to fade, you will be able to get one Ming Luo Fruit. Young man, never be too greedy. Four Ming Luo Fruit is already considered plenty.”

“Thank you, Senior, for reminding me. I will keep that in mind. However, I still want to try my best to get as much Ming Luo Fruit as possible.”

“Alright...if you are eroded by the illusory force, I will get you out even if I have to use force.”

Ming Luo shook his head. Although he praised Ning Fan's boldness, he didn't think that this young man could even get half of the Ming Luo Fruit if this young man pushed his luck.

The power of the illusion was the bane of the human heart. Those who cultivated Evil Dao would be affected even more by the illusory force. Plus, this young human also seemed to be cultivating the Evil Dao, which would make it very difficult for him to resist the power of the illusion.

Ming Luo had already concluded in his heart that Ning Fan would find nothing in the end, but despite that, he still opened the illusory world as a reward for rescuing Bright Sparrow.

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